THE BOOKMAN

A Journal of Literature and Life

Vol. XII JANUARY, 1901 No. 5

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN." *Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.*

A Remark.

The *Columbia University Quarterly* is a publication primarily intended to keep the alumni and friends of Columbia informed as to the details of her scholastic life. In its September issue there was printed a bibliography of the various officers of the University, and likewise a list of periodicals that are issued under the editorial direction of officers of Columbia University. There was, of course, no intimation nor implication that any periodical noted in the list had necessarily any official connection with the University; but the record was intended to show the literary and scientific activity of Columbia men outside of their immediate sphere of duty. In this list THE BOOKMAN was very properly included; but for some reason the appearance of its name there has greatly troubled the mind of an individual connected with the so-called "literary supplement" of the *New York Times,* inasmuch as he has been moved to write a paragraph in which he says that THE BOOKMAN'S name in such a list is "quite likely to surprise many persons and inspire numerous inquiries concerning its significance." We don't see just why any one should be surprised by this, any more than by the mention in the same list of the *Educational Review* and the *Popular Science Monthly,* both of which periodicals are edited by gentlemen who happen to be officers of Columbia University. As a matter of fact, we suspect that the *Times* paragrapher did not misunderstand the announcement, but merely pretended to do so, in order to smooth the way for a little piece of imaginative puffery such as is not infrequent in the columns of "literary supplements."

The American Book Company will shortly issue a new edition of Mr. Brander Matthews's book on American literature, revised to bring it down to the last year of the century. This new edition will bring the number of copies sold during the past five years beyond the hundred-thousand mark.

Professor Cohn.

Our readers will be interested to know that Professor Adolphe Cohn, who favours us with the monthly paper on "Literary Paris," has just been appointed Chevalier of the Legion of Honour in recognition of his untiring and most successful labours in fostering a love of French literature and of the French language in this country, and for his active interest in those residents of this city whose nativity is French. Professor Cohn, who was the founder of the Cercle Français at Harvard University, and who is now President of the Alliance Française in this city, received some years ago the decora-

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tion of the Crown of Italy from King Humbert.

Molly Elliot Seawell.

Molly Elliot Seawell, whose *Sprightly Romance of Marsac* is being played at the Theatre Republic in this city, made her first appearance in the rôle of a playwright with *Maid Marian*, an amusing and witty satire on the Knickerbocker element in New York society. *Maid Marian* was originally written as a short novel. In its dramatised form it became the property of Rosina Vokes, who played the title rôle. The character of the hero of the story was drawn from a friend of the author. This friend is now a member of the Supreme Court Bench of this city. *The Sprightly Romance of Marsac* is her second play. It was first written as a comedy. The *New York Herald* had offered four prizes: one of ten thousand dollars for the best novel; one of three thousand dollars for the best "novelette;" one of two thousand dollars for the best short story, and one of one thousand dollars for the best epic poem on a sub-

MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL.

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ject of American history. Miss Seawell promptly turned *The Sprightly Tale of Marsac,* as it was then called, into a story, and received the prize for the best novelette. The first and third prizes were respectively won by Mr. Julian Hawthorne and Mr. Edgar Fawcett. Now *The Sprightly Romance of Marsac* again appears in the form of a play.

Miss Seawell's latest novel, *The House of Egremont,* an historical romance of the time of James the Second of England, was published almost simultaneously with the appearance of her play. Among her more important earlier books are *The Berkeleys and Their Neighbours, Decatur and Somers, The Loves of Lady Arabella, The Rock of the Lion, Through Thick and Thin, Midshipman's Mess* and *The History of Lady Betty Stair.* Miss Seawell once wrote a magazine article which had considerable ephemeral fame. It was called "Woman's Impossibility to Produce a Work of Genius," and it was praised, criticised and attacked by writers all over the country. When the controversy was at its height she received from a friend the following, written on a postal-card: "Your article is so clever that it disproves your thesis; just own up now what man wrote it for you." Miss Seawell's present home is in Washington, where, despite her literary activity, she is a prominent figure in society. She seldom visits New York, and then it is usually in connection with her literary work.

A. J. Dawson's Growing Popularity.

English critics and readers are beginning to realise that in Mr. A. J. Dawson, whose *African Nights' Entertainments* was reviewed in THE BOOKMAN two months ago, they have a writer who may at any time leap into the very first rank of novelists. His books have hitherto not been generally popular books, and in consequence he is still regarded as an author whose work will be very important to a comparatively small circle of discriminating readers. But it must be remembered that no less shrewd and experienced a literary prophet than Mr. Andrew Lang once expressed the opinion that Mr. Rudyard Kipling would always be caviare to the

SCENE FROM "THE SPRIGHTLY ROMANCE OF MARSAC."

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MR. A. J. DAWSON AND HAJ ABSALAM.

Haj Absalam is Mr. Dawson's trusty man who has stuck to him through thick and thin, and has saved his life in many a tight corner. He figures in the "African Nights'" stories.

general. Mr. Dawson is so young—he was born in London in 1870—and the life he has led has been so strenuous and full of variety and incident, that with his extraordinary talent and facility he seems certain ultimately to win a wide audience both in England and in this country.

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Mr. Dawson's Adventurous Career.

Mr. Dawson left school at an age when many boys begin their book education, and went to sea to learn life in another and more strenuous manner. After three years as apprentice to a Glasgow shipping company he ran away from his ship in Melbourne, a crisis brought about mainly by what he grimly calls "the really rather extraordinary brutality of a Peterhead second mate." Those who have read *Daniel Whyte* will remember that it contains many reminiscences of the exciting experiences of this escape and of the chase across the Yarra Swamps. In Australia Mr. Dawson played many parts, from cow-milking and tramping on the Wallaby to editing a daily paper, *The Bathurst National Advocate,* with only one assistant on the literary staff. "Journalists," says Mr. Dawson, "do work in Australia. I averaged myself about three-and-a-half hours' sleep per night during the year at Bathurst." Those who have been interested and amused by the account of the *Werrylong Advocate* in *Ronald Kestrel* will like to know that the picture of colonial journalism is not a fancy one, but drawn from intimate personal experience.

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At the beginning of the nineties many things occurred to change Mr. Dawson's way of life. There was a death, a bank smash, a panic. Mr. Dawson sold out his current account, his all, at a sixty per cent. loss, and from that moment lost, he confesses, the practical ambition which bids a man work for money. He began to wander. His wanderings took him through parts of India, Ceylon, Mauritius, the South Sea Islands, New Zealand, South America, West Africa, all over Australia, Spain, the Canaries, Morocco, and into almost every nook and cranny of Europe. In 1894 he settled down to short-story writing in London. That and the succeeding year were good years for short-story writers, and Mr. Dawson's contributions appeared in almost every important magazine in London. In 1895 he wrote his first long novel, calling it *The Beachcomber,* but the title had already been used, and the book was eventually known as *Middle Greyness.* It was politely declined by two publishers, and Mr. Dawson put the manuscript sorrowfully away, to go on with short stories. A friend, however, laid hands on it, and it was then accepted by a publisher, who, at the same time, arranged to issue a volume of Mr. Dawson's short stories, called *Mere Sentiment.* But the delays were infinite; and before the books were issued Mr. Dawson had completed another novel called *Leeway,* which was published under the pen name of Howard Kerr. Its reception was not encouraging. "The Scottish papers," says Mr. Dawson, "nearly killed me by the way they treated that book. They could not make head or tail of it, and their reviews simply laid me out. This is no exaggeration. They prostrated me physically.

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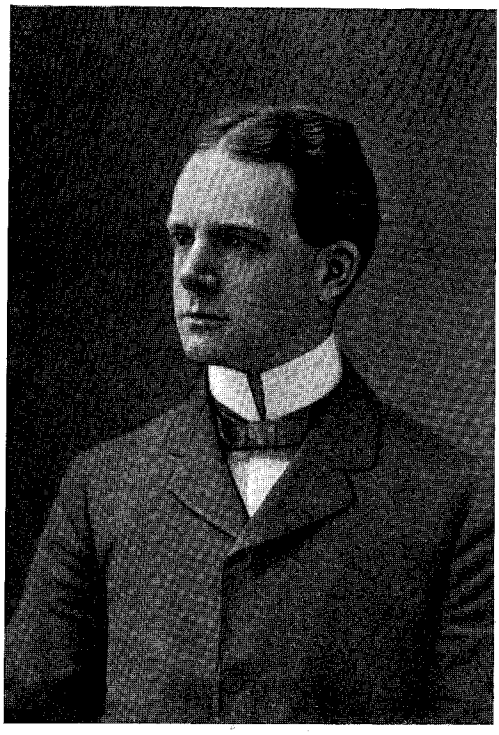
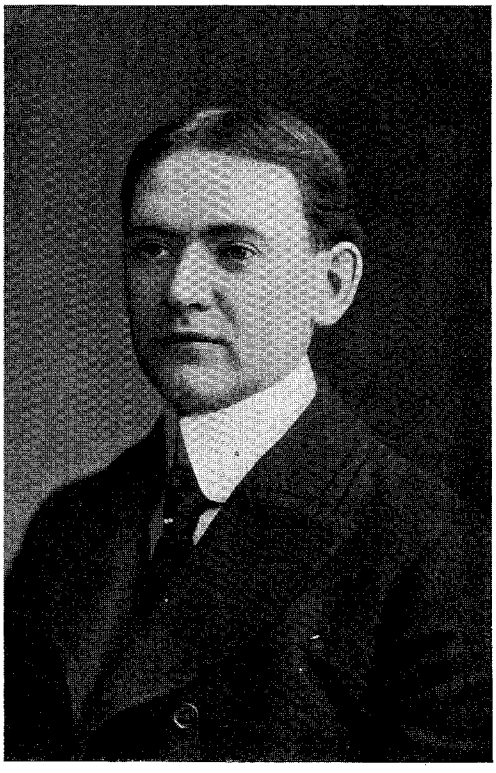
This seems quaint to me as I recall it now, at a time when I think no reviewer could upset me for more than ten minutes at a stretch. But it was deadly serious then. A few papers praised *Leeway* warmly, but the majority wounded me to the quick by ignoring it or slating it, as I think and thought, without understanding. *Middle Greyness* was much bigger and broader, not nearly so well written, containing more story, more traditional and conventional in method and manner, a tremendous lot of work, clumsily, wastefully put together; a book that pleased and interested all my friends and relatives, or the best of them, but did not earn the praises of literary critics, and that for reasons I freely admit to be sound and can well understand."

Shortly afterward appeared *In the Bight of Benin,* a collection of West African stories full of life and colour and adventure. They were received with a good deal of praise from the critics, and earned their author many interesting letters from travellers and writers whose names were unknown to him. Mr. Dawson's next book was *God's Foundling,* a very clever piece of character study, and the first book to draw the serious attention of the public to his work. Then, after a long journey in Morocco, where Mr. Dawson lived in native fashion, hobnobbing a good deal with murder and sudden death, he finished *Bismillah.* The book, one of the most truly Oriental stories published for many years, a story literally soaked in Eastern sunshine and full of breathless adventure, was popular with the critics and the public. In writing it Mr. Dawson lived for four months entirely on the Korân and the Old Testament and Burton, reading not a single line of anything else. Then came *Daniel Whyte,* and this year *African Nights' Entertainments,* representing the Morocco story-work of three years. The work on *The Story of Ronald Kestrel* was spread over the past two years, but the story was practically finished before *Daniel Whyte.* Mr. Dawson has just completed a new novel, *The Half Caste,* which will be published early next year.



CHARLES WARREN.



ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE.

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The Special Field.

Just how much the tendency toward specialisation in fiction is interfering with the development of the American novel as a whole it would be difficult to say. A young man or a young woman spends three or four years of his or her life under special conditions and in a certain environment, and then puts the experience of these years in a more or less happy volume of short stories. The incidents and associations in the life of the undergraduate at the American college or university may be relied upon to furnish the reading public with several volumes each year. Every one of the older institutions of learning has its own particular flavour, that makes the tales woven about its campus a little different from those dealing with the life of its rivals. After leaving the university the young literary man may find his way into a newspaper office, where he will remain for three or four years, at the end of which he has enough impressions to make another volume of stories, in which he puts down all that has strongly appealed to him in newspaper life. Or he may be a medical student of a literary turn, and give us tales of the hospital and of the ambulance corps. The particular profession upon which he bases his stories is merely a detail. Of course, the real question is just how far does this work interfere with the chance that a story-spinner of real talent has of writing a noteworthy novel. When, for instance, he is turning over his book of undergraduate life he can distinguish the relative importance of this feature or that feature of the life. In writing the newspaper stories, he feels keenly what is the failure in the world of newspaper men and what the success. But, somehow, taking up these separate factors of the whole scheme of human existence, he is not likely to get away at any time to look upon life as a whole.

JOHN FOX, JR.

The Author of "The Girl and the Governor."

When Mr. Charles Warren sat down to write the stories which make up *The Girl and the Governor,* which deal with political life, it was because he had been private secretary to the Governor of Massachusetts in the last administration of Governor William E. Russell in 1893. Also he had been actively interested in Democratic politics, having run unsuccessfully several times for State Senator, and having served as Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions of the State Convention in 1896 and of the National Democratic Party in 1897. In a word, he was pretty thoroughly saturated with the atmosphere with which the book deals. *The Girl and the Governor,* which is reviewed elsewhere in the present number of THE BOOKMAN, is, as books go nowadays, an interesting book. The author has originality, and is very successful in weaving political conditions and the tricks of politics into stories which are of themselves entertaining. Believing that the trouble with most political stories was that they were too strictly political, Mr. Warren endeavoured to show the interrelations of American social life with political life and to point out that a politician is a politician and something more. The story is not essentially a Massachusetts story; indeed, it is not supposed to be laid in that State at all. Mr. Warren was born in Boston in 1868, and was graduated from Harvard University in 1889. While an undergraduate he was the president of *The Harvard Advocate,*

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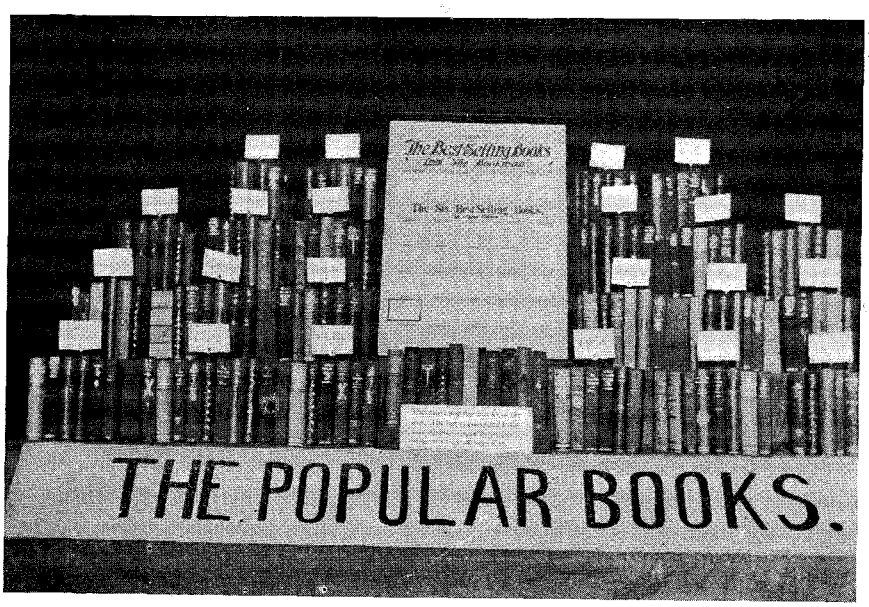
and during his term at the Harvard Law School was one of the editors of the *Harvard Law Review*. In 1892 he was admitted to practice at the Suffolk bar, and he is now a practising lawyer in Boston. His home is at Dedham, Massachusetts.

The Author of "The Darlingtons."

What has been said about Mr. Warren's work applies also, in a way, to Mr. Elmore Elliott Peake's *The Darlingtons*, for that book, which deals with the lives of the members of the family of a railroad president, was written out of the author's experiences as secretary to an official of a Southern railroad. Mr. Peake was born twenty-nine years ago in Decatur, Ohio. He is the son of the Rev. T. De Witt Peake, now of Beloit, Wisconsin, who is known to quite a large circle of readers as the author of *Symbolism of Solomon's Temple*. The author of *The Darlingtons* began writing at a very early age, but it was not until a few years ago that he won any attention from the reading public. In his manner of writing Mr. Peake has a distinctive method. He plans the plot of the story first, and then develops each character without reference to the others in the story. All of his writing is first done in shorthand, and in this form it is thoroughly revised before being transcribed on the typewriter. At the present time Mr. Peake is at work on another novel which, however, will not be completed until next year. The subject and the title have not been made public.

Mr. John Fox, Jr.

Mr. John Fox, Jr., whose new novel, *Crittenden*, is reviewed elsewhere in this number of THE BOOKMAN, has another story so well under way that it may be said to be approaching completion. It is to be entitled *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*, and is longer than anything that Mr. Fox has hitherto written. When finished it will contain about one hundred and fifty thousand words. Kingdom Come, it may be explained, is a small stream, a mere creek, in the neighbourhood of Hell fur Sartin. From this it would appear that the forthcoming novel is a story of the mountains, with which all of Mr. Fox's work has dealt more or less. It is probable, however, that two volumes of short stories by Mr. Fox will be published before *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*. Most of these have appeared in the magazines, although others are in the hands of the publishers. One volume will contain mountain tales, while the



A BOOKMAN WINDOW. H. H. O IS AND SONS, BUFFALO, N. Y.

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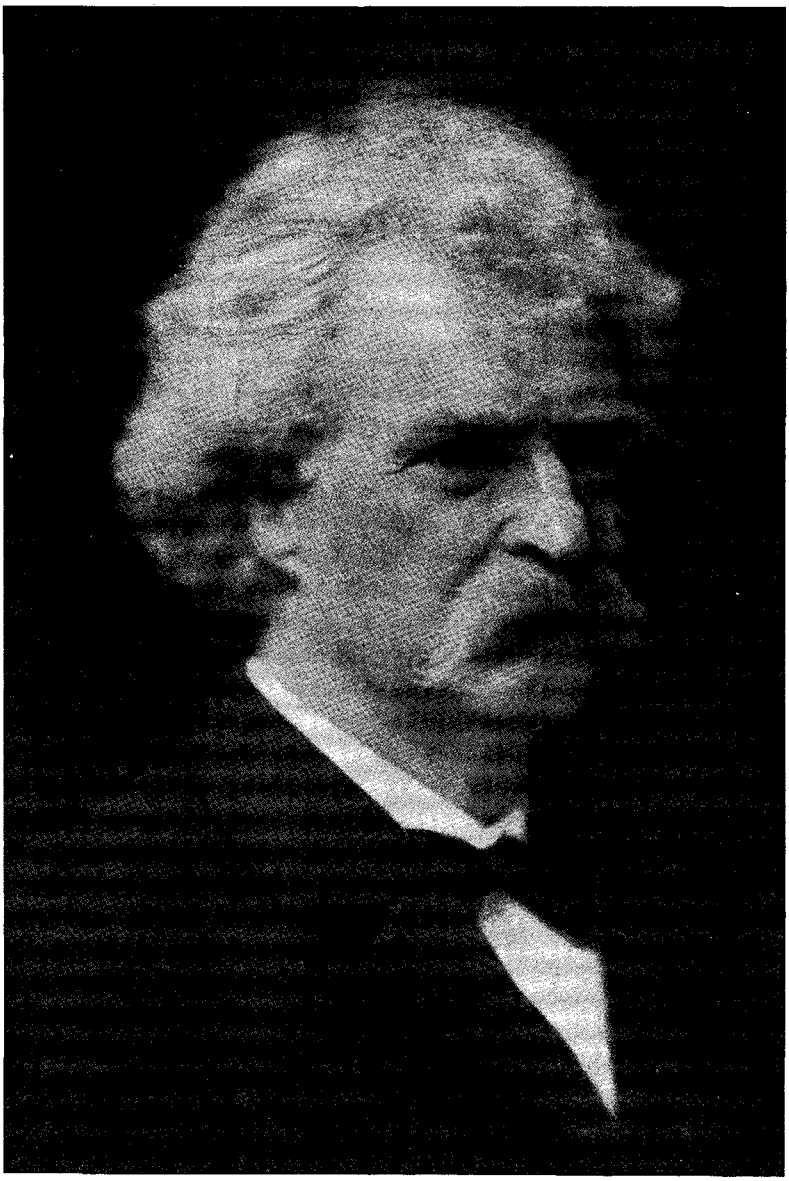
other will be composed of a notable article on fox-hunting written by the author two or three years ago, with other similar stories of the chase and sport as they are known in the mountains and in Kentucky.

Mountain Types in Fiction.

Mr. Fox has for some time been the recognised authority in all matters concerning Kentucky and the Southern mountaineer. True, Miss Murfree's work, being earlier, may be thought at first glance to have anticipated some of the subjects that Mr. Fox has treated, but such is not really the case. The Tennessee mountains and the Cumberland Mountains are not the same, and the mountaineers are distinctly different in many respects. The types and the conditions of *A Cumberland Vendetta,* for example, do not exist among the people and the scenes of Miss Murfree's work. Moreover, she has made no such close scientific study of the mountaineer himself, of his pos-



MARK TWAIN.

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sible or probable origin, of his dim history and his strange characteristics, as Mr. Fox has made. To the latter the mountaineer is an interesting problem as well as an interesting figure about which to write fiction. Living in the mountains which divide Virginia from Kentucky—the State of his adoption from the State of his nativity—Mr. John Fox, Jr., has been able to learn at first hand almost everything that one might learn about the Cumberland Mountains. It was, perhaps, to the advantage of his work that he came upon the wild scenes and types of the mountains fresh from college and the highest civilisation. He was born in Bourbon County, Kentucky, and studied at Transylvania University. Afterward he went to Harvard, and was graduated at the age of twenty, the youngest man of his class, but he lost at Cambridge none of his love and reverence for Transylvania. At the outbreak of the Spanish-American war Mr. Fox went to Cuba as a correspondent for *Harper's Weekly*. Sailing with the fleet and marching with the army, he saw the fiercest fighting from the firing line, and the fervour and vividness of Crittenden's descriptions are the expressions of his own experiences and observation.

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As to Mark Twain.

At a recent meeting of the Nineteenth Century Club Mark Twain delivered himself of some observations upon the subject of Sir Walter Scott as a novelist. He said that Scott can be read with interest by a boy of sixteen and can be re-read with interest by the same person after he has reached the age of ninety, but that between one's first and second childhood Scott is hardly to be reckoned with. It would have been well had Mr. Clemens extended his observations a little further in order to inform his audience at precisely what age his own historical novels may be regarded as interesting any human being. It is a subject on which we have ourselves endeavoured to secure some first-hand information and have ingloriously failed. We know of one gentleman who succeeded in reading *Joan of Arc* to the end; but he was a book reviewer and had to do it because he was a conscientious man. We tried it several times, and then gave it up because of its egregious dulness. We should like to know whether Mr. Clemens supposes that the various beautiful editions of Scott's works that have lately been issued in England and in this country have been issued solely for the benefit of boys and dotards. Then there is the sumptuous reprint of Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, published in five large volumes by the Macmillan Company. This appears to show that not only do very many persons thoroughly enjoy the reading of what Scott wrote down himself, but that they also like to read about him—a liking that has been further gratified by the publication of a smaller life of the great romancer composed by Mr. James Hay. There does not, therefore, seem to be any reason for serious disquietude with regard to Scott; but we fear that we cannot say as much for Mr. Clemens.

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Mr. Clemens has of late and since his return to the country of his birth been very conspicuously in what one of our magazines delights to call "the public eye." He has succeeded in beating down a cabman's charges to the extent of a quarter of a dollar—which, of course, was a public-spirited thing for him to do. He has attended innumerable dinners and other functions, and has made innumerable speeches at them. He has said some things about the responsibility of our leading citizens for the present condition of our municipal government, and thus has pleased the city newspapers. The speakers who have introduced him to his audiences have invariably beslavered him with praise, and life has been to him of late what Mr. Grover Cleveland many years ago described as just "one grand sweet song." Mr. Clemens himself, with certain compunctions which we believe to have been sincere, has from time to time requested these perfervid gentlemen to change their note and to say something that should be an antidote to indiscriminate eulogy. None of them complied; and, therefore, Mr. Clemens will no doubt be doubly grateful that we are not possessed of a mind of such obliquity as not to take him at his word. Putting aside all prejudice and looking at his work in a purely achromatic way, a critical and truthful judgment upon Mark Twain can be summed up in a very exiguous space. Mark

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Twain is first and last and all the time, so far as he is anything, a humourist and nothing more. He wrote *The Jumping Frog* and *Innocents Abroad* and *Roughing It,* and these are all the real books that he ever wrote. He set forth the typically American characters of Colonel Sellers and Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn, and these are all the real characters that he ever drew. His later publications that are humorous in intention contain many gleams of the old Mark Twain; but, taken as entities, you cannot read them from beginning to end. Some unduly optimistic persons who are fond of literary cults grown under glass have tried very hard to make the world believe that Mr. Clemens has great gifts as a serious novelist and romancer. By dint of iteration the world, perhaps, has temporarily come to think that this is true; but all the same, it will not read these novels and romances, and it thereby shows that common sense and real discrimination may exist in practice even while they hold no place in theory. A hundred years from now it is very likely that *The Jumping Frog* alone will be remembered, just as out of all that Robert Louis Stevenson composed, the world will ultimately keep in memory the single tale of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.*

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This spasmodic and ephemeral outburst of enthusiasm over Mr. Clemens emphasises for the thousandth time a melancholy truth about contemporary criticism. When a writer is doing good and forceful work and winning readers and laying the foundation and erecting the superstructure of an enviable reputation, our critics, even though they may admire him, have not the "sand" to say so. They are poor dumb sheep that never dare to take the lead in anything; but they stand around with unintelligent and foolish bleatings until some one whom they are not afraid to follow shall tell them what they ought to say. When Kipling was doing his finest work, such as he has never equalled in these later years, the critics did not dare to take him seriously. He was so unconventional and rough and strong that he frightened them; and so they slunk timidly behind their ink-stands and said little feeble nothings and joked a little and called him a mere journalist, and then looked around to see if any one was going to hit them. After they had found out that his work was instinct with true genius, and that he was in reality the one real literary phenomenon of the last quarter of our century, they all rushed in at once and spattered him with praise and daubed him over with their flattery, and did their very best to make him seem absurd. By this time, as it happened, Kipling's best had all been done, and he was entering upon a period of a decline which may or may not turn out to be temporary. But the critics were as blind to his decadence as they had been previously blind to his great power; and, therefore, all the things they should have said about his early work they said about his later, so that he has been going on for the last two years receiving praise and admiration that are clearly a misfit. The same thing is quite true concerning Mr. Clemens. In the speeches that he has lately made he has said some things that recalled his earlier humour, but in the majority of his utterances the humour has been forced and the laughter which it has evoked has been extremely hollow. Yet just because it was Mark Twain, and because Mark Twain was once a true, spontaneous and original humourist, the poor creatures who now write about him believe that everything he says must be amusing and delightful. If they do not feel the fun of it themselves they think they ought to, and they write about it just as though they did.

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And Goldwin Smith.

Then there is the case of Mr. Goldwin Smith. Mr. Goldwin Smith has written much that is philosophical and informing, and he has done it in a very pleasant style which has had innumerable admirers. Mr. Godkin once even went so far as to declare that the style of Goldwin Smith was the finest style possessed by any living writer, though it is manifestly much inferior to Mr. Godkin's own when taken at its best. But Mr. Goldwin Smith has reached an age when he, too, has "gone off," and, just because of what he used to be, unthinking persons, or persons who mistrust their own critical impressions, still utterly refuse to recognise in him a very obvious deterioration. Only a few weeks ago the *Sun* of this city printed a paper

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by Mr. Goldwin Smith upon the subject of suicide, and published some lengthy editorial comment upon the wonderful qualities of Mr. Smith's use of English as exemplified in this article on suicide. Now, as a matter of cold fact, in that same article Mr. Goldwin Smith's once admirable style was itself committing suicide. The whole thing was a mere compilation set forth in a most perfunctory way; and we venture to assert that there are at least a dozen young reporters in the *Sun's* own office who could have taken the same material and set it forth in far more telling English. The conclusion of the whole matter is that there ought to be a Scribe-Killer to put an end to any writer's literary existence as soon as he shows markedly the symptoms of incipient decay.

A Lost Chance.

In taking up the subject of popular fiction during the past year we are compelled, first of all, to express our surprise that one very obvious theme which in itself was the guarantee of an immense popularity was not treated at all. In a word, why is it that no novelist has thought it worth while to write a story with Mr. Bryan as the central figure? Looking backward from the threshold of 1901, it seems almost incomprehensible that so apparent an opportunity should have been lost. Whatever the conditions may have been formerly, the average successful author of to-day is by no means the dreamy, impracticable creature of popular tradition. On the contrary, there is a good deal of the journalist in his method. He has learned to study popular taste, and to guess very shrewdly at what people are going to be interested in six months or a year hence. He wants to do good work, but he also wants to write a novel that people will buy. Consequently, the manner in which Mr. Bryan as literary material has been overlooked betrays a lack of enterprise on the part of authors and of publishers that is something astounding. The great publishing houses might well have learned something from the methods of the purveyors of that sort of literature generically known as the Dime Novel. These latter very seldom lose sight of the questions of timeliness and of popular interest, although, so far as we know, even they did not realise the literary opportunities offered by the recent political campaign. We recall, however, a number of their productions very pertinent to the subject under discussion. For instance, within a week after the death of Jay Gould the news-stands were piled high with paper-covered "shockers," bearing such alluring titles as *Jay Gould, Junior* and *The Young Financier* and *The Boy Jay Gould in Wall Street.* In fact, it is customary, when some figure prominent in the popular imagination dies, for the publishers of the "shockers" to call in their most prolific and industrious writer and to take advantage of the opportunity with a rapidity and an enterprise that reap in countless thousands the dimes and half-dimes of the nursery maids and of the district messenger boys.

Mr. Bryan as Literary Copy.

Of course a novel with Mr. Bryan as the central figure would have been constructed on very different principles. It should have been the work of a man of some parts; not necessarily a genius or a writer of extraordinary talent, but certainly one who knew considerable of the practical business of constructing a novel, and who would aim at an audience of rather high grade. It would, of course, have demanded discretion and instinctive good taste. The central figure might have been viewed and presented in any way that the author wished. The hero might have been shown as frankly heroic, splendid in his strength, his sincerity, and his self-sacrifice. On the other hand, if the author so wished and had the ability, he could have made his book the most vigorous of satires; painted his hero as a type of political demagogue—fanatical, frenzied, self-seeking. As long as a certain amount of reserve was maintained and the veil of fictitious names and environment not wholly torn away, it would have been a mere matter of the writer's own personal taste and opinion. Either method of treatment would have found enough friends to praise it and, what is more to the point, enough foes to buy and to abuse the book. Then, when it was at the height of its popularity, the author might have come out with a half-

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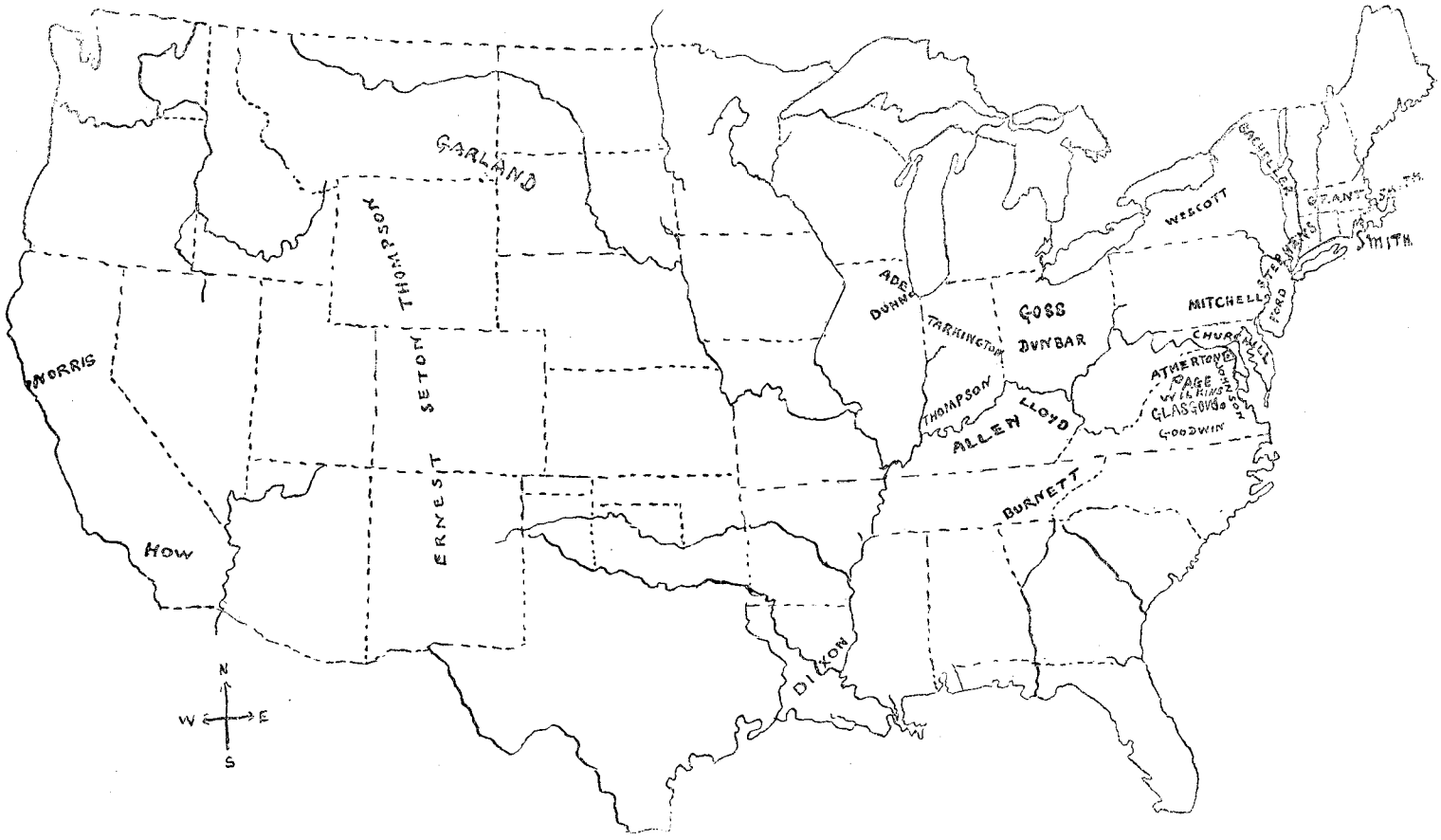

A MAP OF THE UNITED STATES WHICH AIMS TO SHOW SOME RECENTLY STAKED LITERARY CLAIMS. DESIGNED BY PAUL WILSTACH

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hearted denial that he had had Mr. Bryan in mind at all. This might have been counted to double the sale.

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Limitations of the Political Novel.

To even the most casual reader there are in the writing of the novel dealing with American political life certain very obvious limitations. One may construct a hero, dub him Jones or Brown, make him an energetic constable; thence take him to the Common Council of his local town, elect him mayor, and finally, at the end of the volume, land him in the gubernatorial chair or forward him to Washington as a United States Senator. But beyond this one cannot go. The result of running the said Jones or Brown for the Presidency or Vice-Presidency would be so obviously farcical that it is not likely to be attempted by even the most radical and injudicious of bad novelists. European writers, on the other hand, when they wish to show Majesty without the purple, need only invent imaginary kingdoms—Illyrias, Ruritanias, Historias, Scarathias. A President of the United States, a Queen of England or a Queen of France must be confined to historical romance. In that form they may be presented just as the author pleases. There is no *lèse majesté* to-day in showing *Le Grand Monarque* without his periwig and his high-heeled boots, bald, trembling and stripped of all the magnificence with which his contemporaries and conventional history have draped him. But it is not with *lèse majesté* that the present question has to do. A living President or a candidate for President must not be brought into fiction as such, not because of any questions of policy or of good taste, but because after a certain point the subject would necessarily be one to baffle the most crafty and discreet of novelists.

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"Numa Roumestan."

If any one fails to see how a novel of high quality might have been written about Mr. Bryan, let him turn to Alphonse Daudet's *Numa Roumestan,* the hero of which has been popularly recognised as Gambetta. By this it is not at all meant that there is any resemblance between the ebullient Southerner of Daudet's satire and the recent candidate of the Democratic Party. But *Numa Roumestan* is suggested simply because it shows just how graphically and intimately and dramatically the life of a man prominent in his country's politics may be brought into the pages of a novel. Roumestan is a great figure. On his feet, addressing a multitude, a thousand ideas well up within him and coin themselves into sentences rounded and instinct with rhetorical beauty. If in travelling he stays for a fortnight at some spa, the place is immediately galvanised into a new life and activity. It is the contrast between this life of glitter and enthusiasm, this continual bowing and smiling in response to the applause of excited listeners, and that other life of the home, in which, stripped of his dignity and his decorations, he is shown merely as the man, weak, vacillating and fickle, the man who, in the words of the old Provençal saying, is "Joy of the street, sorrow of the home," that the greatness of the book lies.

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Popular Fiction of 1900.

Looking over the whole range of popular fiction during the past year, we should say that, on the whole, it has been nothing astonishing. There have been a great many very admirable stories; several books have enjoyed sales which would have seemed incredibly large to the readers, authors and publishers of ten years ago; but there has been no one book which has stood out above all others either by reason of its popularity or of its intrinsic literary merit. As to the ultimate importance of the novels of 1900 we shall say nothing here. It is too soon. The autumn books are as yet not fairly started, and in any ranking in order of quality they would be necessarily to some extent ignored in favour of the books of last winter and of the early summer. The question of popularity, on the other hand, rests substantially upon figures, and it is rather interesting to note how the best selling books varied from month to month. With the close of the year 1899 *David Harum, Richard Carvel* and *When Knighthood Was in Flower* were in the full swing of their popularity. True, according to the re-

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turns which appeared in THE BOOKMAN for January, 1900, the first place had been taken by Mr. Ford's *Janice Meredith*, but the three above mentioned were books whose sales had been large for many preceding months, and so they may be said to have been the three most popular books during the closing months of 1899. By March, however, *David Harum* had dropped back to a somewhat obscure place in the race, whereas *Janice Meredith* and *Richard Carvel* and *When Knighthood Was in Flower* sturdily maintained their positions until midsummer. A glance at the following table of the best selling books for each month during the year will, we think, prove more satisfactory and effective than any comment:

JANUARY.

1. Janice Meredith.
2. Richard Carvel.
3. When Knighthood Was in Flower.
4. David Harum.
5. Via Crucis.
6. Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen.

FEBRUARY.

1. Janice Meredith.
2. Richard Carvel.
3. When Knighthood Was in Flower.
4. David Harum.
5. Via Crucis.
6. Santa Claus's Partner.

MARCH.

1. Janice Meredith.
2. Richard Carvel.
3. Red Pottage.
4. When Knighthood Was in Flower.
5. David Harum.
6. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim.

APRIL.

1. To Have and to Hold.
2. Red Pottage.
3. Janice Meredith.
4. Richard Carvel.
5. Via Crucis.
6. When Knighthood Was in Flower.

MAY.

1. To Have and to Hold.
2. Red Pottage.
3. Janice Meredith.
4. When Knighthood Was in Flower.
5. { Richard Carvel. / Gentleman from Indiana.
6. Resurrection.

JUNE.

1. To Have and to Hold.
2. Red Pottage.
3. Resurrection.
4. Janice Meredith.
5. When Knighthood Was in Flower.
6. Richard Carvel.

JULY.

1. To Have and to Hold.
2. Sophia.
3. Red Pottage.
4. Unleavened Bread.
5. Resurrection.
6. The Farringdons.

AUGUST.

1. To Have and to Hold.
2. Unleavened Bread.
3. The Heart's Highway.
4. The Redemption of David Corson.
5. The Bath Comedy.
6. Red Pottage.

SEPTEMBER.

1. The Reign of Law.
2. To Have and to Hold.
3. The Redemption of David Corson.
4. Unleavened Bread.
5. Voice of the People.
6. Philip Winwood.

OCTOBER.

1. The Reign of Law.
2. Unleavened Bread.
3. The Redemption of David Corson.
4. { To Have and to Hold. / Voice of the People.
5. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box.
6. Gentleman from Indiana.

NOVEMBER.

1. The Reign of Law.
2. The Master Christian.
3. To Have and to Hold.
4. Unleavened Bread.
5. Eben Holden.
6. The Redemption of David Corson.

DECEMBER.

1. The Master Christian.
2. Eben Holden.
3. Tommy and Grizel.
4. The Redemption of David Corson.
5. The Reign of Law.
6. Alice of Old Vincennes.

From the foregoing tables some interesting comparisons may be made. It will be seen that Miss Johnston's story of Old Virginia leads in the matter of the num-

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ber of appearances among the most popular books. An examination of this feature would give the following result:

Eight Times Mentioned.

To Have and to Hold.

Six Times Mentioned.

Janice Meredith, Richard Carvel, When Knighthood Was in Flower, Red Pottage.

Five Times Mentioned.

Unleavened Bread, The Redemption of David Corson.

Four Times Mentioned.

The Reign of Law.

Three Times Mentioned.

David Harum, Via Crucis, Resurrection.

Twice Mentioned.

Gentleman from Indiana, Voice of the People, The Master Christian, Eben Holden.

Once Mentioned.

Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen, Santa Claus's Partner, In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim, Sophia, The Heart's Highway, The Farringdons, The Bath Comedy, Philip Winwood, Tommy and Grizel, Alice of Old Vincennes, The Cardinal's Snuff-Box.

One of the most cheerful features of the whole matter is the fact that that growth of Americanism to which we had occasion to refer last winter is becoming steadily more apparent. Of the seventy-five places held among the best selling books by the novels that we have mentioned, all but fifteen are to the credit of American authors. However, some of the American authors have laid their scenes in other lands, and of the sixty books that may be called American, only forty-nine treat of distinctly American subjects. The historical novel, despite the fact that it had already enjoyed an unusual lease of life, was, during the first six months of the year extraordinarily popular. During the later summer and autumn months, however, it seems, in a measure, to have lost its hold. For the whole year the historical novel has been included in these lists thirty-three times, while the story of contemporaneous life has had forty-two appearances. It may also be of interest to add that of the seventy-five times that these books are mentioned fifty-four are to the credit of those written by men and twenty-one to the credit of those written by women.

We regret that Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson has been led to infer from a sentence of ours in the November BOOKMAN that we had any thought of imputing plagiarism or anything resembling it to her in connection with her novel *St. Elmo*. Perhaps our remarks were unfortunately worded, but all we meant to say was that perhaps the general plot of this very popular book was vaguely suggested by other works that had gone before. Our general thesis was that almost every work of fiction has both ancestors and descendants.

That Anthony Trollope is not a "disappearing author," although Mr. Justin McCarthy not long ago described him as being such, is obvious from the fact that the Gebbie Company of Philadelphia have just begun the issue of a beautifully bound and printed edition of his more famous novels, to be completed in thirty volumes. Of these we have received *The Warden* and *Barchester Towers*. The first volume contains a lengthy biographical and critical introduction from the pen of Professor Harry Thurston Peck, who writes in the spirit of one who is prepared to defend Trollope against all comers, and especially against the acidulous criticism of Mr. Henry James.

It is not generally known, says the English *Outlook*, that the MS. of Scott's *Bride of Lammermoor*—perhaps the finest of his novels—has hitherto been divided between two owners. Certain pages which describe the country-seat of the Sir William Ashton of the story, and the incident with the wild cattle which took place there, were separately acquired by Captain Basil Hall, the traveller, and by him presented to his brother, the then head of the family of Hall of Dunglass. At Dunglass—the reputed original of the scene described—these pages remained until recently, when they passed into possession of Mr. Sholto Douglas, of Corbet Tower, Roxburghshire, the owner of the bulk—or, as was till then believed, the remainder of the MS. The unfortunate discovery has, however, since been made that a few pages are missing.

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The *London Daily News* is authority for the following characteristic story about Alexandre Dumas the elder: One day the author of *Monte Cristo* visited Marseilles and made a trip to the Château d'If to visit the palace he had helped to make famous. The guide showed him everything, also the subterranean passage by which Edmond Dantès and Abbé Faria used to visit each other. "This passage was dug by Abbé Faria by the aid of a fishbone," the guide explained. "M. Dumas tells about it in his story of *Monte Cristo*." "Indeed," replied the author, "Alexandre Dumas must be familiar with all the surroundings here. Perhaps you know him?" "I should think so; he is one of my best friends." "And you are one of his," replied the impulsive scribe, letting two louis d'or slip into the hand of the astonished guide.

We present herewith a portrait of M. Coquelin, the lecturer and the student of the drama, whose opinions on the genius of Edmond Rostand are only less interesting than his interpretations of Rostand's Cyrano and Flambeau.

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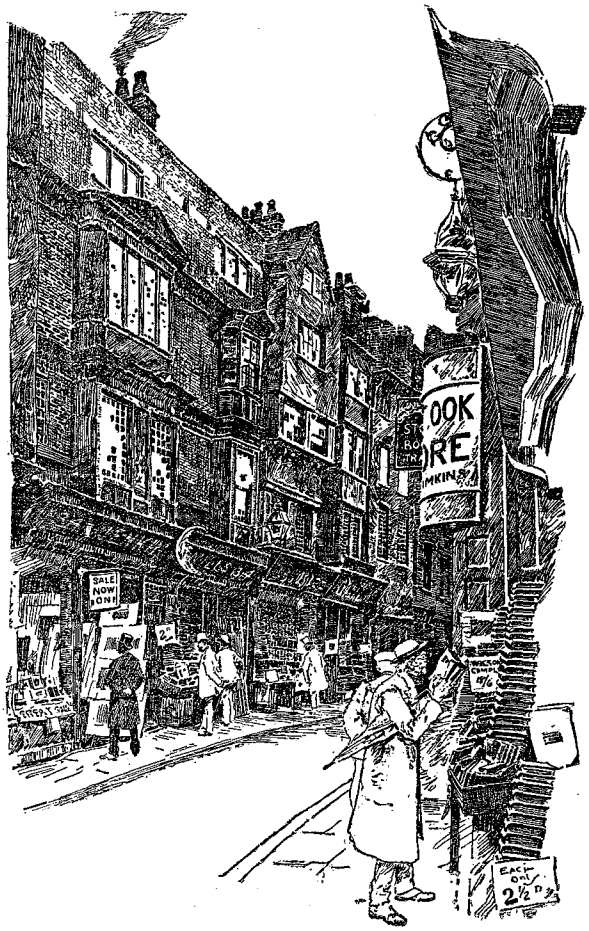
Vanishing London Literary Landmarks.

It is practically certain that the London of 1950 will be as different from the London of 1850 as the London of to-day is different from the London of the time of Shakespeare. With every decade the Londoner seems to be growing more eager for change, and it is only a matter of time when the English capital will be subject to a transformation as radical as that which resulted from the Haussmanising of Paris under the third Napoleon. Everywhere the old landmarks are being swept away, and the London of Charles Dickens, the London that Oliver Twist first saw in company with the Artful Dodger, is already remote. The Strand improvements are no doubt matters of self-congratulation to the London business man and property owner, but to the lover of the mouldy and picturesque they are very inadequate compensation. The first changes swept away the building that is said to have been the original of *The Old Curiosity Shop*. And now we learn that Holywell Street, which for generations has been associated with London bookmen, is also soon to disappear.



HOLYWELL STREET.

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In the last number of this magazine there appeared a poem of four lines by Mr. Irving Bacheller entitled "Life's Colours." We first came across it in an autograph album, and liked it so much that we asked Mr. Bacheller for his permission to publish it in THE BOOKMAN. Mr. Bacheller consented, having for the moment and under the pressure of more important matters quite forgotten that two years before (December, 1898),

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the lines in a slightly different form and under the title "Change" had appeared in the *Cosmopolitan*. We should hardly have thought it necessary to mention the circumstance did we not feel that justice requires us to give the *Cosmopolitan* full credit for its priority of possession in this very graceful little poem.

Pronunciation.

Some recent reminiscences of Tennyson have brought out the fact that he objected to the popular pronunciation "arbu'tus because in the Latin the penult is short. He thought "arbu'tus" as bad as "clema'tis," which he said was the gardener's pronunciation. This question of keeping the original accentuation of a foreign word after it has become thoroughly naturalised in English is a rather difficult one to settle. Most educated persons invariably say arbu'tus even though they smile at clema'tis. Likewise they are more apt to say gladio'lus and roseo'la and vario'la than to throw the accent back upon the antepenult, as they ought in strict accuracy to do. We should say that, as a general rule, when Latin and Græco-Latin words are taken into English without any change of form, the original accentuation should be retained; yet how many of us would have the courage to be as rigidly consistent in this re-

M. COQUELIN.

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spect as was the late President Woolsey of Yale, and to call the well-known flower "anemo'ne"?

The difficulties of consistency in the pronunciation of such words are very well illustrated by an anecdote that is related of Lord Erskine when he was still a comparatively unknown Scottish lawyer. In the course of an argument before an English judge Mr. Erskine (as he was then) had occasion to use the word "curator," which he pronounced in the Scotch fashion "cu'rator," accenting the first syllable. Whereupon the judge, in his ponderous and patronising English way, interrupted the young barrister and observed: "Let me call the attention of counsel to the fact that the word which has just been pronounced "cu'rator" should properly be called "cura'tor," thereby following the usage of the Latin language, in which a long penultimate syllable receives an accent." Quick as a flash Erskine bowed low and replied with the blandest possible manner: "I am profoundly grateful for any correction at the hands of so accomplished an ora'tor and so learned a sena'tor as your lordship." A neater retort it would be difficult to find.

AUBREY BEARDSLEY. BY HIMSELF.

The Sources of "Quo Vadis."

Professor A. Schinz of Bryn Mawr calls our attention to a curious feature of the recent European success of Sienkiewicz's *Quo Vadis*. It is now about three years since the book was at the height of its popularity in this country, but in continental Europe it has been widely read during the past year, and as a result of this vogue scholars have taken up the question of the sources from which Sienkiewicz drew his historical material. Professor A. Sabatier, of the *Faculté Protestanté de Theologie* of Paris, in one of the *causeries* which he contributes weekly to the *Journal de Genève* recently made the bold assertion that the whole archæological part of *Quo Vadis* was borrowed from the *Antichrist* of Ernest Renan. He relates how, in reading Sienkiewicz's novel, he was surprised at the abundance and minuteness of detail and at the wonderfully vivid and truthful reconstruction of the Rome of the time of Nero and of the imperial court. Comparing *Quo Vadis* with Renan's *Antichrist,* in order to see just how far the data of the novelist agreed with scientific authority, he found that not only was the information absolutely exact, but that nothing was missing, and also that the story contained nothing that was not to be found in Renan. In a word, the erudition of the novelist stopped just where Renan in his book had stopped. In printing his discovery, Professor Sabatier laid special stress upon the fact that his intention was not in the least to take away from Sienkiewicz's invention and merit. But he insisted that Renan should not fail to receive his due. The character of Petro-

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nius, the one dominant figure in the book, is from beginning to end a borrowing from *The Antichrist*. The same may be said of Nero and of many of the minor characters of the novel.

Admirers of the late Mr. Aubrey Beardsley will be interested in the collection of his drawings which, under the title *The Later Work of Aubrey Beardsley*, comes from the press of Mr. John Lane. From this book we reproduce the accompanying characteristic literary sketches.

About the "Anthology."

Mr. Stedman's *American Anthology* is carefully reviewed upon another page of the present issue. It has formed the subject of a good deal of miscellaneous conversation among literary men at their casual gatherings during the past six weeks. Every one whom we have heard speaking of it has expressed surprise at the omission from the writers included in it of John G. Saxe. We understand that many questions with regard to this omission have been addressed to Mr. Stedman, but that he has invariably declined to answer them—which makes the mystery still more interesting. Mr. Stedman could hardly have omitted Saxe through any oversight, yet it is difficult to see what other reason he could possibly assign. Saxe, to be sure, is not a great name in the records of American literature, but he is very individual, he stands for something, and in his own day he had a quite unusual vogue. On his own abstract merits, and had Mr. Stedman drawn the critical line high up, Saxe might quite reasonably have been excluded; but when we contemplate the extreme generosity which Mr. Stedman shows to writers of whom not one man in ten thousand has ever even heard, the whole thing resolves itself into a genuine literary mystery. We have been somewhat amused by Mr. Stedman's treatment of the women writers in the brief biographies contained in his Appendix to the work. In the case of ladies who may still be conscientiously described as "girls," he has given the dates of their birth explicitly, while in the case of ladies of uncertain age he has discreetly and indefinitely declared that they were born "in 18—." This is no doubt at first sight very tactful; but doesn't the very omission of the year create a most invidious distinction, and does it not serve to classify a number of these ladies as being no younger than they ought to be? Moreover, even those ladies who are now just "girls" will not be "girls" forever; and when they cease to be so, there will stand Mr. Stedman's record staring at them pitilessly, and they will not like it. Altogether, we are afraid that Mr. Stedman has got himself into an embarrassing position all around, and we offer him herewith our heartfelt sympathy. Speaking of this matter of dates, we notice that one "poetess" is set down as having been born ten years after her father's death; but as this question seems to be rather more physiological or perhaps typographical than literary in its nature, we shall not pursue it any further. Finally, there is a certain inconsistency of treatment in these biographies. In the main they are obviously intended to give only the most essential facts about the life and the writ-

MANON LESCAUT. BY AUBREY BEARDSLEY.

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ings of each person mentioned. At times, however, Mr. Stedman has injected bits of fervent praise into these chronicles. It may be thoroughly deserved, and yet, like his treatment of the ladies' birthdays, it raises in one's mind the question whether the anthologist admires only those whom he has praised.

The Death of Oscar Wilde.

The death of Oscar Wilde marks the gloomy end of a career which began with every promise of brilliant and sustained success. Mr. Wilde, in his cast of mind, was Greek rather than English; and the truest thing that can be said of him is that he was

TITLE-PAGE FOR BALZAC'S "CONTES DROLATIQUES."

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born some twenty centuries too late. Intuitive, imaginative, quick-witted and versatile, his earliest work disclosed something that very closely resembled genius. Among his early poems there are three or four that ought to survive because of their artistic form, their beauty of expression and their perfect melody. Finest among them all is the stirring poem entitled "Ave Imperatrix," which has a splendid martial movement and which ends, as it were, with a roll of drums. In this early writing there are found all the pagan love of sunshine, of colour and of the open air, without a trace of the darker side of paganism. Later, Mr. Wilde, like a minor Alcibiades, gave up all his ideals and accepted mere notoriety as an easy substitute for fame. The conscious eccentricities of the æsthetic cult which he adopted and exaggerated made it impossible for any one thereafter to regard the man and his work with genuine seriousness. He was brilliant to the last. In paradox and epigram he showed a wonderful inventiveness and fancy; yet it was all ephemeral, mere glitter and sparkle, and nothing more. That his intellect had not deteriorated, however, he showed in the mingled power and pathos of the poem which he wrote two years ago, entitled "The Ballad of Reading Gaol." The records of contemporary literature contain nothing sadder than the story of this gifted, brilliant and unhappy man.

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"Personal."

We should like to say a word with regard to a class of correspondents or rather would-be contributors who send their contributions to us individually in envelopes marked "Personal." THE BOOKMAN prints each month a notice to the effect that manuscripts should be sent to the office of this magazine and addressed to the Editors as such. Those who choose to violate this rule will do so at the risk of having all their manuscripts mislaid or lost. That is their own affair. But when they send them to us individually, and often to a private address, and mark them "Personal," they are committing something much more serious than an indiscretion. They are doing something that involves a piece of petty trickery verging on dishonesty, for they are saying and writing down the thing that is not. Whenever they write "Personal," they are practically telling us: "This is a letter which concerns you as an individual, and which is, therefore, of interest to you and to me as individuals in our private and personal capacity." Then, when we open the missive and find that it contains a poem or a book review or an article, we know that some one has told us a deliberate falsehood. We have not as yet made up our mind to burn these things as soon as we receive them (which would be a wholly proper treatment of them), but we can inform all persons who may hereafter send us manuscripts in this mendacious way that those manuscripts will be put at the very bottom of the pile and that they will receive the most unfavourable consideration possible in about five calendar years from the date of their reception.

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Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, the novelist, has entered the lecture field with what is described as a powerful discourse on the three great Moguls—Baber, Humayun and Akbar. She has also made a speech at the Woman's Congress at Brighton, where she told this story: Her brother, she said, wished to hear her speech, but was not quite sure whether men were admitted into the Dome. He accosted a burly policeman at the door, and asked if men might enter. "No, sir," said the policeman; "the ladies as is meeting there ain't the sort that wishes to have anything to do with men."

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The vagaries of authors in the matter of dress are well known. Surely none was so odd as Balzac, who, if a paragraph in the English *Onlooker* may be credited, insisted on having his working trousers made without openings for the feet, so that he could sit and write in them without having to put on slippers!

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Thackeray's daughter is writing again—a series of essays this time, dealing with charming but forgotten books. She calls them *Blackstick Papers* after the good fairy in her father's inimitable little tale *The Rose and the Ring*.

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HERE AND THERE

The Regular Army.

If the late election showed anything at all, it showed that the American people are not afraid of "militarism." Mr. Bryan and his supporters, both in the press and on the stump, rang the changes on the word and on the thing itself until it became as prominent an "issue" as any other. They told us all about the menace of a standing army, they depicted the huge fortresses that would terrorise the peaceful inhabitants of our large cities if President McKinley should be re-elected, and they did everything that imagination and rhetoric could accomplish, in their attempt to inspire us all with dread. They failed most pitifully. They did not even interest their auditors and readers. They actually bored them.

It is a curious fact, however, that editors and politicians have always had a vague impression that the American people are very much averse to a reasonably large and thoroughly efficient standing army—that they are afraid of it. Perhaps they used to be, but not in our own time—that is, not since the close of the Civil War, when a million soldiers melted away into civil life so rapidly that the European Cassandras who had been predicting for us a military dictatorship had not even time to dry the ink on their vaticinations and to rub their eyes, before the army which was to overthrow our liberty had vanished. No; the American people do not fear a standing army. The survival of such a belief is merely the survival of an ancient superstition.

The real reason why our regular army in the past has been kept down to proportions almost microscopic and why it has been neglected and oftentimes ignored in our national legislation has quite another source than fear. It is based upon the sublime but unwise optimism of our people, who find it very hard to learn the fact that supreme efficiency can only come through discipline and training and long years of preparation. Our national vice in almost everything is a toleration of makeshifts and of amateurishness. The source of this lies in our past, in the days when, by force of necessity, an American had to turn his hand to anything and everything. This bred in us inventiveness and self-reliance and adaptability, which are all most admirable traits and which in some ways have made our fortune as a people; but, on the other hand, it has led us to an over-confidence that is sometimes ludicrous and that is likely in the future to prove dangerous. If an American fails lamentably as a horse-doctor, he sees no reason why he should not manage to succeed in some other unrelated profession or vocation—as the president of a university, for instance, or as a novelist, a banker, or a legislator. He is perfectly ready to try any or all of these pursuits with a cheerful confidence that is at once delightful and appalling. And, indeed, as some of our extemporised lawyers and bankers and novelists and statesmen have managed to cut a figure that was at least respectable, the successes have been noted and the failures have been forgotten. This is all very well, in a way, because it involves nothing very vital. Even a ready-made statesman does much less harm than one might naturally expect; because he is always checked and controlled, perhaps without his knowing it, by tradition, by opposition, and by the advice of those who have the practical experience which in him is lacking. Unfortunately, however, this faith in extemporisation extends to military science and the art of war; and it is here that we find the explanation of why our regular army has been badly treated in the past and why there is danger that it will prove inadequate in the future. In spite of all that has been said and written on the subject most Americans still think that a good-sized standing army is unnecessary, because we can always resort to volunteering when a crisis comes; and the past is held to justify this view. Perhaps to some extent it does; but when one looks into the facts he finds much food for serious thought. The Civil War is usually cited as an instance of the efficiency of armies composed of volunteers. With volunteers we put down the greatest rebellion known to modern history, and therefore we are told that volunteers are good enough for us. But, in the first place, in that war, taken as a whole, the

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Northern volunteers were pitted against men who, like themselves, were drawn from civil life and lacked the military training. This was true, save at the very outbreak of hostilities, when the South possessed a force of men whose training was superior to that of the raw levies of the North. And what was the result? The disaster of Bull Run, the record of a dozen other victories won by Southern troops against our own, and finally the long and maddening wait until McClellan slowly drilled the army into fighting trim. The cost in blood and treasure is impossible of estimation; and, therefore, if the history of that war means anything, it means that volunteers can never do the work of trained and disciplined and professional soldiers. Moreover, we must look also at the record of the generals on both sides. Did any one of them win real distinction without the training given at West Point? Did any ready-made commander achieve an enviable reputation? Take all the names of those who won great victories and see if you can find one that is not upon the muster-roll of the West Point Academy. Grant and Lee and Sherman and Stonewall Jackson and Sheridan and the two Johnstons and Meade and Thomas—these are the men who fought and won; while the half-baked, ready-made, hand-me-down commanders, such as Schurz and Sigel and B. F. Butler and the rest, were those who fought and lost. Look back to the War of 1812 and consider why it was that we suffered the disgrace of having our national capital taken by the English and burned and desecrated. It was because the defence of Washington was entrusted to a force of volunteers—men, perhaps, individually brave, but who could not for an instant stand against the veteran troops of England. In fact, the only bright spot in that discreditable episode is found in the stubborn resistance made by a handful of regulars and marines, who kept ten times their number of English troops at bay, and who would have repulsed them and saved us from an enduring stigma had the volunteers sent to their support not manifested what General Winder in his official report philosophically described as "an excessive love of life." As against Mexicans in 1846 and as against Spaniards in 1898 and as against Filipinos at the present time, our volunteers have fought and they are now fighting with all the courage of their race. Yet in other military virtues, such as self-control, obedience and endurance, they have many times been pitifully lacking. Before Santiago, to put it very mildly, our volunteers were often more of a hindrance than a help, and they lay down upon their stomachs while the regular regiments marched over them to victory. In the Philippines there is infinite drunkenness and disorder because our men there have not learned sobriety and self-control. In China, on the famous march upon Pekin, even our own American correspondents, who write with singular reserve and tact, have none the less allowed us here at home to get stray glimpses now and then of scenes in which American soldiers threw away their kits, straggled from the ranks, grew insubordinate, and marched along yelling and cursing at their officers—a sight to bring reproach upon their country and their flag. The Navy is fairly free from the curse of amateurishness; and it is significant to note that the only piece of bad seamanship exhibited in the Spanish War occurred when an amateur of the Naval Reserve was left one night in charge of the deck on one of our cruisers, with the immediate result that the ship was brought into collision with another vessel lying near her. The newspapers have done much to foster the superstition that volunteers are just as good as regulars. In the Spanish War, whenever anything resembling a genuine battle took place, the reports laid all the stress on what the volunteers accomplished, and let the splendid fighting of the regular troops go by unnoticed, or with but a casual mention. There are millions of Americans to-day who think that Colonel Roosevelt and his Rough Riders won the battle of San Juan; whereas in the famous charge this regiment of dismounted cavalry was really carried on and up the hill by the irresistible momentum of the regular troops, who swept along, not howling and yelling and acting like distracted maniacs, but silently and splendidly and invincibly, to a victory that was theirs alone. It was the volunteers who did all the whining and complaining over the food which they received. It was the regular troops who took what they could get and

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said nothing; because they were soldiers and not a mob, and because it is the duty of soldiers to suffer and be strong.

Whatever, indeed, may have been the merits or demerits of American volunteers in our past history, there are reasons why at the present time our country should give up something of its national optimism and show a little of its national horse-sense. In becoming a world power we have come face to face not only with new duties and new privileges and new responsibilities, but with new dangers also. We have no friend among the nations, outside of England; and whatever policy we may adopt, it will gain respect and secure success only in so far as we are prepared to back it up with the strong hand. Now is the time for making new provision for the future, not in the interest of swagger and defiance, but rather in the interest of peace. We must be wise and we must be powerful; and the legislation which Congress shall adopt this winter in the reorganisation of our army will test our wisdom and serve to indicate our power. That the alleged American distrust of a large army is a superstition, the results of the late election have made manifest. That our easy-going optimism will not always be justified by sheer good luck is quite inevitable. A regular army, trained and disciplined and officered by scientific, professional soldiers, is what the country needs, and it is what the country will accept with gladness if its statesmen have the courage of their convictions. If such an army shall contain fewer than 150,000 men, it means that, when the day of trial comes, and when American soldiers are sent into the battlefield against German troops or French, we may have to learn by the teaching of disaster and defeat the lesson which to the clear-sighted is written large before us, as though in letters traced in fire. *H. T. P.*

DRAMA OF THE MONTH

With two plays by Rostand, one by Pinero, one by Sudermann, one by Ibsen and one by Shakespeare on the list, going to the theatre during the past month has not been without its meaning. The Rostand plays have had increased significance by the way in which they have been acted. Approaching the subject of Sarah Bernhardt's talent, reminds me of a conversation with a very able young actress.

"Did you like Bernhardt?"

"You remind me," she answered, "of the countryman who asked his friend if Niagara was nice."

There is a story somewhere, which she also told, about Oliver Wendell Holmes observing the famous waterfalls; being asked by a stranger if it was not magnificent, Mr. Holmes answered that he should not have thought of applying adjectives to the sight, but that if it must be done, magnificent was certainly a correct epithet; whereupon the pleased stranger added that it was terribly magnificent.

Yet, great and indescribable as Madame Bernhardt's art is, it has not gone unquestioned. Colley Cibber and Horace Walpole were among those who sneered at Garrick, and there were always plenty to flout Rachel. The most enthusiastic praise of Bernhardt during this engagement has come from actors, who, in spite of jealousy and prejudice, are the best critics of acting. Other people praise or blame because they happen to like or dislike a temperament, or because an actress is a girl or an old woman. One of the most remarkable criticisms of Bernhardt was written by Turgénieff.

Yes, I consider M. A——'s criticism of Sarah Bernhardt quite true and just. This woman is clever and skilful; she has her business at her finger ends, is gifted with a charming voice and educated in a good school; but she has nothing natural about her, no artistic temperament whatever, and she tries to make up for this by Parisian licentiousness. She is eaten through and through with *chic, réclame* and *pose*. She is monotonous, cold and dry in

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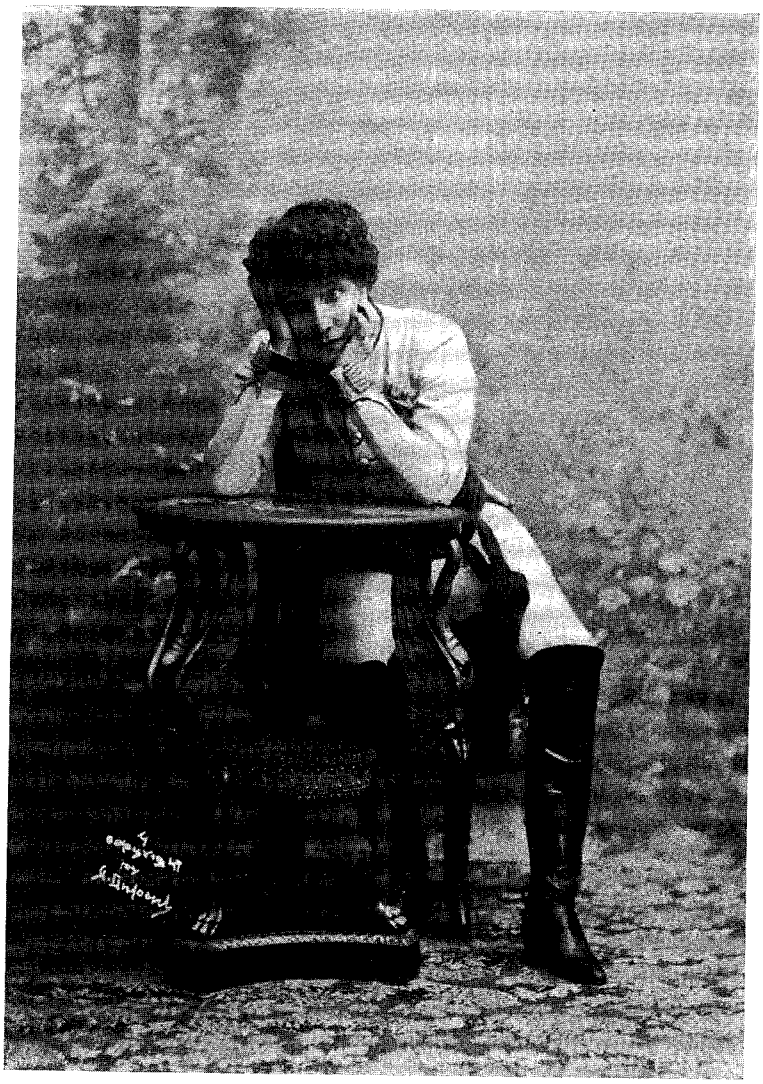
short, without a single spark of talent in the highest sense of the word. Her gait is that of a hen; she has no play of features; the movements of her hands are purposely angular, in order to be piquant; the whole thing reeks of the boulevards, of *Figaro* and patchouli. You see that to my mind M. A—— has been even too lenient. You quote Zola as an authority, although you always rebel against all authorities, so you must allow me to quote Augier, who once said to me: "Cette femme n'a aucun talent; on dit d'elle que c'est un paquet de nerfs—c'est un paquet de *ficelles.*" But you will ask, "Why, then, such a world-wide reputation?" What do I care? I only speak my own feelings, and I am glad to find somebody who supports my view.

Well, when we watch the walk of Bernhardt in *L'Aiglon,* with its perfect imitation of a man, and then read the great Turgénieff's belief that she had the gait of a hen; when we are held by her face for minutes at a time when she has no words to speak, and then read that she has no play of features; when we read the word "pose" used in a hostile sense, when her ability to pose is one of the greatest of her talents, we may well be inclined to think that criticism is a



MADAME BERNHARDT AS L'AIGLON.

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difficult venture, that an artist is usually a very poor critic outside of his own special line, and that a world-wide reputation is a good deal safer guide than the word of a Turgénieff or an Augier. She seemed infinitely greater than she was ten years ago, when she was playing Sardou's and other dramas in which she could rely on outbursts of violent force. There is only one fault that runs more or less through her performance of *L'Aiglon,* and that is a slight suggestion of monotony, caused, in spite of immense variety, by a certain habit of insisting on her beautiful voice. The mirror scene, on the opening night, was not as effective as it was expected to be, because, although it was superbly acted by Bernhardt and Desjardin, there was a mistake at the very end by making the breaking of the glass too slight in manner. Bernhardt varies, however, from performance to performance, and later this effect was far stronger. The fourth act upon the field of Wagram lacked the power which it has in the written book, and was less satisfactory than it is at the Knickerbocker Theatre, because the physical machinery of the act, the ghostly noises and sights, were so obstreperous that they quite destroyed both the poetry and imagination of the lines and the qualities of Bernhardt's acting. Apart from that, the effect throughout was one of real greatness, fully as marked at the second seeing as at the first. Nothing more subtle in detail, more full of just the right lights and shades, more imagi-

SOPHIE FULLGARVEY (IRENE VANBRUGH) AND QUEX (JOHN HARE) IN "THE GAY LORD QUEX."

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native and buoyant than her scene with the toy soldiers has ever come into my experience; and when she sat upon the sofa for minutes, while Coquelin talked, and did nothing but listen, it was almost impossible to watch anybody but her; and there could be no more ultimate test of power than this ability to hold the attention captive by the mere pose of the stationary body and the simple intentness of the face. The beauty, calm and despair of the death marked another of the highest points she reached. These things, perhaps, were the finest separate accomplishments, although her gracious comedy with the Emperor was perfection; but, even more than these special flights, what made the impression of almost unrivalled art, was the number of things done, big and little, in the course of the evening, and the perfect finish and force of each one.

Next to Bernhardt, the best work was done by Desjardin, who also has earned his highest praise from members of his own profession, because his acting is of a kind that requires a good deal of experience in an observer to appreciate its full value. In the neutral parts of his rôle he counted through the simplest and most legitimate means, and in the dramatic third act, in which he plays

M. COQUELIN AS CYRANO.

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opposite to Coquelin in the mystification scene and to Bernhardt in the scene before the mirror, he showed that he could act intense situations as well as calm ones. The way that he and Bernhardt worked together before the mirror, the perfect harmony of their effects, whether one was rising as the other fell, or both rising together, had a degree of art very rarely seen. Coquelin, on the opening night, was far outside of his part, which he was playing for the first time. He tried by rather obvious devices to make the old soldier a constantly comical character, and in this way destroyed very largely some of the best scenes, although in his long narrative in the second act and in the scene with the soldiers he was admirable. Ten days later his performance was several times as good. Having studied it more thoroughly, he relied much less on inappropriate comedy tricks.

Coquelin's real turn came, of course, when *Cyrano de Bergerac* was produced. Some kinds of acting carry much of their force to ears which are unacquainted with the language, but this was one of those cases in which a person not understanding French must be wholly disappointed. M. Coquelin is a man of special refinement and literary taste, and he played the rôle throughout rather more as a piece of literature than as an acting drama. Of course, this may easily sound like an exaggeration, because all of his resources as an actor were more or less called upon; but the

MARY MANNERING IN "JANICE MEREDITH."

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dominating note was an exquisitely refined and varied reading of the lines, which were made to stand more in the foreground than the accompanying action. The aspect of Cyrano's character which is physically formidable was not given by M. Coquelin at all, any more than it was by Mr. Mansfield; and if any one side has to go, we can best spare this, although it would add a great deal to the stage effect to have the martial side of the character adequately presented. The first act, where Cyrano quells a raging crowd which he has displeased, and the fourth act, at the end, where he leads the cadets into the jaws of death, suffered decidedly from lack of force; but in the scene with Christien over the insult to his nose he was strong enough, and the result was quite perfect. This one point apart, Coquelin was admirable in every respect. His eminence as a humorist needs no illustration. In *Cyrano* he held down the wit somewhat, giving it its full value, but keeping it gentle, making it more the humour of a poet than of an embittered swashbuckler. It was the poetic side of the man that he did with deepest affection, and that side was so beautifully executed that nobody who saw it and really understood it will ever forget it. The more fanciful scenes, like the speech about the voyage from the moon, were done with Coquelin's keen relish for cultivated and grotesque fantasy; but what sank deeper was his feeling for the sad, rich and resigned soul in the unattractive body. He made no open appeal to sympathy. His Cyrano took himself easily, smiled, merely touched pathos fleetingly, and then resignedly passed on. But these touches, slight and evanescent as they were, combined into a beautiful picture, to which the last act gave the finishing touches and the strongest tone. In the death scene Coquelin let himself out and exhibited openly the nature which had been hinted in a hundred strokes. One of the things which stands out most in retrospect is the skill with which the various parts of the performance were so calculated that the remaining picture should be haunting and single.

Madame Bernhardt as Roxane won everybody's respect by acting, not like a star, but like an artist. She kept in the background, watched, in her silent scene in the first act, everything going on upon the stage with a genuineness of interest that helped the spectator to look, not at her, but at the things which she was observing, and throughout the play followed this policy of reinforcing the work of other actors. That virtue could not be more nobly shown than in the last act, where, allowing fully the pre-eminence to remain with Coquelin, she put in her few chorus-like notes of sympathy and affection with a poignant beauty and a tremendous, yet perfectly subdued, emotional power, that added incalculably to the moving quality of the whole scene. Of course, she was not called upon to show her wonderful range, as she was in *L'Aiglon,* but it was something to have the greatest actress in the world, making her first appearance in a new rôle, show other actors how a small part should be played.

The *Gay Lord Quex* has been running for some time at the Criterion Theatre, making some people believe that it is a great play and others that it is a rather wicked one. What there is a general consensus about is, that the third act is one of the most skilful things written in our day from a purely stage point of view, and that the acting of Miss Irene Vanbrugh is uncommonly genuine and finished throughout. That Mr. Hare is an artist shows in everything which he does with Quex; but there is a rather general feeling, which I do not share, that the character ought to be played with more obvious wickedness. The first two acts of the play are rather below Pinero's level, having few witty lines, and being injured a good deal by the fact that one part, that of the Duchess, is much too long. The fourth act, however, keeps up the interest, in spite of the tremendous climax of the third; and when the last half of a play is good, the spectators forget all about the first half. Pinero seems to me much more successful when he works in a loose, Anglo-Saxon manner, as in the *Princess and the Butterfly* and *Trelawny of the Wells,* than when he follows French traditions in construction, as he does in most of his so-called problem plays, to which this has resemblance in structure, although not in spirit, nothing whatever being demonstrated; and the mind which is docile to the artist's intention being fixed on the

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story, not on any meaning. Another brilliant dramatist said in conversation the other day that she thought Pinero better in his *Mrs. Tanqueray* style, because he had no ability to create characters, which were needed for the looser style, but was skilful in carrying out situations. This sounds very plausible; but I still believe that, although without creative ability, Mr. Pinero is able to infuse into certain situations, such as the second act of the *Princess and the Butterfly* or the first act of *Trelawny of the Wells,* a larger and easier dramatic spirit than he ever accomplishes under his tight construction. One of Sudermann's plays, *Sodom's Ende,* which has recently been given at the Irving Place for one performance, serves as a reminder of how infinitely superior, both in technique and in general culture, the leading Germans are to the British playwrights. The workmanship of Hauptmann and Sudermann is not as close as that of Ibsen's more familiar acting dramas, nor is it as loose as the structure of the Elizabethans. Those two men are certainly models who ought to be studied by all our playwrights.

Ibsen is so important, and there is so little opportunity of seeing him on the American stage, that I went down to Washington to see Blanche Bates give a special performance of *Hedda Gabler.* Seeing the play for the second time confirmed what reading it, and Elizabeth Robbins's performance in it, had suggested before, that it is an immensely skilful acting drama, but that in English, at least, it is wholly impossible to get from it any of the higher qualities of imagination or inspiration. Miss Bates made the character strong, but simplified it, more than she intended to, probably, by bringing to the front qualities which made Hedda seem a half insane devil, and put into the background the more complicated phenomena of her case. Miss Bates showed how much of an actress she was by giving Hedda vividly in the afternoon and then playing Rosalind, with the regular Lafayette Stock Company, in the evening, with a rush of spirit that took greatly with the audience and was really admirable in itself, although slightly overdone, which was not surprising, considering the hasty way in which the play was put on.

After these plays of true significance and value it is a little jarring to turn to the riff-raff of the day; but possibly it is worth while in a few words to record the evil that goes on under the sun. May Irwin's latest play, *Madge Smith, Attorney,* is vulgar, without wit, and tiresome. *A Man of Forty,* about to be taken off at Daly's, is a conventional bit of hack work, showing some stage instinct and no thought or feeling. *Janice Meredith,* now at Wallack's, is one of the most hopeless phenomena of the year. It is unmistakably successful to the same degree that it is unmistakably stupid. It has no structure, no humour and no sense, and what it does have that makes the public set store by it, must be left to a better philosopher to discover. Mary Mannering is a good actress, who, it was understood, left her position as leading woman at Daly's Theatre because she wished larger and stronger rôles than are found in the milk-and-water plays upon which Mr. Daniel Frohman pins his faith. If this was her object, her first step in choosing her own drama is a singular way of reaching it.

Norman Hapgood.

THE SETTING SUN

One radiant outflash of surpassing splendour,
And with the perfect peace of self-surrender,
Without a tear,
Without a fear,
Like some high spirit summoned from our sight,
The sun steps down into the unknown night.

Grace Denio Litchfield.

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ROMANCE AGAINST ROMANTICISM

An obvious advantage which Science possesses over Art is that its vocabulary is precise and exact. When a man of science has occasion to use terms like horse-power, foot-ton, peroxide, volt, not only does he himself know absolutely what he himself means, but he can be confident that those whom he addresses must also know absolutely what he means. These scientific terms may be awkward or ugly—as, indeed, many of them are—but, nevertheless, they are accepted as having an unchanging content. They never suggest more or less at one time than at another. They pass current everywhere at their face value; the rate of exchange never varies. But the terms which any critic of Art must use lack this useful rigidity; they are ever flexible, not to say fluid. They are all things to all men. They are chameleons, changing colour while we gaze at them. They are modified by the personality of the user, first of all, and then by that of every several individual among those he is addressing. The epithet which to one savours of eulogy, to another reeks with opprobrium. The word which is a term of reproach in the mouth of a speaker belonging to one school is a badge of honour at the hands of an adherent of another theory. When, for example, have any two theoricians of æsthetics ever agreed on a definition of Beauty? When have any two critics of literature ever accepted the same definition of Poetry? We may, each of us, think that he understands the difference between Classic and Romantic, between Romantic and Realistic, between Realistic and Idealistic, and between Realistic and Naturalistic; but any of us would be sadly rash if he should expect that the half or the quarter of those he was trying to reach understood this antithesis or that exactly as he did. In all artistic discussion the meaning each of the disputants attaches to the special words he is using is the final expression of his personal equation.

Although there is really no hope that any scientific precision shall ever be attained in the terminology of æsthetics, or that men of letters shall ever agree on the meaning they will attach to important words, discussion may help to bring about clearer knowledge. Especially may it lead to a sharper differentiation between words often loosely regarded as synonymous. Few lovers of poetry, who desire not merely to enjoy, but seek also to understand and appreciate, would deny the abiding value of the distinction between Fancy and the Imagination—a distinction first insisted upon by the Lake Poets a scant century ago.

Who was it who said that every man was born either a Platonist or an Aristotelian, whether he knew it or not? So, in another sense, must every man be born either a Greek or a Goth. His native temperament either forces him to accept the Latin tradition of restraint and moderation or else it urges him to follow rather the Teutonic ideal of individuality and self-assertion. If he is really interested in life, he cannot chose but enlist in the one camp or the other, however strong his desire to preserve a benevolent neutrality. And what he is in matters of public policy he is likely to be in his private tastes also. Either he delights in the Classic or else he prefers the Romantic; for him to be an Eclectic is a stark impossibility; and it is only the few who care nothing for the cause of the quarrel who can raise the cry, "A plague on both your houses."

But among those who delight in the Classic there is no unanimity in declaring just what the Classic is; and there is even greater disagreement among those who prefer the Romantic as to the full meaning of the word. The first chapter of Professor Beers's illuminative *History of English Romanticism* is taken up with an attempt to collect and to classify the manifold definitions of the spirit which animated the Romantic movement in Germany and France and England—and in all the various histories of literature in all the various modern languages, it would be difficult to discover a chapter more interesting or more instructive; and a careful perusal of it may be recommended to every historian of literary development who persists dogmatically in using the terms of æsthetic criticism as though they had a scientific precision.

Professor Beers quotes Heine's assertion that "all the poetry of the Middle Ages has a certain definite character, through which it differs from the poetry

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of the Greeks and Romans," and that "in reference to this difference the former is called Romantic, the latter Classic," although these names "are misleading and have caused the most vexatious confusion." One reason why these terms are misleading is that in our ordinary use of the two words we are accustomed to find in Classic a certain worthiness, as of abiding merit, whereas in Romantic we feel a certain unworthiness, as conveying at least a flavour of extravagance or freakishness. Thus we say that Angelica Kaufman's marriage was "very romantic," and that Lincoln's Gettysburgh address is "truly a classic." And Pater, taking a hint, perhaps, from this ordinary use of words, came to the conclusion that the Classic has "order in beauty" and the Romantic "strangeness added to beauty."

So Professor Beers keeps on assembling and comparing the criterions proposed successively for determining the essential quality of the Romantic. "First it was mystery, then aspiration, now it is the appeal to the emotions by the method of suggestion. And yet there is, perhaps, no inconsistency on the critic's part in this continual shifting of his ground. He is apparently presenting different facets of the same truth; he means one thing by his mystery, aspiration, indefiniteness, incompleteness, emotional suggestiveness; that quality or effect which we all feel to be present in Romantic and absent from Classical work."

Perhaps it is rash for any one to venture a further effort to distinguish more precisely things which we all recognise as dissimilar, not to say antithetic. But it may not be adding to the confusion to assert that those of us who seek in a work of art especially the normal and the typical, presented with rigorous severity of form, are on the side of the Classics, no matter what we may choose to call ourselves; and that on the other hand, those of us who relish rather the abnormal and the unusual, revealed with incomplete suggestiveness, are to be counted with the Romantics, whatever we ourselves may declare. On the one side are those who enjoy simplicity and worship beauty, and on the other are those who prefer complexity and who get their pleasure from the picturesque. As it happens, the finest examples of simple beauty are Greek and the finest illustrations of complex picturesqueness are mediæval. But whether it is the Parthenon or Notre Dame, whether it is the work of the Athenians or of the Parisians, a masterpiece of the Classic or a masterpiece of the Romantic is always the direct or honest expression of the man who wrought it.

But the high merit of these masterpieces has attracted imitators, lacking in sincerity and not seeking to express themselves directly or honestly. Of course, it is right and proper in all the arts that the young should model themselves at first on their elders and betters, learning all these have to teach, and beginning where these left off; but this fertile acceptance is as different as may be from sterile copying of formulas. One is a free-hand drawing and the other is a mere mechanical tracing.

Classic denotes imperishable beauty, while Classicism (to me at least) connotes a frigid imitation. Classic is free, while Classicism is bound. Shakespeare is the great English classic; but Classicism in English literature is embodied in Pope. So Romance is genuine while Romanticism is pinchbeck. True Romance, whether ancient or mediæval or modern, is as sincere and as direct and as honest as the Classic itself. And it needs to be distinguished sharply from Romanticism, which is often insincere, generally indirect, and sometimes artistically dishonest. Just as we need to set off sham Classicism from the noble Classic, so we ought to dwell on the essential difference between Romance and its bastard brother Romanticism, between the truly Romantic and the imitatively Romanticist.

The Romantic calls up the idea of something primary, spontaneous, and perhaps mediæval; while the Romanticist suggests something secondary, conscious, and of recent fabrication. Romance, like many another thing of beauty, is very rare; but Romanticism is common enough nowadays. The truly Romantic is difficult to achieve; but the artificial Romanticist is so easy as to be scarce worth while the attempt. The Romantic is ever young, ever fresh, ever delightful; but the Romanticist is stale and second-hand and unendurable. Romance is never in danger of growing old, for it deals with the spirit of man without regard to times and seasons; but Roman-

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ticism gets out of date with every twist of the kaleidoscope of literary fashion. The Romantic is eternally and essentially true, but the Romanticist is inevitably false. Romance is sterling, but Romanticism is shoddy.

It may be admitted that the distinction between the Romantic and the Romanticist is not self-evident, and that it is not always easily apprehended. Perhaps his failure to bring it out clearly and to emphasise it is one reason why Mr. Howells's attitude toward Romance has been misunderstood and that he has been accused of intolerance and even of attack, when it is only barren Romanticism he detests and despises, and when he has more than once gladly recorded his delight in true Romance. Difficult it is always to expose a sham without seeming to be disrespectful toward that which it degrades by its mimicry. So the unsparing laying bare of hypocrisy in Molière's *Tartuffe* was held by many good people to be little better than an assault on the Church itself.

It was Mill who said that "the truth of poetry is to paint the human soul truly" and that "the truth of fiction is to give a true picture of life." Romance, however detached from the accidental and encumbering facts of existence, is always in accord with the essential truth of life. Romance never contradicts reality, whereas Romanticism is in constant disaccord, not merely with fact, but even more with truth itself. The elder Hawthorne was a writer of Romance and the elder Dumas was a compounder of Romanticism; and it was the author of the *House of the Seven Gables* who asserted that Romance "while as a work of art, it must rigidly subject itself to laws, and while it sins unpardonably so far as it may swerve aside from the truth of the human heart, has fairly a right to present that truth under circumstances to a great extent of the writer's own choosing or creation."

Here Hawthorne asks no release from the eternal verities, but insists on permission to deal with brave translunary things and to lay the scene of his story in the forest of Arden or in the Bohemia which is a desert country by the sea, illumined by a light that never was and echoing with battles long ago. But how far are these enchanted realms from the topsy-turvy territory where the throng of disciples of Dumas invite us to follow—a strange place indeed, where happy accidents and marvellous coincidences and special providences happen many times a day. It is, in fact, an undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns—except to tell traveller's tales. It is a kingdom where dwell blameless heroes of a perfect courage, who strive with villains of an abhorrent turpitude, and who adore scornful ladies of an ethereal beauty. In a region inhabited by these unnatural monsters, what chances of acceptance have the eternal verities—what possibility is there for a true picture of life, or for a true painting of the human soul?

For these shabby puppets of the worn-out Romanticist true Romance cares nothing, needing no more than a man and a maid and a spring morning. Romance is in the heart of man, and not in the circus-trappings of pseudo-history. Romance is in the nature of things young and eternal; it is not a machine-made output of a fiction-factory. Romance is not necessarily one

> who discerns
> No character or glory in his times,
> And trundles back his soul five hundred years
> Past moat and drawbridge, into a castle-court.

Romance is not a being that lived yesterday and is dead to-day, although it blossoms in the twilight atmosphere of Once upon a Time. Romance has no more to do with the tilting at Ashby-de-la-Zouche than it has to with a corner on the Stock Exchange; it has to do with men, mediæval or modern, no matter—with men as they go forth to do their duty, to be tempted and lured, to conquer the lust of the flesh, to fall into sin and to pay the penalty, to make the brave fight, be the end of the struggle what it may. Romance is where men are, with the passions and strivings of men; and it takes no account of costume and of furniture, and of the accidental accompaniments of human existence.

Romance lived with the Cave-men and the Lake-folk, with the Norseman and the Crusader, with the Cavalier and the Puritan, with the Minute-Men of Lexington and with the Young Guard of Waterloo, with every man who is stout of soul and who has an eye for a pretty girl; with every woman who is, or hopes

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to be, a wife and a mother. "Where heart-blood beat or hearth-smoke curled," there Romance wove his Spell.

"Romance!" the season-tickets mourn,
"He never ran to catch his train,
But passed with coach and guard and horn,
And left the local—late again!
Confound Romance!"—And all unseen
Romance brought up the nine-fifteen.

His hand was on the lever laid,
His oil-can soothes the worrying cranks,
His whistle waked the snowbound grade,
His fog-horn cut the reeking banks;
By dock and deep and mine and mill
The boy-god, reckless, laboured still!

And after this quotation in verse from Mr. Kipling, let me make another in prose from Mr. Stevenson: "True romantic art again makes a romance of all things. It reaches into the highest abstraction of the ideal; it does not refuse the most pedestrian realism. *Robinson Crusoe* is as realistic as it is romantic; both qualities are pushed to an extreme, and neither suffers. Nor does Romance depend upon the material importance of the incidents. To deal with strong and deadly elements, banditti, pirates, war and murder, is to conjure with great names, and in the event of failure double the disgrace. The arrival of Haydn and Consuelo at the canon's villa is a very trifling incident; yet we may read a dozen boisterous stories from beginning to end, and not receive so fresh and stirring an impression of adventure."

This is Romance as Stevenson saw it; and Romanticism is not like unto this. Romanticism is feebly fond of the "strong and deadly elements, banditti, pirates, war and murder"—the stage properties and supernumeraries of the pseudo-historic. The *Bride of Lammermoor* is Romance indeed and of a lofty type; but is not *Ivanhoe* contaminated with mere Romanticism? Now and again Dickens struck the true note, but only infrequently; and the *Tale of Two Cities,* with the immoral self-sacrifice at the core of it, is Romanticism in its most tortuous type. Hawthorne is less likely to go astray than most; he is sometimes somewhat over-insistent on his fantasy, but he never slips headlong into the slough of Romanticism. His footing is more secure in the *Blithedale Romance* than in the *Marble Faun.* He complained that there was as yet here in America no "fairy land so like the real world that, in suitable remoteness, one cannot well tell the difference, but with an atmosphere of strange enchantment, beheld through which the inhabitants have a propriety of their own," and yet we all see a solid certainty in his Brook Farm, while few can help feeling a faint unreality in his Rome.

The truly Romantic is not morbid—rather is it sane and sunny, even if the clouds gather in time and the light is quenched at last. But the Romanticist, where it is not merely foolish, is often sickly, as Goethe said, contrasting Romanticism with the Classic. To a student of German literature, Romanticism suggests 1802 and the blue flower of Novalis. To a student of French literature, Romanticism evokes 1830 and the red waistcoat of Gautier. And it was Goethe again who dismissed *Hernani* as absurd. True Romance there is in both languages, *Undine* in the one and the *Princess of Cleves* in the other, for example; but in neither language is the Romanticist ever really healthy. In German there is an obvious tendency to slop over into sentimentality, and in French there is an equally obvious tendency toward illegality. Hugo and Dumas were prone to exalt the outlaw; and it was an observer as calm and as clear-eyed as Sylvestre de Sacy was who declared that the Communists of 1871 were only the Romanticists of 1830.

This note of revolt is to be heard more particularly in the Romanticism of France, although it is at times audible also in England; it is resonant enough in Byron. But the special peculiarity of the heroes of English Romanticism is their lack of common sense. They are feeble folk, most of them, the pale spirit Shelley and Keats evoked, mooning foolishly through a useless existence. "Uncanny creatures," they have been called, "spectral, prone to posing, psychologically shallow." But the heroes of Romance, of true Romance, are not of this sort; they are brave boys, all of them, hearty and honest and sturdy. Are not Romeo and Orlando heroes of Romance? and are they spectral or uncanny? Orlando, it is true, roamed the forest, hanging verses on the melancholy boughs; but he was a

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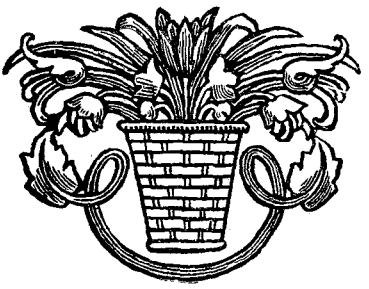
fine fellow for all that, a good trencherman of a certainty, and could try a fall on occasion. And Romeo, consumed by passion as he was, is no dreamy milksop, but a full-blooded man, prompt to overleap a garden wall or ready to

> seal with a righteous kiss
> A dateless bargain to engrossing death.

The Romanticist is not seldom as sickly as it is shallow, but the truly Romantic is always wholesome. Indeed, it may even be bracing; who ever felt any relaxing of fibre after reading *The Scarlet Letter?* It charms and it gives an exquisite pleasure; but it does not enervate or disintegrate like Romanticist fictions. It may be tonic, it is never anodyne. Mr. Howells was not thinking of true Romance, but of the false Romanticism, when he expressed his contempt for the stories which are intended to take the reader's mind off himself and to "make one forget life and all its cares and duties," and which "are not in the least like the novels which make you think of these, and shame you into at least wishing to be a helpfuller and wholesomer creature than you are." And then Mr. Howells, with ill-restrained scorn, discusses the Romanticist fictions with no sordid details of verity, "no wretched being humbly and weakly struggling to do right and to be true, suffering for his follies and his sins, tasting joy only through the mortification of self, and in the help of others; nothing of all this, but a great, whirling splendour of peril and achievement, a wild scene of heroic adventure, and of emotional ground and lofty tumbling, with a stage picture at the fall of the curtain, and all the good characters in a row, their left hands pressed upon their hearts, and kissing their right hands to the audience."

To try to point out the difference between the truly Romantic and its illegitimate younger brother, the artificial Romanticist, is not to indulge in a vain dispute about terms; it is to accomplish the needful task of bringing out the essential distinction between two things often carelessly confused. Even though Romanticism is not the best possible word to identify the ape of genuine Romance, it remains the best word available for the purpose. As we have no warrant to make new words at will, we must needs differentiate an old word by a new use. Whatever the word that shall finally win acceptance as describing the thing here called Romanticism, there can be no doubt that the thing itself needs to be set apart from Romance. Already do we distinguish between Fancy and Imagination, between Wit and Humour—although here both of the objects thus set off one from another are worthy. How much more needful, then, is it for us to set off Romanticism from Romance just so soon as we see clearly that only Romance is truly worthy and that Romanticism is obviously unworthy of association with it?

Brander Matthews.



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MR. STEDMAN'S "AMERICAN ANTHOLOGY"*

In his delightful if slightly polysyllabic introduction to this collection of American verse, Mr. Stedman records that on finishing his task he felt a touch of depression, a wonder if it was, after all, worth the doing, if the time and labour required might not better have been devoted to criticism of our imaginative prose. For, "the Muse sits neglected, if not forspent, in the hemicycle of the arts." Then he answers his own doubt with the prophecy that poetry, however discrowned now, will in days to come "once more assume its ancient and rightful place as the art originative of belief and deed." But whatever the future is to bring, all who love beauty for its own sake must be grateful to him for that singleness of purpose which, joined to his faith, have kept him loyal to a work so distinctly away from the popular trend. As pretty nearly every one knows, this book, the last of a set which, taken as a whole, forms a most comprehensive survey of the poetic activity of the English-speaking peoples during the space of the past hundred years, bears to Mr. Stedman's critical review of American poetry the same relation that his *Victorian Anthology* bears to his book called *Victorian Poets*. Naturally it has a peculiar interest for Americans, and it will inevitably give rise to certain comparisons and reflections, some of which may not be entirely flattering to our pride of art, but which are salutary, nevertheless.

It has been said of us that American poetry as a whole shows little distinctiveness in the art sense. That is even so. If one didn't already know it, a brief examination of this *Anthology* would soon force the fact upon his mind. Solitary individualisms there are in plenty. Have we not, for instance, a Walt Whitman? And Poe, with his wild, sweet melodies, was Poe, and no one else. Many of our minor poets, too, have the stamp of originality. But anything like fraternisation in art, anything like centred movements away from Old World models and toward the making of our own, our poets, so far, have not shown. When Mr. Stedman began to map out this *Anthology* he found, he says, that the divisional arrangement which worked so well in the Victorian compilation would not answer here at all. The British poets fell naturally into groups—the Humanitarians, the Rhapsodists, the later-born Idyllic School, in which Tennyson was so supreme, the Renaissance of the pre-Raphaelites, and other groups too numerous to mention here. But for us —we have been too busy making a country; much of our best poetry sprang not from a desire for the expression of the beautiful, but out of the birth pangs of a nation. During the years when poetry led other forms of literature in America —Mr. Stedman puts it roughly at from 1835 to 1875—the minds of most men who thought and wrote, even poets, were too deeply swayed by convictions to pay an undivided allegiance to art. Exceptions there were, but not enough to lead to the formation of schools of purely æsthetic differences and characteristics. And if those of our poets who have leaned to a worship of the beautiful have done so, all but a few of them, in a way that showed the influence of the masters of English verse, need we wonder at it, considering the circumstances and our youth? Milton and Wordsworth and Keats and Shelley drew breath on the other side of the water, it is true; but their language is our language, their traditions are our traditions, and our roots were first nourished in the soil that gave them birth. And the art traditions of the mother country are not so easily to be cast aside as were the governmental leading-strings by which she sought to hold us against our will.

All of which explains why Mr. Stedman found it impossible to group our poets as he first wished to do. But in the chronological system which he finally adopted he hit upon a method admirably suited to the subject; in no other way could the typical American verse of the just-closed century be so adequately presented; in no other way could its message be rightly given to the world. For a collection of poetry such as is embodied in this *Anthology* may be considered, as he points out to us, in more lights than one. First, of course, it is to be judged by the standards of pure beauty, treasured according

*An American Anthology. 1787-1899. Edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. $3.00.

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to the measure of delight it yields to the sensitive ear, in those moods where polemics would only jar and where feeling holds absolute sway. But it may have another significance; it may be the voice of a people, of a time, and it is in this sense that American poetry is great. Our mightiest makers of verse were shoulder to shoulder with the makers of our nation—nay, they *were* the makers of the nation in a sense, for did not their burning words lead up to Vicksburg and to Gettysburg, those names of lasting import in our history? It is, therefore, in this aspect, despite the fact that some of our most original poets used their gifts in ways less distinctly patriotic, it is as the inspiration and the outgrowth of our national evolution that our poetry must be judged. So for this *Anthology* the chronological system of presentation is the happiest that could have been devised.

The main time-divisions which Mr. Stedman makes are four. First he gives a brief but comprehensive survey of that preliminary movement in verse which marked the quarter century preceding Bryant, of which the most notable productions, perhaps, were those of Freneau, whom Mr. Stedman compares to Landor, a Landor "afar from Oxford," snatching scant moments from the grim preoccupations of the pioneer and the revolutionist to woo his vagrant Muse. In those early days, judging by the selections from Freneau and others, poetry went rather stiffly, though there is a little song by Woodworth, "Loves She Like Me?" which is as fresh and unstudied as one could wish. But the era of true productiveness began with the "First Lyrical Period," under which heading Mr. Stedman groups all those poets, great and small, who lived and wrote between the years 1816 and 1860. That was the time when American verse shone most gloriously in its true aspect as the interpretation of a nation's yearning desire. Though indeed Poe, our finest genius, was little touched by the dominant purpose, and though toward the end of the period a race of younger poets—Boker and Read and Story and their allies—sang for pure love of singing, careless of the coming conflict, one's chief feeling in turning to this part of the *Anthology* is that one is in the presence of a profound patriotism; one hears the tramp of the armies of freedom in the distance, and catches the purifying breath of that early time when conscience still meant much.

What Mr. Stedman terms the "Second Lyrical Period," which brings us to the beginning of the last decade, differs from the former as the America of these latter days differs from the America of old. Here, too, our poetry reflects the time. It is less strenuous, much less concerned with public events. Much of it is exquisite in a half-tentative, half-reminiscent way; you can hardly tell whether it is the echo of past beauty, or the promise of beauty to come. One observes here the progress of that levelling process which the spread of education seems to bring; the minor poetry, of which there is such an outpouring, grows better, more perfect in workmanship as time goes on, but the *dii maiores* are shrinking in stature, if indeed we have any who may be called by that name now.

Mr. Stedman is very kind to the minor poets, by the way; he has taken infinite pains in searching them out. And if some of their work seems very mediocre, we must remember that this is not a treasury of choice verse, but an anthology in which not only the roses of song have place, but the humbler blossoms which serve to set off the roses, and do their part in showing the nature of the soil beneath. By the way, it is not flattering to observe that the poorest verse in the collection is that in the final division, representative of the decade just ended. Much of it is magazine verse. Mr. Stedman remarks, in commenting on the standards of to-day, that if a poem as good as the "Ode to a Nightingale" were to be printed now, the reviewer of the magazine containing it would probably pass it off with "There is also a poem by Mr. —." And in this commercial age even poets are scarcely to be blamed for producing no better stuff than is demanded. Not that it is all indifferent. The work of Hovey, for instance, was enough to redeem the last decade from the commonplace. Here and there one hits on some verses by some lesser writer which are very charming, as the ballads of Mrs. Cortissoz, with their quaint, old-time effects. Charm and daintiness and grace—you get plenty of that in modern

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verse, but the ear and the mind weary for something more.

What is the lesson to be drawn from this *Anthology?* It is a fair, unprejudiced survey of America's past achievements in the way of poetry; what does it indicate for the future? Even Mr. Stedman does not try to answer that. He hazards few forecasts. His broad faith, his knowledge, which reminds him that always, in all climes and ages, "lifeless stretches" have alternated with great outbursts of song, inspires in him the belief that by and by there will arise a race of poets who will meet the new conditions of our changing times, and lift the art to its former dignity and favour. And then, he thinks, the drama, which is the noblest form of poetry, as it includes all other forms, will be marked by a higher attainment than any of the past save Shakespeare's own. But as to the immediate future of "the now somewhat timorous art of song" he makes no predictions. However, any young writer who contemplates adventuring on the sea of poesy will do well to read carefully Mr. Stedman's introduction to this anthology of American verse, not only for the breadth of his outlook and the nobility of the ideals he holds up, but also and especially for the sake of one warning that he gives. If budding poets would heed his plea for originality, for individualism in art, we should not have so many like the one of whom Emerson speaks, "whose head appeared to be a music box of delicate tunes and rhythms," but who was "plainly a contemporary, not an eternal man."

Eleanor Booth Simmons.

THE FLODDEN FIELD OF FICTION

Wilkins and Jewett rested still
With Guiney on Parnassus Hill,
On which, the *Century* having changed,
These artists seemed but ill-arranged.
The cry they heard, its meaning knew,
Romantic, now, the point of view.
Sadly did Mary Wilkins say,
"No more does Realism pay!
No hope for Literature to-day!
For, see! Look up! On Romance bent
The General Public is intent!"
And sudden, as she spoke,
From the white pages of the Three,
The *Harper's, Scribner's, Century,*
Atlantic to the Pink *Munsey*
Were filled with swords and smoke!
In volumes vast, and spreading far,
Tales of adventure, love and war,
The Costume School awoke!

Then, O what sight for readers' eyes!
Wide ranged the battle of the Books
Of France and many foreign nooks,
Of kings and castles, knights and rooks,
Of famous men, their manners, looks,

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Proposals and replies.
Amid the scenes of tumult, high
They saw Johnston's editions fly.
And Winston Churchill's novel bright
With Leicester Ford's was in the fight,
Although against them tried
Full many a gory story dark
To reach the Hundred-Thousand mark.
Booth Tarkington's *Monsieur Beaucaire*
With *Knighthood Was in Flower* was there,
And dozens more, beside.

Wilkins no more the view could bear;
"By all New England's Bores, I swear
I'll write a book to Pay!
Miss Jewett, you with Guiney here
May keep artistic atmosphere,
I start a book to-day!"
Then for a month she wrote amain,
And Harper published her again.
Her fiery tale of action hot
Sold for a while, and then, forgot,
Upon the counter lay.
Then Jewett started, too, yet stayed,
As loath to ply the hated trade—
When, fast as tale can fly,
Bloodshot its style, its diction spread
In modern manner, bloody red,
A gaudy title at its head,
Miss Runkle's tale gushed by!
Then Sarah, maddening at the sight,
A look and sign to Guiney cast:
"I'm out for Royalties, at last!"
And started in to write.

* * * * * * *

Ask me not what Miss Guiney feels,
Left in that dreadful hour alone!
Perchance her reason stoops and reels,
Perchance a courage, not her own,
Braces her mind to desperate tone.
The publishers make vain appeals;
She only cries, as everywhere
New women strive, "Is Stuart there?"
Colonial fiction fills the air;
Each day an authoress reveals;
"Is Ruth McEnery Stuart there?"

Gelett Burgess.

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THE LITERARY PORTRAITS OF G. F. WATTS, R.A.

There is a fashion of drawing a distinction between Mr. Watts's portraits and his allegories; the school of *l'art pour l'art* especially approves those pictures the subject of which is of the nature of portraiture, and denounces those the subject of which is allegorical, merely in order to show that it is indifferent to the subjects of pictures. But to any one who is, in a more serious sense, indifferent to the subject, at least to the mere name in the catalogue, it will be hard to draw any significant æsthetic distinction between them. Mr. Watts's portraits and Mr. Watts's allegories belong to precisely the same class of pictures. We will not say that all the allegories are portraits, because the prototypes of Mammon and the Minotaur are, perhaps, modest persons whose blushes should be spared. But we will say without hesitation that all the portraits are allegories, and that they are none the worse portraits for that. All the portraits are allegories for the simple reason that all men are allegories, puzzles, earthly stories with heavenly meanings; the difference between them is mainly in degree of lucidity, in the fact that while some are as stately as a pageant of Spenser, as plain and passionate as a dialogue of Bunyan, or as quaint and philosophical as a fable of Æsop, some others of our acquaintances are somewhat murky designs by William Blake, from which the heavenly meaning is exceedingly difficult to extract. The profoundly original and enduring quality in Mr. Watts's portraits lies in this, that he always paints the portrait of a modern man, who wears a top hat and pays taxes, as if he were painting a purely elemental and cosmic subject. Many other brilliant painters of our time seem to be painting whatever is queer in passing fashions or expressions; Mr. Watts is merely painting immortal humanity, and that is quite queer enough for any one of moderate tastes. If we knew nothing of Mr. Watts's views on painting, we could deduce their cosmic character from everything in his pictures down to the mere handling and brushwork; above all, from the use of those fiery yet mellow colours that seem like the parent-colours of things, the colours that may be called primal as well as primary. As strange a green as blazes in the eyes of the "Dweller in the Inmost" gleams in the signet-ring of Mr. Owen Meredith, as strong and primitive a red as lives in the limbs of Adam enriches the wrinkled face of Thomas Carlyle. The sad sea-blue eyes of Matthew Arnold are as thoroughly symbolic of their subject as the cool but not cruel, empty but not hopeless abyss of blue around "Hope" with her one unbroken harp-string. If ever Matthew Arnold had been able to paint a picture he would certainly have painted that one. There are no hues or forms which other painters use for storm or pageant which Mr. Watts will not use on a man's waistcoat. Indeed, he does not so much copy men as recreate them; he makes them over again from natural things, from clay and the colours of the morning. As we gaze at this gallery of almost heroic figures the strange fancy grows on us that the portraits were invented before the people; that they are archetypes, designs from the terrible sketch-book of Nature. Some of the actual people have certainly lost by reproduction.

Another more delicate element in the literary portraits of Mr. Watts is a certain high tact in the wedding of a figure to its surroundings. He does not indeed employ that detestable device of painting every man in some professional or typical occupation, as if his picture were a trade advertisement, the painters holding palettes, the musicians looking at violins, the surgeons examining bones, the architects falling off ladders, the hatters trying on hats.

> From where these sorts of treasures are
> There should our hearts be—Christ, how far?

is a view that Mr. Watts understands as well as Browning himself. His portraits are not snap-shots; they require, so to speak, a long exposure; one might believe that Tennyson had sat for his portrait a thousand years. At least he and the other sitters sat for ten minutes in eternity; if a modern man can be induced (or forced by justifiable violence) to do nothing for ten minutes, his soul will look out of his eyes. In some portraits, which we will not specify, it is frightful

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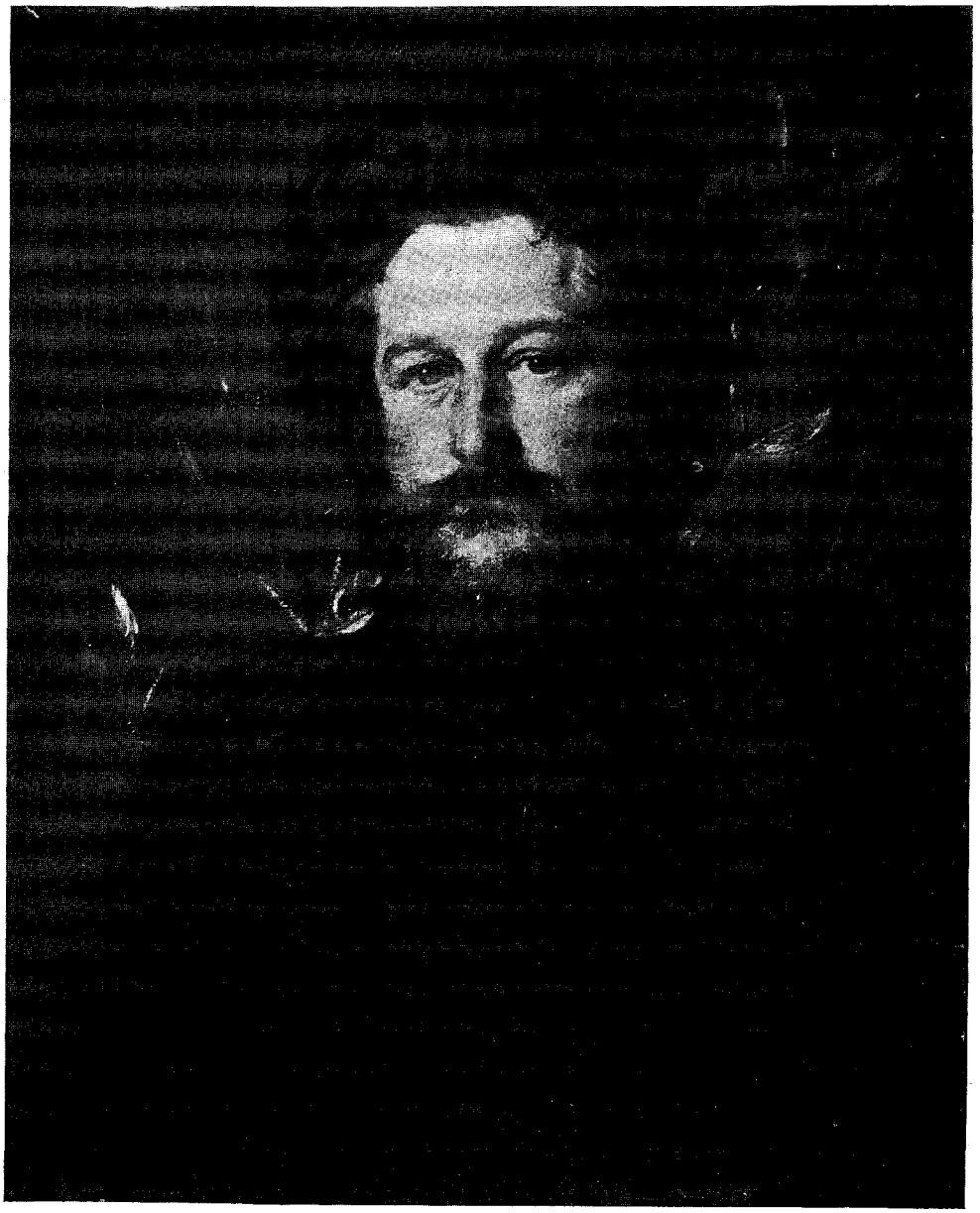
enough; it is like Jezebel when she looked out of the window.

It is not the natural environment of the body, but the natural environment of the soul that Mr. Watts shows us. Every imaginative writer, we fancy, has at the back of his mind a type of landscape, in which flower naturally, like the trees, all his ethics and his aims. It is not difficult to feel that there was basically a landscape of Whitman and a landscape of Blake. It is of this environment that Mr. Watts's backgrounds are painted. Some of his poets are arrayed in epic cloaks, as in the noble picture of Tennyson; others are more prosaically attired than detectives; but in almost every case the critic will find that there is a faultless significance in the distinction. Some men are physically and morally the same every-



WILLIAM MORRIS. BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

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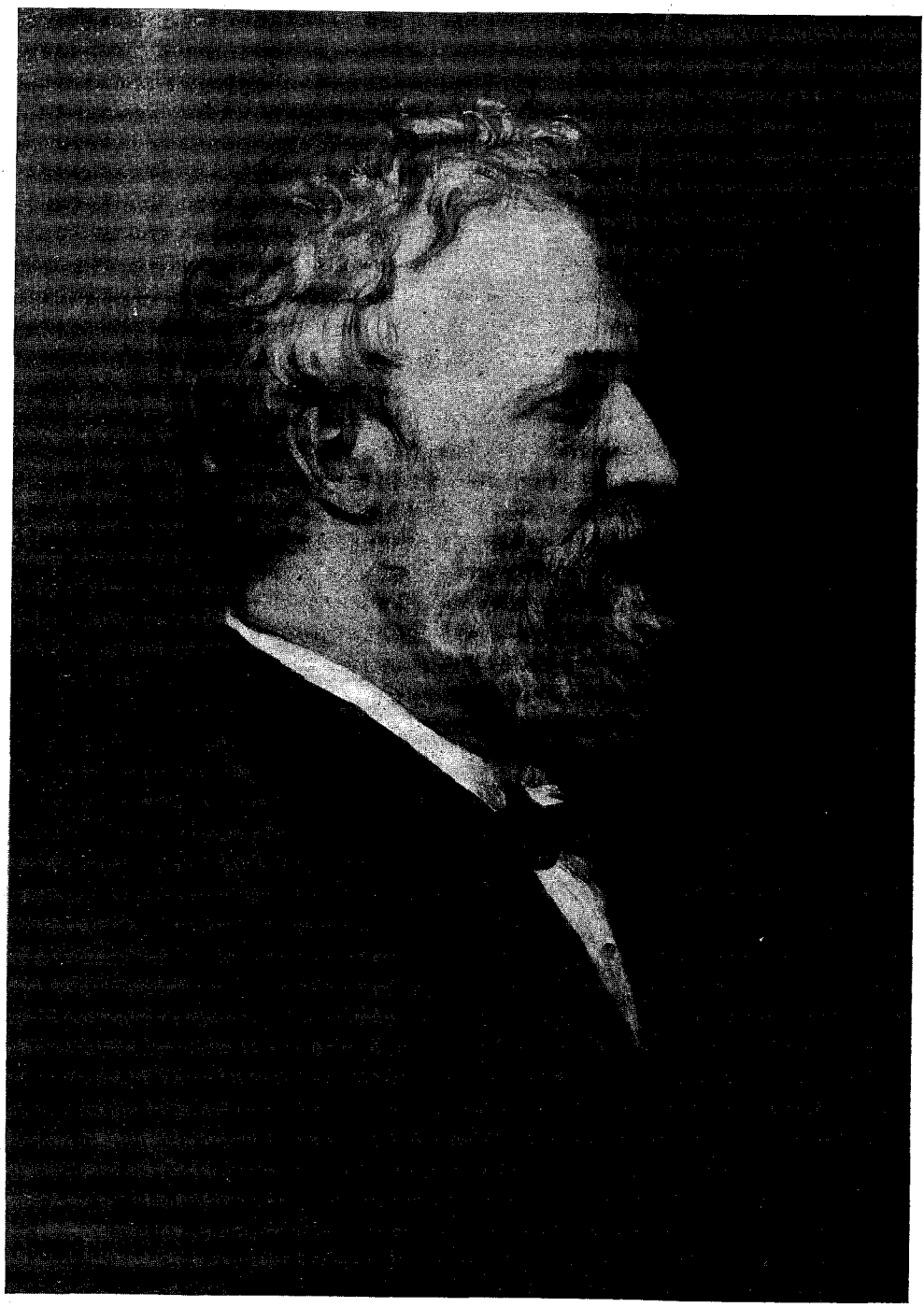
where; others should take about with them their best environment. We should be sorry to dictate to fashion, but we cannot help thinking that it would be a tasteful and symbolic principle if some gentleman went about with straps on his back supporting (let us say) a huge piece of oak panelling or a landscape of appropriate



ROBERT BROWNING. BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

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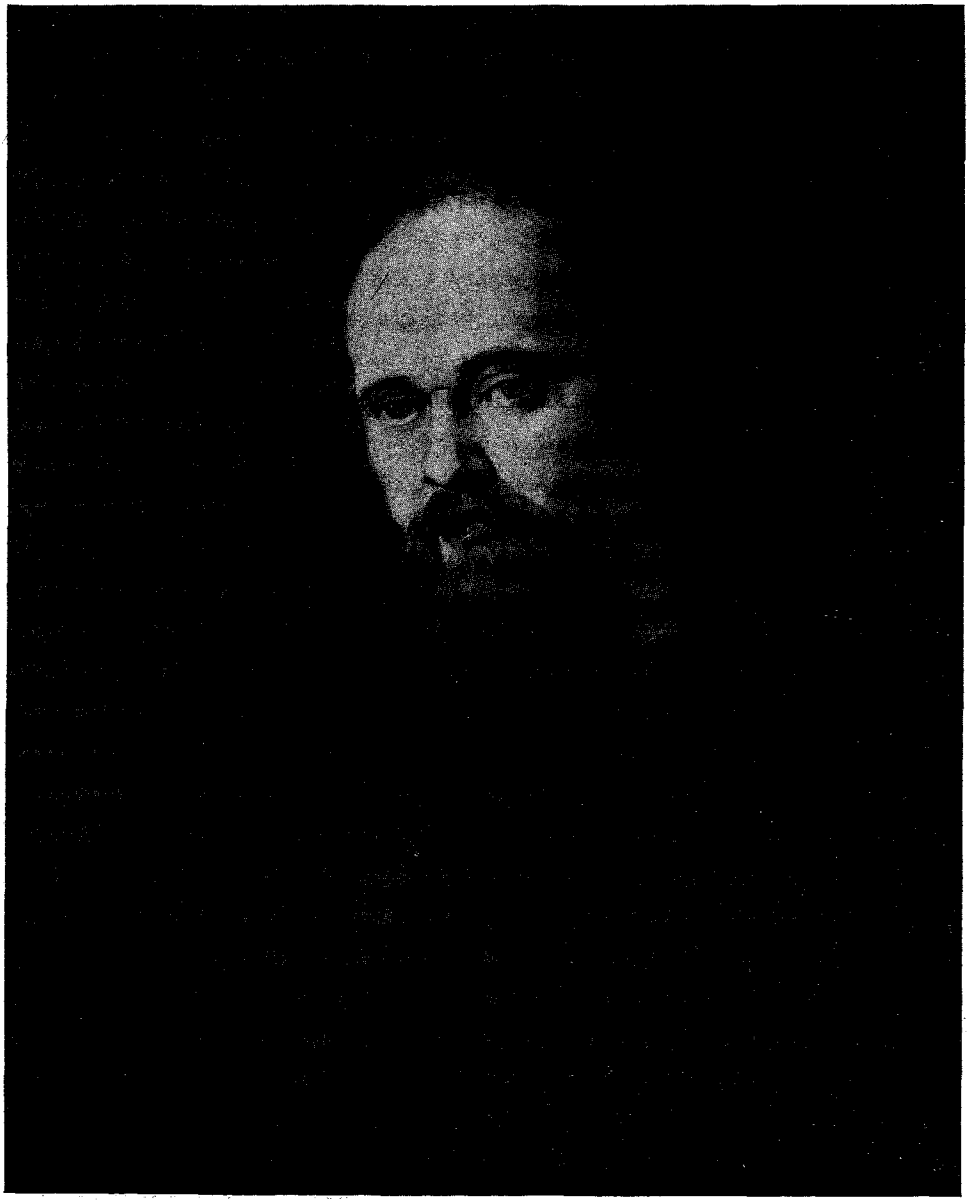
sentiment, so that wherever he went he might always appear relieved against a village green at sunset or a desolate seashore, according to his complexion. In the case of the portrait of Tennyson, for example, we feel that the kinship between the man and the landscape is so great that the latter might be the mere materialising of the poet's own spirit in the eternal laurels and the eternal seas. He is clad in a kind of obscure mantle, typical of poets in all ages. When we turn to Browning, on the other hand, we find that he is dressed as plainly as if he were the secretary of a railway company. The contrast is quite startling; yet we feel it to be true. Browning was personally an ordinary man, a height to which Tennyson, with all his merits, never quite succeeded in climbing. "His genius," said Mrs. Browning of her husband, "is the least fine thing about him." To have



DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI. BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

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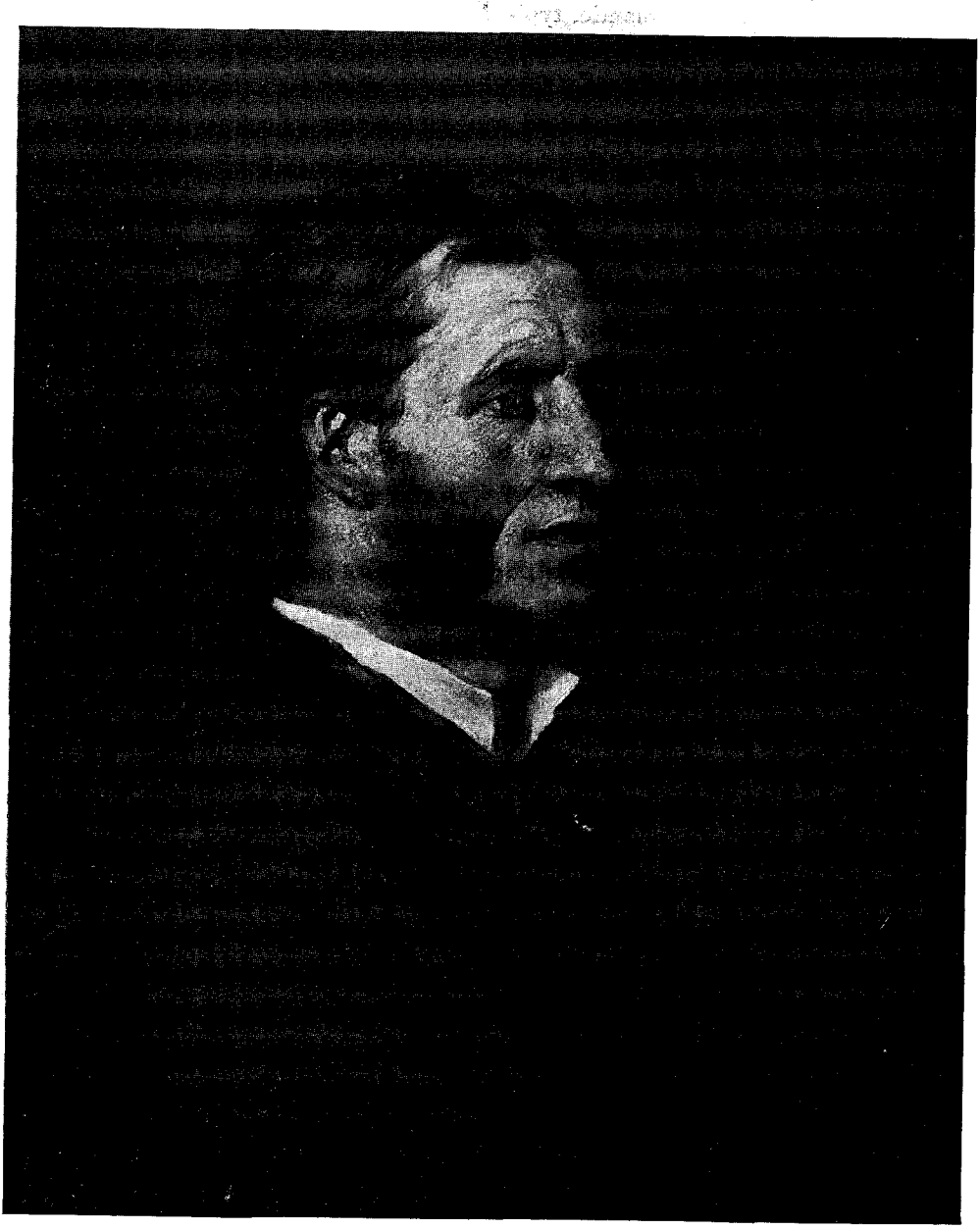
painted Robert Browning in ideal robes would have merely produced the impression that some volatile friend had induced him to go to a fancy-dress ball. Tennyson really had this pontifical view of the position of a poet, and there is, therefore, something fitting in representing him with a certain antique dignity. He would really have lived more naturally in a more ceremonial and splendid age; he was one of the men, more common than we fancy, who are as much disguised by black coats as they would be if it were fashionable to have black faces. He really spoke as a bard through the loftier voices in his own works; so there is nothing irreverent in depicting him as a magnificent blend of Merlin and Arthur. But Browning made it a point of manliness to stand outside his works, and to have



MATTHEW ARNOLD. BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

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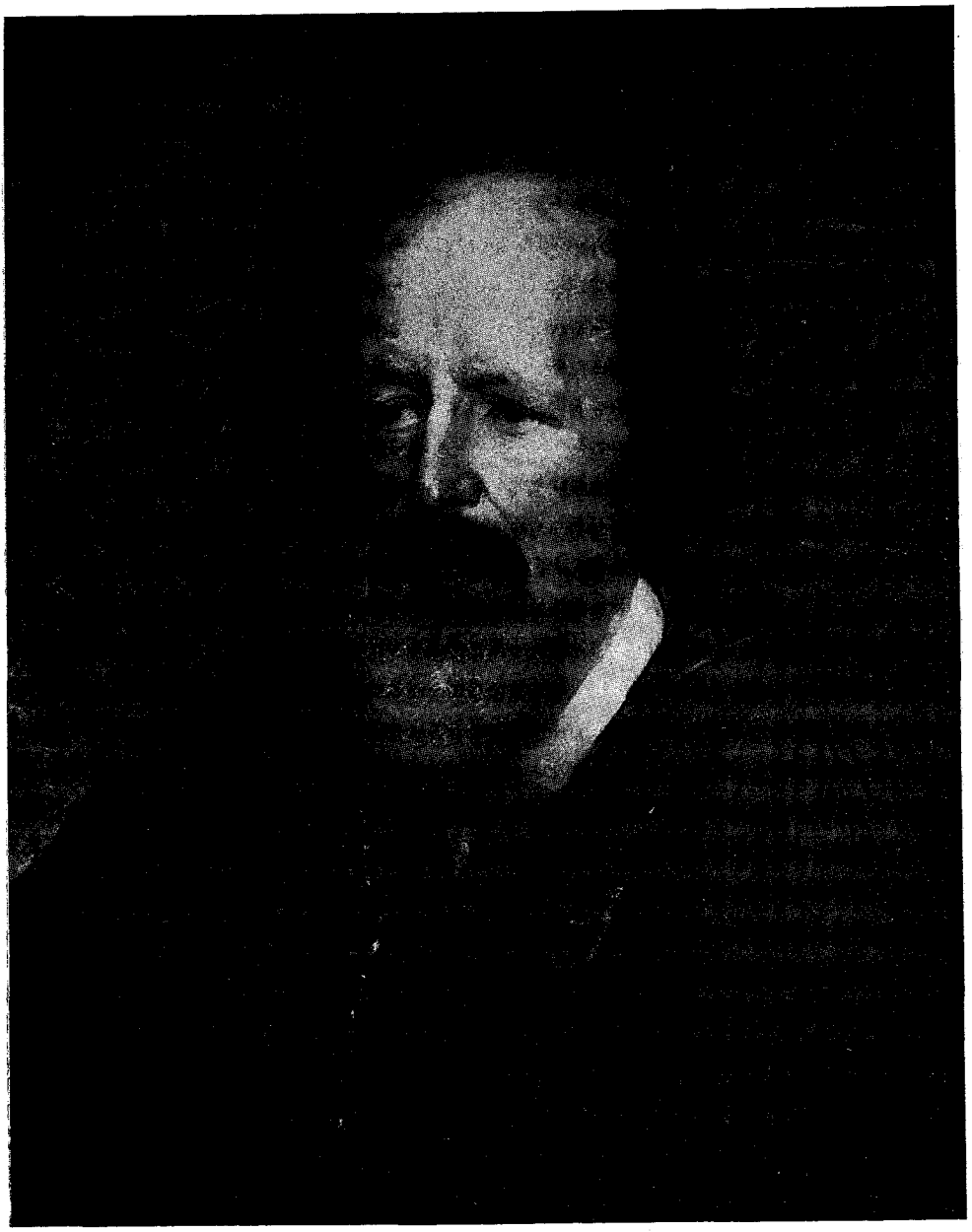
painted him as Norbert or Sordello would have been as insulting to him as to have painted him as Caliban upon Setebos or Mr. Sludge. This respect for the soul and instincts of a man which Mr. Watts shows is a rare thing; it is the perfection of spiritual good manners.

On the other hand, again, we feel that Rossetti is rightly painted in that strange greenish garment which harmonises with his red beard. To say that Rossetti would have worn a green costume to suit his beard is to express the matter faintly; we feel that if he had found himself in the costume he would have grown a red beard instantly by sheer force of will.

One of the most perfect of Mr. Watts's literary portraits is the portrait



ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON. BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

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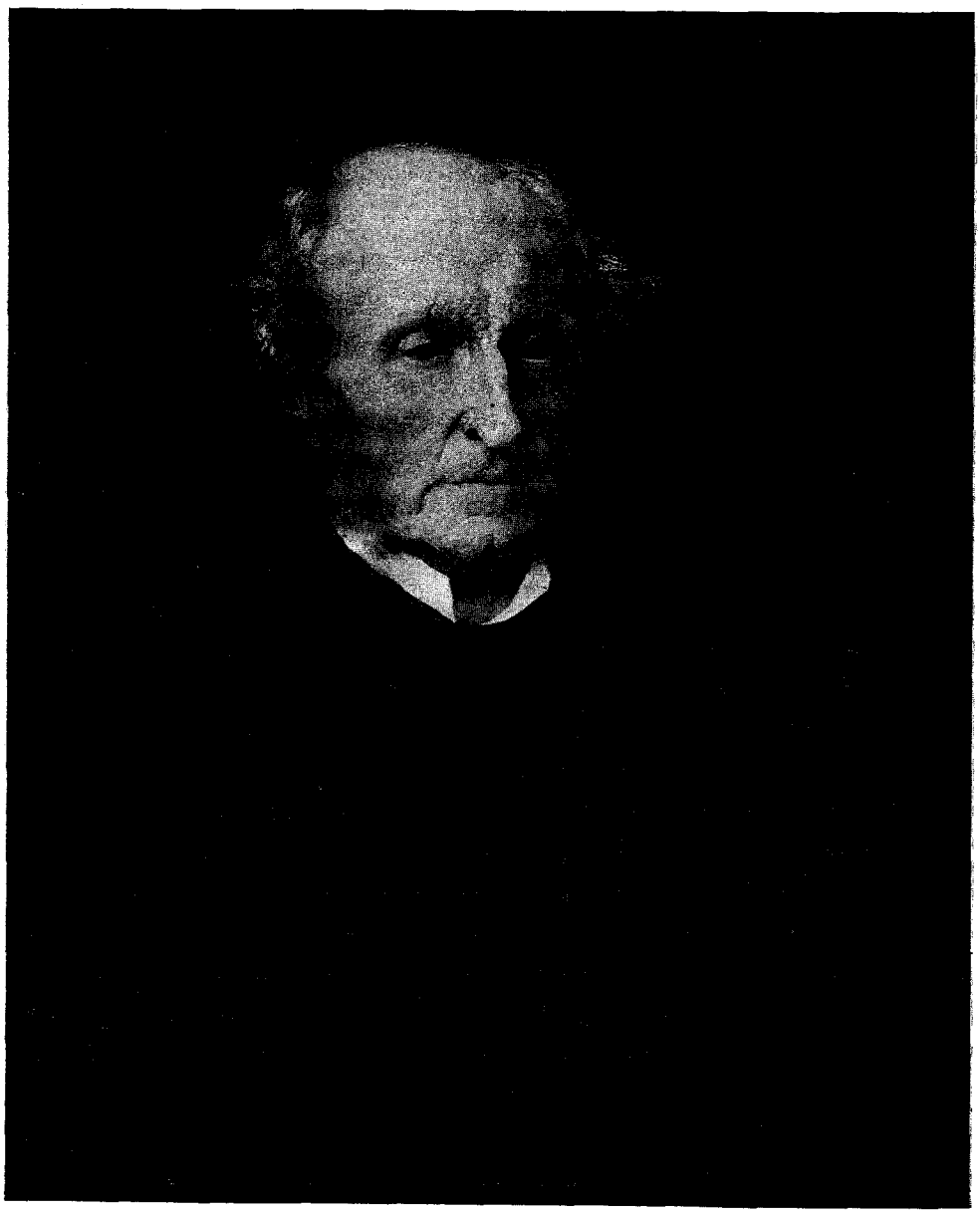
of Carlyle. It is interesting to notice that he does not paint the great author as Millais paints him, as a shaggy and magnificent old man, at peace with himself. It would seem as if Mr. Watts saw deeper; there is a touch of something meagre and exhausted about the figure; upon every line of it is written that pathos that is worth a thousand excuses. The stroke of genius in the picture is the square and emphatic treatment of the slant forward of the beard and chin; it is worth pages of psychological discussion on Carlyle's only basic fault, the almost pitiful eagerness to scorn, the lack of patience and a reverence for weakness which made the greatest of modern prophets unable, apparently, to read any further in the Bible than the Book of Malachi. Mr. Watts sees all this uglier



JOHN STUART MILL. BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

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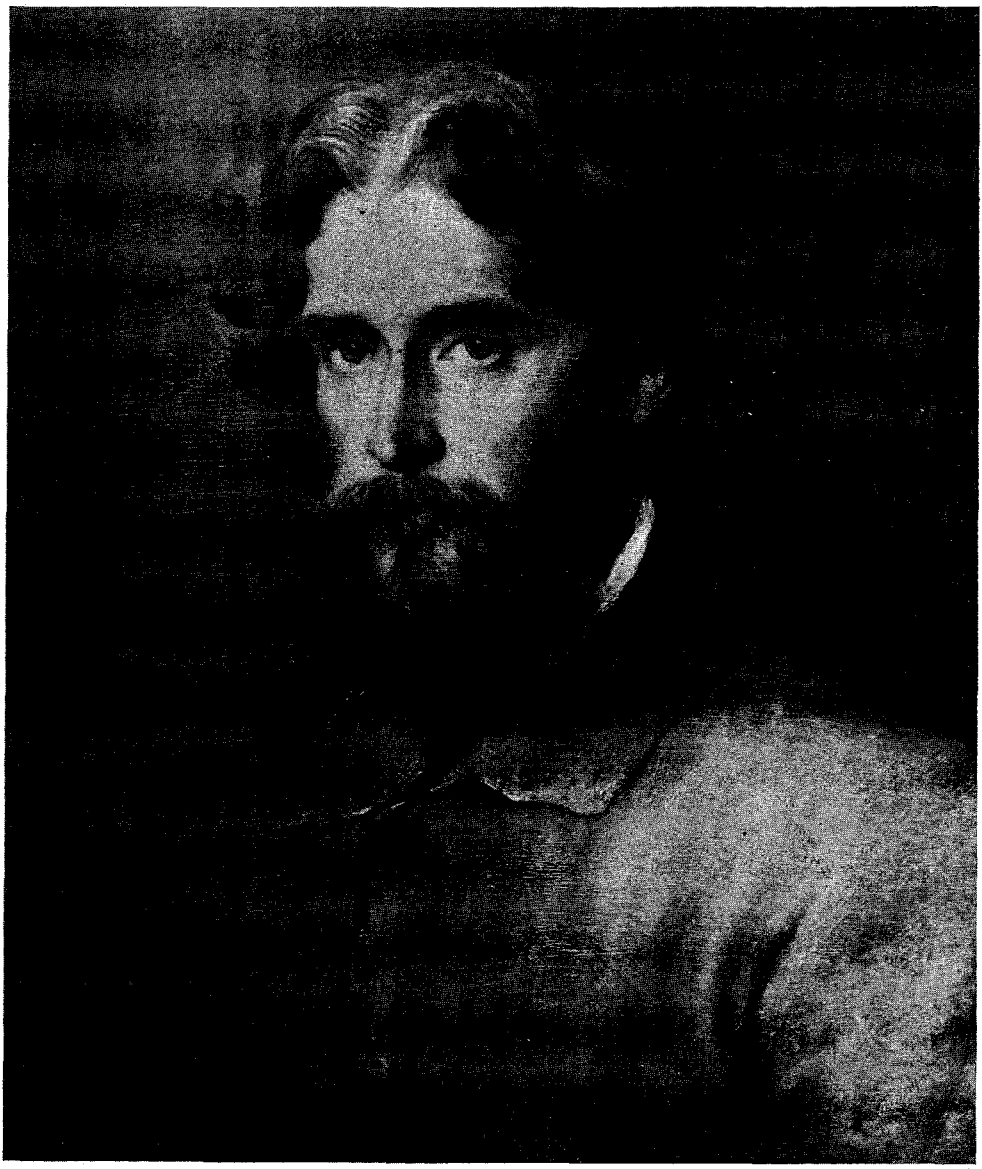
side, but it does not destroy his admiration; he paints the fearless and mournful figure of a man to whom ironic destiny had given the first requirement of a great teacher, a belief in his message, but denied the second, a belief in its universal acceptability. He gives the only quiet and perfect answer to Carlyle's lack of reverence for the weak; he paints Carlyle's weakness and paints it reverently.

We do not know whether the gentlemen who arrange the National Portrait Gallery are subtle philosophers or possibly irrepressible humourists with a touch of poetic sadness, but they certainly have gained a very interesting effect by placing the portrait of John Stuart Mill beside the portrait of William Morris. It may be that Mr. Watts has given to the cadaverous delicacy of Mill and the sanguine assertiveness of Morris that touch of exaggeration which is indeed in the arts only the signal of a discovered truth. But in any case the contrast is strange



JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY. BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

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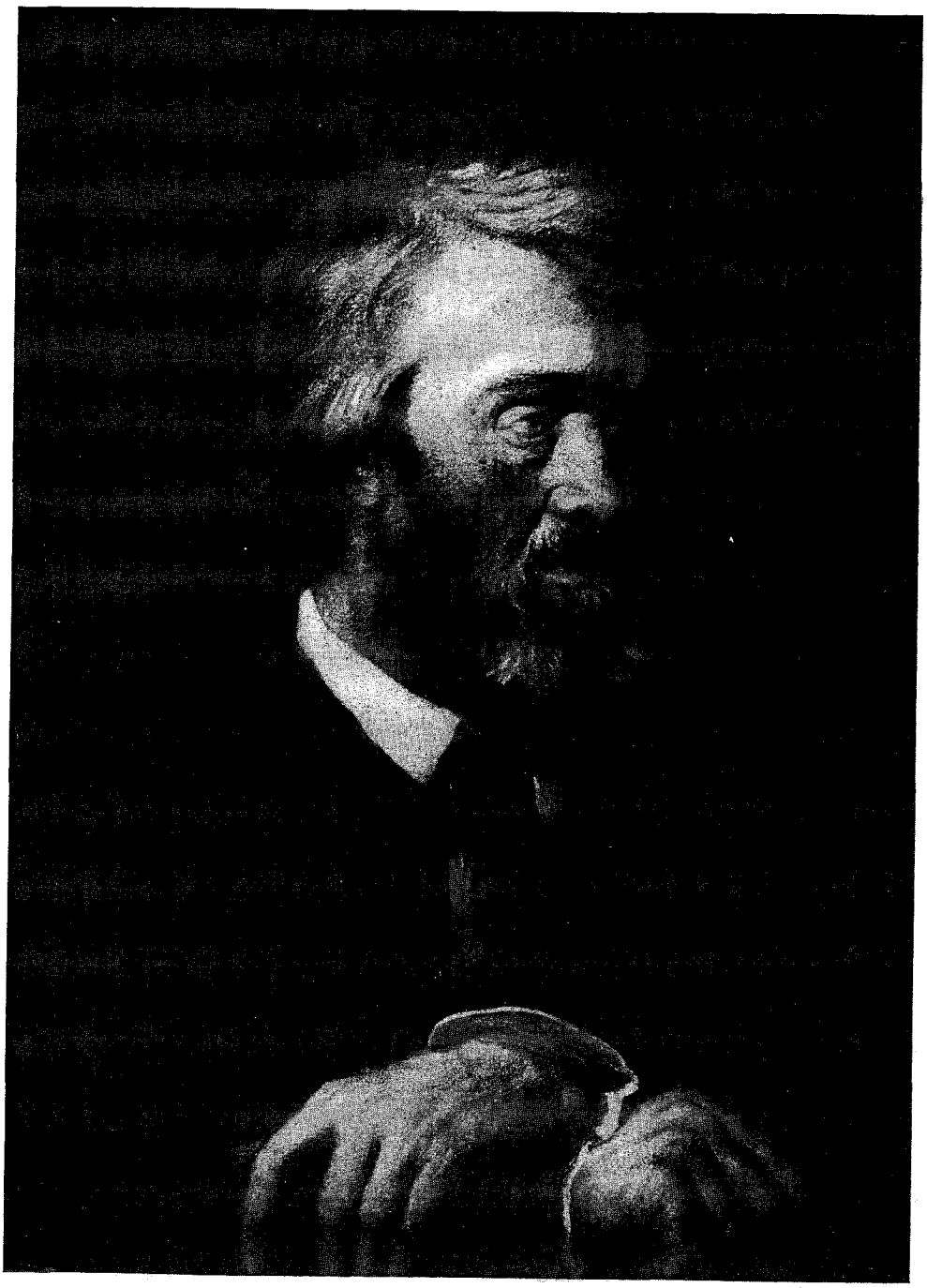
enough and representative enough also. Mill is a noble type of that school, more strenuous and ascetic than all the monasteries of Europe and Asia, who, to their eternal credit and tragedy, abated no jot of the ethics of Christianity when they surrendered its hopes, but threw on every individual the appalling weight of the responsibilities of a vanished omnipotence. It is not too much to say that Mill looks



THOMAS CARLYLE. BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

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crushed. One of the results of this transition period in which wretched human beings thought they had to take command of the world-ship, was that encyclopædic tendency which characterised Mill, Comte and the rest, the tendency to tie all truth into parcels—so soon, alas, to be untied again! Beside this monk of science we have the figure of William Morris, who of all men perhaps most perfectly represents the reaction against Millism, the man who audaciously declared, in effect, that it was not the truths of life and history that were valuable and representative, but rather the lies—the ancient delusions, fables and romances that embodied men's real relation to the earth. Mr. Watts has been under his own perfect inspiration again in painting the accessories of Morris's picture; there is something appropriate in the way in which the living, leonine head projects from a background of green and silver decoration. This immersion of a singularly full-blooded and aggressive man in the minutiæ of æsthetics was the paradox that attracted men to Morris. The public associated æstheticism with a certain languid triviality; the spectacle of a big, jovial man going into a towering moral passion over a dado opened a new world to them; he seemed to be preaching an ethical duty, he appeared to regard a colour that hurt the eye as a literal bodily assault, and to see in two discordant hues the horror of an unlawful marriage. Mr. Watts has caught the air of this strange frenzy of good taste to perfection.

We wish that we had space to speak at length of many more of these literary portraits. The portrait of Swinburne, in particular, is perhaps the only fair criticism that has been published on his genius. From the point of view of technique we incline to think that the most successful of all is the magnificent portrait of Roden Noel, enriched with those wonderful golds that Veronese loved like a miser. From the point of view of literary interest none probably can compete with the rendering of George Meredith.

Long, however, before the critic has seen anything like the whole of Mr. Watts's work in this direction, the general character of that work will have grown upon him. The keynote of Mr. Watts's portrait painting is a faith in the human spirit, a belief that it is not toward the divine only that the highest art is praise. He is the last of the great optimists left alive. But looking abroad today on the art and literature of Europe, it becomes increasingly apparent that it is that spirit which we must win again or die with all our movements and reforms. Revolutions have been wrought by evil and foolish men, but never by hopeless ones; any man who goes forth to-day to cast out devils must begin with the blue variety.

Gilbert Chesterton and J. E. Hodder Williams.

FOUR NOVELS OF SOME IMPORTANCE

I.

I. Zangwill's "The Mantle of Elijah."*

Some two years ago, when the English-speaking world went into ecstasies over Kipling's "The White Man's Burden," there was a minority who received the poem with a deprecating shake of the head. These pointed to the burden of the white man of our own tenements, urging that there was plenty of room for reform at home. Later, Robert Buchanan and J. M. Barrie raised their voices in behalf of the citizen "who drinks tea" and thinks against the voice of the Hooligan "who drinks whiskey" and fights. There is a close affinity between these two protests, and the note which they have in common is the keynote of Zangwill's latest novel, *The Mantle of Elijah.* If Mr. Kipling's poem is an ode to imperialism and war as civilising agencies among our semi-barbaric brethren, Mr. Zangwill's novel is an outcry against the barbarism and hypocrisy of civilised wars, a scorching arraignment of the dark side of politics, a plea for light and truth as opposed to intellectual "athleticism and sport."

There is a splendid moral lesson in this story; and while in its personified form

*The Mantle of Elijah. By I. Zangwill. New York: Harper Brothers. $1.50.

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this lesson appears in the shape of two men and a woman, it forms, on the other hand, at once the spinal column and the soul which permeates and animates every event in the narrative, and knits the various parts into one living organism.

There are two ways in which the educational purpose of a story-teller may be carried out without laying his work open to the dangers of the "novel with a purpose." One is to let life preach its own sermon; the other is to have the author's message delivered by well-realised characters of flesh and blood. *The Mantle of Elijah* is a combination of both these methods. While the leading episodes of the story underscore the social malady in question in their own mute way, the same impeachment is made by some of the persons "by word of mouth." The constructive side of the theme is worked out through Thomas Marshmont and Allegra, his daughter; the other side of the medal contains the figure of Allegra's husband, Robert Broser.

At the opening of the story the peaceful flow of English life is disturbed by mutterings of war over Novabarba, an uncivilised country somewhere in Asia or Africa. Marshmont is at the height of his political successes. Warm-hearted, inspired by the highest moral motives, a true patriot, he is the Radical member of the cabinet, the leader of the peace party, the champion of the masses. Allegra, who has inherited from her father a responsive heart and a mind open to lofty ideals, is found composing a competitive poem on "Fame" for *Cornucopia,* a juvenile weekly. War in her childish imagination is "a pure, artistic convention, a fine, æsthetic frenzy;" but when the realities of bloodshed are brought home to her in the course of a conversation with her father, she sacrifices her chances of "Cornucopian immortality" and destroys the poem. The prize is won by a boy named Raphael Dominick. Allegra becomes an ardent disciple of her father, and the older she grows the more fervent becomes her devotion to the cause of "the four million paupers who stood in a solid phalanx in her phantasy, ragged, hungry, dishevelled and raucous, a Dantesque horror."

"You mean flannel waistcoats for the poor," said Allegra, contemptuously.

"And woollen socks," added Joan, imperturbably.

"You only pauperise them. You don't touch the problem. How dare we give the poor presents? Our hands are not clean."

"And so you would clean them by blacking (your own) shoes?"

"Physical dirt might be moral cleanliness."

Broser, an underbred son of the lower middle classes, a bright, ambitious fellow, becomes Marshmont's private secretary. He is full of energy and resource, and Allegra looks upon him as the man destined to continue the work of her father, to inherit the mantle of Elijah.

"Could she help this man in his life work?" she asks herself. And "was not this indeed the rôle of which she had dreamed so much of late—the true woman's rôle—to sweeten life for some great strong man?" When Broser's wife dies, the rising young man marries the daughter of his political preceptor.

When war is declared Marshmont resigns his portfolio, and is made the target of attack by demagogues, who call him "traitor to his country," a man on whose head "lay the blood of the slaughtered English soldiers." It is at a "bloody banquet" where Allegra hears these expressions of contempt hurled on her father.

"Oh, for a moment of Broser!" (she soliloquises.) "Oh, for his strenuous voice to thunder against these bloodthirsty guzzlers, these defamers of a great soul! . . . England's imperial mission? England's providential destiny? What did it all mean? Was it to multiply Midstokes (factory town) through the world, people the grassy spaces of the planet with famished factory girls, or even well-fed aldermen? If an apple was rotten at the core its swelling to the size of a melon did not make it greater. Nay, was not swelling a disease? What was this vaunted England? Was it something apart from the millions seething in the slums, or rotting in its honeysuckled cottages, or even swilling champagne in its banqueting halls? She could not understand. Was it not sufficient of a mission—enough to task the finest hearts and brains—to set things straighter at home? That was all her father preached. And for this he was to be called traitor, hooted like a felon, caricatured, pursued with hue and cry! Heaven save England from her patriots, he had cried in Parliament, and it was this

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phrase, she felt sure, that England could not forgive him."

Marshmont is mobbed in front of his own house, and the triumph of the war party is complete. Broser climbs the political ladder rapidly, but he proves to be an unscrupulous self-seeker, and readily changes "the mantle of Elijah" for one of the ordinary politician, upholding everything that he had opposed in the early stages of his career. True to her principles and with her mind disabused, Allegra leaves her husband, and while in Italy she meets an interesting young man, a gifted poet and a charming "Beyond-man," who proves to be Raphael Dominick, the author of the Cornucopian prize poem on "Fame." They fall in love with each other, but Allegra refuses to break her marriage vow. Broser succeeds in getting her to be at her post at the head of his staircase at the reception which he, the Premier of England, gives to the Prince of Wales; but he knows that after the departure of the last guest she will leave his roof forever.

The story is one teeming with highly dramatic moments and is a veritable sea of epigram, marvellous character portraiture, delightful imagery and most interesting ideas. Scarcely half a dozen lines but there is some titbit in store for the reader; so that, as he passes from sentence to sentence, his brain and heart are in a constant turmoil of æsthetic joy and admiration. Sometimes, however, one feels as if one was getting too much of a good thing. Speaking of the superabundance of decoration on Mr. Marshmont's big clock, Mr. Zangwill says that "you could not see the forest for the trees, nor the trees for the twigs. The aim of the artist was not to conceal his art, but to conceal the article." In a sense this applies to Mr. Zangwill's own work. It cannot be charged that the overproduction of good things in the exterior of his narrative conceals or even blurs any of his scenes or figures; but it does occasionally interrupt the æsthetic emotion of the reader by causing his mind to pause for a second or two to admire the nimbleness of the author's brain.

In this respect the distinctive quality of Mr. Zangwill's genius calls to mind the case of George Meredith, the feverish activity of whose imagination stands in the way of a more direct and simple style, and bars the gifted novelist from that universal popularity to which he is otherwise entitled. Mr. Zangwill's style is free from the obscurities of "Meredithian" English. His sentences are as clear as they are rich in melody and colour. Nor can it be contended that the sense of his writing is at any time clouded by his witty or otherwise interesting phrases. As a consequence, he is far better known on the Continent than the older English novelist. But in his own way he suffers from plethora of talent, which in the present instance makes itself felt with particular acuteness.

Mr. Zangwill is such a consummate artist, his genius is so beautiful and so mighty, that one feels like beseeching him not to let the minor effects of the art deter his mind from giving its undivided force to the more important phases of the modern novel. The woods are not full of men of his calibre. The number of writers who are able to create images as full of life and interest for the reader as is Broser, Allegra's mother, her aunt, or Professor Pont; who have the art of making things seem so real by so few strokes of the pen; who are gifted with a depth of pyschological insight like that which vitalises many a passage in the novel under consideration—the number of such artists is too limited for us to have part of the artistic energy of one of them wasted on the superficialities of literature.

Tolstoy, Turgénev, Daudet, Zola, Hardy and Maupassant, in their more serious moods, are so absorbed in the life they are depicting that they have no time to be clever. The result is a style so simple as to make the reader unconscious of there being any style at all. Imagine a man looking at a sunset through a window covered with clever inscriptions. In the case of a book like *Jude the Obscure* one sees nothing but the sunset. And Mr. Zangwill's art is high enough for us to desire to look into Allegra's charming soul without momently pausing to marvel at the author's wizard-like mastery over words and ideas.

In a work like *The King of the Schnorrers,* perhaps the most brilliant piece of literary burlesque of our time, the method referred to is quite at home; but in a novel of such importance as *The*

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Mantle of Elijah it seems legitimate to exact a greater concentration of the author's resources on the intrinsic features of the story.

The novel is singularly rich in scenic possibilities, and it seems within bounds to predict that when the work of converting it into a drama is completed it will prove one of the most important plays written in the English language within the last decade.

Abraham Cahan.

II.

Maurice Hewlett's "Richard Yea and Nay."*

In the experience of the earnest reviewer, familiarity with the new fiction can breed nothing but respect. There are, doubtless, others holding different views, and the reviewer may not claim to know, or to judge, better than the lay reader or the publisher or the author. He may, however, claim to be in the best position to observe the literary movement as a whole. He does not merely read a random volume here and there, or publish a few books every year, or write a story now and then. He it is who stands always close to the fountain-head, thus encountering the full torrent that pours from the press, month after month, year in and year out. At first he is impressed mainly by the stupendous labour of mind and body that it all represents. Later, as he gazes still, his wonder grows that such a large, such a very large part of such an enormous mass should be so very good. After a time, it seems to him that the standard and the average of this new fiction must be high—higher, perhaps, than ever before; but from the reviewer's watch-tower it looks, curiously enough, as if the mass rushed mostly to a level—a high one, yet a level, nevertheless. So that the reviewer who takes his duties seriously had at last almost come to expect that every new novel would be good, and had nearly ceased to hope that any might be great. Imagine, then, the enthusiasm with which he hailed the appearance the other day of a work of fiction rising far, far above all the novels of the year—of a good many years—towering alone like the isolated peak of Teneriffe.

This rare story, *Richard Yea and Nay,* is not the first big book that Mr. Maurice Hewlett has written. *The Forest Lovers,* which made him known to those who are quickest to recognise and to prize the best in literature, also arose above the level when it was published some two or three years ago. It still holds a foremost place among the highest and finest of contemporary fiction, and will continue to hold it—perhaps. For, who may prophesy or even express an opinion concerning the life or the death of any book, big or little, since no one, neither the critic nor the author nor the publisher nor the lay reader, has ever learned wherein the element of any book's immortality consists?

But the touch of greatness, be it lasting or be it fleeting, most of us recognise readily enough, regardless of the fact that we never know why or how or what it is. When, therefore, a work lays at once a mighty hold upon the eye, the imagination, the heart, the mind and the soul, as *Richard Yea and Nay* does, in its very beginning; when this giant grasp grows even more powerful with the rush of the gigantic story through vast events, as it grows in *Richard Yea and Nay;* when the eyes are dazzled by beauty, by splendour, by a pervading blaze of colour, and are dimmed by tenderness, by pity for the sadness of living, for the wrong and pain of the world, as they are in *Richard Yea and Nay;* when the imagination is eagle-winged to the whitest heights and turned back upon the blackest depths, as in *Richard Yea and Nay;* when the heart and the mind and the soul are in concert moved, as in *Richard Yea and Nay,* it is *then* that the touch of greatness must be felt.

To enter upon any attempt to outline Mr. Hewlett's story would be presumption indeed. The utmost that may be ventured in this direction is to say simply and briefly that it is a tale of the Crusades; that Richard Yea and Nay is Richard the Lion-hearted; that Jehane Saint-Pol is the woman whom he loved and wronged; that Queen Berengère is the woman whom he hated and married; but from this mere hint it may be seen what a real man King Richard must appear, in that he hurt whom he loved more

*Richard Yea and Nay. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

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than whom he hated. "So generous he was that all the world might have loved him as one loved him, yet so arrogant of mind that the very largess he bestowed had a sting beneath it, as though he scorned to give less to creatures who lacked so much. All his faults and most of his griefs sprang from this rending apart of his nature. His heart cried Yea! to a noble emotion. Then came his haughty head to suggest trickery, and bid him say Nay! to the heart's urgency."

The overfastidious may find too great frankness. But those were strenuous times, of great passions and plain speech. There is only one blot, one deep artistic blemish, and this is Jehane's relation to the Old Man of Musse. This feature of the story is not only monstrous, it is false to life as well as to art. Women have always done and always will do hard things for love, but never *that,* if the love be true as Jehane's was. Love's very nature forbids.

So much is enough to be told of the book at clumsy second-hand. As for the manner of its telling, the quality of the work, the critic were a daring one, or uncommonly dull, who would fetch the usual foot-rule for its measurement.

George Preston.

III.

John Fox's "Crittenden."*

There is a long distance and a notable difference between this latest story and the earlier fiction from Mr. John Fox's pen.

In the beginning his work was very elemental and very far off. The first story, *A Mountain Europa,* appears among the very clouds, high up on the mountains that lift Kentucky's eastern border toward the sky. It is here—at such a height above the commonplace and at such a distance from the ordinary—that most of its types are found and that its vital action transpires. And the clouds, the height, the remoteness, the simplicity, all have a part in the poetic beauty of the work.

The second story, *A Cumberland Vendetta,* holds to the same environment in its general effect, but lies somewhat lower on the mountain side, and touches the valleys at certain points. Yet the tale remains, notwithstanding this approach, distinctively a tale of the Cumberland Mountains, and the principal actors in it are always distinctively Cumberland mountaineers. And so, by bringing these remote scenes, these alien types and these wild lives nearer to the mainland and to conventional life, the author throws light upon the shadows of his work, thus securing appreciable artistic results.

In the third story, *The Kentuckians*—which might, perhaps, be better described as a novel—there is a still more marked advance. From a mountain hut to the State Capitol is a long, bold reach. In making it Mr. Fox has placed side by side, in the strongest possible contrast, the isolation, the sadness, the strangeness of life in this rock-bound wilderness close to the clouds, and the oldest and newest civilisation in the heart of the State. The characters also are vividly contrasted. The mountaineer still dominates the story, rising high above the rest. And yet the mainland types are mostly quite distinct, and two at least are to be known well and remembered. And with the entrance of these characters, a notable change first appears in the trend of the author's writing. Up to the appearance of this story he had dealt mainly with externals, producing out of the obvious successful if somewhat impressionistic effects. *The Kentuckians,* however, has to do with different and with complicated conditions, with subtler types and more complex situations, so that the tone of the work necessarily becomes more introspective at the same time that it grows much broader.

Much of this might seem to go without saying, since these three tales long ago won for their author a recognised place in national fiction; but it may be permissible while tracing the unhasting, unresting development which has recently deepened and widened into such a book as *Crittenden.* The title of this new novel by Mr. Fox might perhaps seem at first to localise it, and the sub-title modestly describes it as "a Kentucky Story of Love and War." But it is local only in that the name Crittenden appears almost inseparable from Kentucky, and that in Kentucky—as in all the world—love and

* Crittenden. By John Fox, Jr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

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war go together, since the state of love ever was and ever must be the state of warfare. Beyond this the story is not pent in by any mountains or bound by any mainland of any section of our own or any other country.

The story opens in the heart of the Blue Grass, it is true, and the environment is finely and faithfully drawn. But in the first feeling of its pastoral beauty and peace there is a troubled consciousness of the national unrest that went before the war with Spain. Clay Crittenden is a Kentuckian, since, bearing that name, he could scarcely be anything else, but he stands, nevertheless, for a larger part of our country than any one region, and his traits are racial rather than individual. He is the Southerner standing helplessly between the old and the new, and belonging to neither. He has tried, as his kind always try, to go on playing the gentleman in the serene and lofty way of his ancestors, weighted by the knowledge that the Civil War had robbed him of his birthright before he was born. He has tried vainly, as his kind usually tries, to look away from the old things and to catch step with the new. But with Clay Crittenden, as with the class which he represents, "it was no use. The little touch of magic that makes success had been denied him at birth, and, therefore, deterioration began to set in—the deterioration that comes from idleness, from energy that gets the wrong vent, from strong passions that a definite purpose might have kept under control—and the worst elements of a nature which, at the bottom was true and fine, slowly began to take possession of him as weeds will take possession of an abandoned field." He has failed even in love, in which most of his type succeed while failing in everything else. "For usually, of course, there is the hand of a woman on the lever that prizes such a man's life upward; and when Judith Page's clasp loosened on Crittenden" he begins to go down, as a man of his type, of much fine feeling and little moral strength, must always do under like trouble. The story runs, therefore, along familiar lines at first, telling of the love of a man for a woman who loves another—a theme as old as Adam and as new as the youngest lover—and always interesting. Judith Page is never quite so clearly seen as Clay Crittenden is from first to last. But the reader feels that the author believes in her influence upon Crittenden, and indeed upon the whole story, and there is no question anywhere of her sweetness, goodness and beauty. Crittenden's boy brother, a young Hotspur, with his child sweetheart; the rather vague mother, the friends and neighbours and servants, are all effectively gathered into a most true representation of Kentucky provincial life. But it is not through the characterisation of the story—good though it be—that the work assumes its deepest interest, its most real importance.

This comes from larger and sterner features. It lies in the story's fine, firm, candid showing of the causes which have produced too many Southern men like Clay Crittenden; in its unflinching statement of the race-rooted reasons why Kentuckians and most Southerners have always been great in war and, alas! too often weak in peace; and, most of all, in its impassioned portrayal of the attitude of the South toward the war with Spain—"when the curtain was rising on a tragedy that was tearing open the wounds of that other war—the tragedy on which a bloody curtain had fallen more than thirty years before." For it is only one to the manner born who can know, even unto the third generation, how long the wounds of the vanquished may rankle. And Mr. Fox writes from the inside of this and of the other still older and still more vital facts and truths and traditions which have made Kentucky and the South what they are, what they have ever been, what they must, perhaps, always be. He has palliated nothing nor set down aught in malice. From first to last he realises the spirit of his race and his region—its romance and its chivalry, both true and false; its noble sentiment and its absurd sentimentality; its consistent physical courage and its occasional moral cowardice.

With the outbreak of the Spanish-American War and the arrival of the Kentucky Legion, to which Clay Crittenden belongs, at the National Encampment at Chickamauga, the story begins to look beyond the State, and beyond the South. "There the nation was concentrating its power . . . that nation was

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patching up its one great quarrel, and now a grey phantom stalked out of the past to the music of drum and fife, and Crittenden turned sharply to see a little body of men marching through the camp of Regulars toward him. They were old boys, and they marched rather slowly, but they stepped jauntily, and in their old-fashioned caps and old grey jackets, pointed into a V-shape behind, they looked jaunty in spite of their years. Not a soldier but paused to look at these men in grey, who marched thus proudly through a stronghold of blue and were not ashamed. Not a man joked or laughed or smiled, for all knew that they were old Confederates in butternut, and once fighting men indeed . . . that this thin column had seen twice the full muster of the seven thousand strong encamped there melt away upon that very battle-field in a single day. And so the little remnant of grey marched through an atmosphere of profound respect and a mist of memories." Very interesting things are here very vividly told of this central army, "gathered from every State, every walk of labour and leisure, every social grade in the Union, day labourer and millionaire, clerk and clubman . . . followers of all political faiths, all creeds . . . and Americans—all." The work broadens and deepens into the universal when it reaches the sailing of the fleet—that wondrous fleet of to-day sailing upon a voyage as romantic as the one that the ships of Richard the Lion-hearted made in the Crusades. "It was a tropical holiday, that sail down to Cuba—a strange, huge pleasure trip of steamships, sailing in a lordly column of three; at night, sailing always, it seemed in a harbour of brilliant lights under multitudinous stars and over thickly sown beds of tiny, phosphorescent stars that were blown about like flowers in a windstorm by the frothing wake of the ships; by day, through a brilliant, sunlit sea, a cool breeze—so cool that only at noon was the heat tropical—and over smooth water blue as sapphire. Music night and morning on each ship, and music coming across the little waves at any hour from the ships about. Porpoises frisking at the bows and chasing each other in a circle around bow and stern as though the transports sat motionless; schools of flying fish with filmy, rainbow wing, rising from one wave and shimmering through the sunlight to the foamy crest of another, sometimes hundreds of yards away. Beautiful, clear sunsets of rose, gold-green and crimson, with one big, pure, radiant star ever like a censer over them; every night the stars more deeply and thickly sown, and growing ever softer and more brilliant as the boats neared the tropics; every day-dawn rich with beauty and richer for the dewy crimsons of the dawns that were left behind. Now and then a little torpedo-boat would cut like a knife blade through the water on messenger service; or a gunboat would drop lightly down from the hill of the sea . . . and ever on the horizon hung a battle-ship, looking like a great, grey, floating cathedral." This is the merest fragment of the poetic, powerful description of the passing of our army to the enemy's country, but it may serve to show the beauty and fineness as well as the strength of this part of the work. There is humour also; for while the author fully realises the sublimity of the fleet's mission—as sublime a mission as ever moved a great people to befriend a weak people—he never forgets that these knights-errant are Americans—after all, they are human beings with humane souls—and he is true enough to his race and his time to let them laugh at the sentiment which has thus rushed them to stake their lives. They accordingly take their mission lightly, laughing at themselves, at the Cubans, and—most of all—at the Spaniards. "Nobody was looking for a fight. Nobody thought the Spaniard would fight"—for cruelty and cowardice are one and the same to the average American mind. Ah, well! It has been written and written and written how brave was the hopeless resistance that these careless, confident knights-errant met. But it has never—in the opinion of the writer of this review—been so well written, never been told with such fulness, such eloquence, such fire and passion as in this new story by Mr. Fox.

There is not space, nor apparently any necessity, for a further summing up of the points that prove the alteration in the trend of the author's work and its steady growth.

Nancy Huston Banks.

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IV.

Edward Bellamy's "The Duke of Stockbridge."*

Mr. Bellamy did not have a great opinion of *The Duke of Stockbridge;* after he had written the story he delayed its publication in book form for twenty years. Mr. Francis Bellamy, in an Introduction, says: "In the author's mind were already stirring the grave questions which he was soon to propound in *Looking Backward. . . . The Duke of Stockbridge* was the projection of his sympathies into the forms of art; but he knew that, if published then, it would be received merely as a novel, and its depth of meaning would be perceived only by a few. Therefore, it seemed better that this tale should wait until he had given, in his next book, his formal and unmistakable definition of proper human relationship. But when *Looking Backward* was finally written, he had become so convinced of his own duty to be the advocate of the co-operative social system, that in the remaining years of his life he never returned to fiction as an art." As an example of the pompous and uncomprehending in discussions of art the above strain of writing is excellent; although there is nothing nearly so offensive in the narrative itself, this points to what is wrong with the whole of it. The second title of the book is *A Romance of Shay's Rebellion.* The rebellion, the money troubles which, arising out of bad economic conditions, caused the Massachusetts people to rebel, interested the author of *Looking Backward* in his head and heart, while the romance of the upstart Duke seems scarcely to have agitated his fingers' ends as he penned it forth. It is related with unconscious condescension; as if a scholar told a story to the foolish young folks of a winter evening, mixing into his tale as liberally as possible the facts of history. The book, after all, as the Introduction informs us, was really written for a village newspaper published in that section of the State where Shay's Rebellion has left a thousand landmarks; it could hardly have failed to please the small public for which it was intended; but the author's good sense must have told him, as the delay of twenty years before he would allow it to be brought out as a novel shows, that it could not stand up alone.

If information is wanted there is a great deal of it here. "Wal, we licked the redcoats," says Abner Rathbun, "and we got lib'ty; lib'ty ter starve—that is, ef we don't happen ter get sent ter jail fust." Says the author to the reader:

> For in those days throughout Massachusetts . . . men talked of nothing but the hard times, the limited markets and low prices of farm produce, the extortions and multiplying numbers of the lawyers and sheriffs, the oppressions of creditors, the enormous grinding taxes, the last sheriff's sale, and who would be sold out next, the last batch of debtors taken to jail, and who would go there next, the utter dearth of money of any sort, the impossibility of getting work, the gloomy and hopeless prospect for the coming winter, and, in general, the wretched failure of the military triumph of the colonies to bring about the public and private prosperity so confidently expected.

Thus, in one way or another, out of the mouths of his many characters or in his own person, Mr. Bellamy gives us a definite understanding of the exterior state of things in the country districts of Massachusetts in 1786; of the slave-like condition of the common people, and the stinking jails that swallowed them up, Continental veterans though they were; of the weak-kneed revolt which, always ready to lie down, arose and soon lay down again. The manners, also, of the time and place, the dull Sundays passed in meeting, to which the amazing quaver of an Indian conch shell was the summons; the huskings, the guzzling and talk of the village people at the dingy tavern, the select conviviality of their resplendent squires in the neat back room of the store—these and other familiar features of the local life are everywhere fully described. This background stands quite apart from the plot of the story; it deserves what attention it can get, for Mr. Bellamy had an interest in facts.

His Grace, the Duke of Stockbridge (he is a graceless duke), was a young fellow by the name of Perez Hamlin who, although he was descended from a race of common farmers, had, nevertheless, good blood in him from his mother's

*The Duke of Stockbridge. By Edward Bellamy. Silver, Burdett and Co. $1.50.

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side. On the strength of his dare-devil disposition and of his ability, as one who is half a gentleman, to speak up to the "silk stocking" squires he is made leader of the Stockbridge mob, and becomes in the time of the riots ultimate boss of the village. He madly loves Desire, an aristocratic young beauty, whose connections and interests are, of course, all with the other side. Perez, in his capacity of despot, can be of the greatest service to Desire and her family; and so dire are their distresses that the refined and tender girl is glad to buy protection with the only means in her power. Although she detests the ruffian, she lets him kiss her freely once in a while. Events draw the pair more and more closely together. And so the story goes.

Carl Hovey.

THE DEGENERATION OF THE HISTORICAL NOVEL

It has become one of the commonplaces of literary comment that the average person does not like to take his fiction seriously. He has cares enough of his own, as a rule, without troubling himself about the physical discomforts or mental anguish of fellow-mortals, whom he frequently does not understand and, what is more, does not want to. There are plenty of people, no doubt, who could hardly be hired to read Tolstoy or Maupassant or Prévost; people who look upon books like *Folly Corner* or *The Touchstone* as the caviare of fiction, to be discreetly set aside for the literary gourmet. What they want is a story which will take them out of themselves for the time being, away from the click of the stock-ticker and the ring of the telephone, and all the rest of this machine-made life of to-day; which will show them a world in which the men are all brave and the women fair, and all sorts of delightfully impossible things happen as plausibly and convincingly as once upon a time they seemed to happen to Jack the Giant Killer and all his kith and kin of the nursery books.

After all, this taste for good historical novels is a thoroughly legitimate and healthy taste. The only pity is that really good historical novels are so rare. The truth is, that the purveyors of this class of fiction to-day are under a considerable disadvantage; it has grown far harder than it used to be to produce the necessary illusion. That part of the reading public which has no use for the realistic novel nevertheless has learned to demand that its historic romances—Tudor or Stuart or Valois, Colonial or Revolutionary, as the case may be—shall all be documented with a care of which Scott or Dumas never dreamed. Besides, the modern novelist finds that the great and stirring epochs of history have been largely pre-empted, and that if he would introduce into his pages any big figures of the past, a Richard Cœur de Lion or a Henry of Navarre, he not only has the historic facts to contend with, but finds himself confronted with the still more formidable task of satisfying the popular ideal based upon the Richard of *Ivanhoe* or the Henry of the Valois trilogy. Nothing betrays the weakness of the Stanley Weyman school more than a comparison of the Richelieu of *Under the Red Robe* with the Richelieu of *Les Trois Mousquetaires.* It is small wonder that so many writers take refuge in obscurer epochs and remoter regions, where fewer ghosts of the past, in the shape of musty chronicles, can rise up to give them the lie.

Properly, however, an historical novel worthy of the name should have some great event for a background, like the massacre of St. Bartholomew or the execution of Charles I.; and scenes like these, if they are to live, must be treated on a rather big, rather Titanic scale. Now, with all his defects of style and of method, there is, after all, something rather Titanic about Dumas the Elder—something, at all events, which his collaborator Maquet never quite got, after all his long apprenticeship, and which his modern imitators do not get at all. They saturate themselves with Dumas, much

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as a sponge absorbs water; then the sponge is squeezed, and we get back the water again, a trifle muddier, perhaps, but, nevertheless, essentially the same water.

To any one who knows his Dumas well this class of books is particularly exasperating. There is a constant, teasing, elusive resemblance, a fugitive reminiscence of parallel passages which cannot be run to earth. One of the best illustrations of this which can be found is *The Helmet of Navarre*, which is at present running its triumphal course as a serial. To begin with, it is considerably above the average, the action moving forward with a rapidity and a verve that are rather exceptional. And, secondly, the author to a certain extent seems to challenge comparison, by choosing for her scene the very times of the famous Valois series, taking up the course of French history at the very point where Dumas left it in *Les Quarante-Cinq*.

At the outset of Miss Runkle's story her principal character, Felix Broux, sets out for Paris to seek his fortune, just as the typical Dumas hero, big or little, always does—D'Artagnan or Ange Pitou, or the illustrious Forty-Five, to cite a wholesale case. His first night in the city is passed at the sign of "L'Amour de Dieu," which somehow reminds us of the "Fier Chevalier" in *Les Quarante-Cinq*, and, like the latter hostelry, overlooks the windows of a house in which some of the most stirring events of the story are to take place. Like the typical Dumas hero also, Felix has a patron in Paris, but he has somewhat more than the ordinary amount of trouble in securing an audience, and meanwhile his spirit of adventure leads him into all sorts of difficulties and perils, and makes him a duellist and a prisoner twice within the first twenty-four hours, all of which is eminently Dumasesque. And having, in the course of these events, given his word of honour to an enemy to deliver a certain message faithfully, Felix braves his patron's anger rather than be false to his promise, even when it turns out that the message involved a plot against his patron's life—a rather close parallel to Dumas's Ernauton de Carmaignes, who, under like circumstances, faces imprisonment rather than surrender a letter he has promised to deliver, although that letter contains a state secret which threatens the life of the king. Later on, the author temporarily disposes of her leading villain by the simple expedient of having him arrested through mistaken identity—an expedient which is a commonplace in the Dumas stories, from the time when Athos allows himself to be arrested in place of D'Artagnan to the veritable comedy of errors played by Arnaud du Thill and Martin-Guerre in *Les Deux Dianes*. Still another commonplace is the rescue of a hard-pressed duellist, through the expedient of having a door open providentially behind him, as in the case of Bussy in *La Dame de Monsoreau*, and of Mordaunt in *Vingt ans Après*. In the latest instalment of *The Helmet of Navarre* Miss Runkle also utilises this device for rescuing her two principal characters when hard pressed by a score of opponents.

Now, *The Helmet of Navarre* is not an exceptional case. This same sort of structural resemblance would be very easy to trace in a large proportion of current historical romances. In the two hundred and ninety odd volumes which comprise his works in the Calmann Levy edition, Dumas covered a good deal of ground, and the modern novelist, unless he has a phenomenal imagination, would do better not to read too much of him, or he will find himself baffled in the attempt to get away from his model.

But to say that these modern stories are largely servile imitations of *Les Trois Mousquetaires* and *La Reine Margot* is merely to state a truism, and not at all to explain Dumas's obvious superiority. Perhaps one of the simplest explanations which can be offered is, that Dumas resembles his favourite heroes, his D'Artagnan, and Chicot and Bussy, rather closely in one respect—he is not easily overawed by rank. He treats his royal puppets quite as unceremoniously as he does his lacqueys, and shows us their foibles and their frailties quite as relentlessly. Among his less-known volumes there is one which bears the title *Great Men in Their Dressing-Gowns*, in the preface to which he points out that the popular proverb that no man is a hero to his valet is, like most popular proverbs, composed of some truth and a good deal of falsehood. For his own part, he believes that the really great man will be

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the gainer if he is sometimes stripped of his robes of state and placed upon a pedestal, so that he may be seen from all sides. A statue, he says, is always better than a bas-relief. And so he practises what he preaches, the good Dumas, and strips his royal puppets quite ruthlessly. He delights in getting behind the scenes of court life, and showing us kings and queens, not literally as they were, perhaps, but as they might have been, with all their intrigues and jealousies, their laughter and their tears, their favours and their vengeance. It is rather haphazard history that he gives us, much of the time; but, true or false, his Henrys and his Louis are people of real flesh and blood, with rather more human passions than the average, and with abundant opportunity to gratify them. He has a rather riotous imagination, too, and a page from *Queen Marguerite's Memoirs,* a scrap of *chronique scandaleuse* from Brantôme, will give him material for a whole chapter—inimitable chapters, too, many of them.

But there is another point of difference scarcely less striking than his unceremonious treatment of historic facts. Dumas's novels are essentially men's novels, his heroes men's heroes, his pictures of life drawn often with something of a Rabelaisian freedom and humour. The modern historical novels—at least those which enter the competition of big editions—are love stories, pure and simple, in which true love runs its proverbially stormy course, and after the requisite duels have been fought, the obstacles overcome and the enemy worsted, the curtain is run down to the sound of marriage bells. The Dumas novel, let us be devoutly thankful, is built upon a different model. It is primarily a story of adventure, a special development of the Picaresco novel, and not a love story in any proper acceptance of the term. From first to last he recognises man's love as being of man's life literally a thing apart; his daily concern is his king and his own honour. And because Dumas did not believe in good fortune in both love and war, the love episodes are almost invariably tragic. Sometimes it is the woman who is the victim, like Constance in *Les Trois Mousquetaires,* or Geneviève in *Le Chevalier du Maison-Rouge,* or Aissa, in the rather ghastly ending of *Le Bâtard de Mauleon;* sometimes it is the lover who is murdered, like Coconnas and La Mole in *La Reine Margot,* or Bussy in *La Dame de Monsoreau,* or Bannière in *Olympè de Cleves.* Sometimes the hero's love is not returned, as in the case of the Vicomte de Bragelonne, or La Joyeuse in *Les Quarante-Cinq.* Indeed, only one exception comes to mind in which the hero and heroine have a prospect of living happily ever after, and that is in the rather insignificant volume of *Ascanio.*

It is rather odd that an author who can draw a hundred different types of men, each one a vivid and unmistakable creation, should have been at such a complete loss when it comes to painting a woman. Dumas's women, with few exceptions, may be divided into two classes—caricatures and nonentities, and all best distinguished as black, brown or fair. Many of them are little more than mere symbols of sex—women who bestow their favours lightly, and pass gracefully from the arms of one lover to another. One of the rare exceptions is Marguerite of Valois, and for this we have to thank the lady's memoirs rather than Dumas's insight into feminine psychology.

The character of Marguerite is only one of the many features which stamp the Valois series as something apart from the rest of the Dumas novels, and the only wonder is that they are not better known and more widely read nowadays. Yet it is safe to say that of all the people who find delight in Athos, Porthos, Aramis and D'Artagnan, and that scarcely less illustrious quartette, Grimaud, Mousqueton, Bazin and Planchet, not one in ten has read his admirable Valois trilogy, *La Reine Margot, La Dame de Monsoreau* and *Les Quarante-Cinq.* And yet they are well worth the reading, even though they will never usurp first place in the affections of those who find a perennial delight in *Les Trois Mousquetaires.* To some extent they belong to a lower plane; they contain no group of characters, bound together by an enduring friendship, or inspired by any such lofty motives as the saving of a king's life or the protection of a queen's honour. Indeed, they contain no characters at all worthy to rank with the immortal four—with Athos, "the gentlest and noblest voice of honour;" with D'Ar-

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tagnan, "the frankest and rudest voice of sincerity," or even with the ponderous Porthos or Aramis, the friend of duchesses. And yet there are many compensations. To begin with, they portray an epoch unsurpassed in the annals of France for picturesqueness and for tragic interest, the period from the massacre of

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From "Characters of Romance." By William Nicholson.

CHICOT.

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St. Bartholomew to the closing days of the House of Valois. They possess a special atmosphere of their own—an atmosphere of old chronicles and old amours, of Marguerite and her Memoirs, of Brantôme and his *Dames Galantes*. Nowhere else has Dumas allowed himself to paint in quite such flamboyant colours the violent contrasts of those times; the pomp and glitter of a corrupt court, the reckless carnage in the dim-lit streets; yet, overdrawn as they are, his pictures leave a very definite impression of the lack of sex-honour and the cheapness of human life in those days of the ascendance of Catherine de Medici. And if, in detailing court scandals—the frailties of Queen Margot, the complaisance of Henry IV.—he permits himself at times too broad a license, the frankly Rabelaisian spirit in which it is all done goes far toward disarming criticism. And who could fail to smile over such a veritable *conte drôlatique* as that of St. Luc's wedding night?

After all, even if there is no second D'Artagnan, there are a good many characters in the Valois series which deserve a prominent place in the gallery of Dumas's heroes. There are La Mole and Coconnas, and the valiant Bussy, whom Marguerite herself declared to have been born "to be the terror of his enemies, the glory of his master and the hope of his friends;" there is Chicot, the prince of jesters, and faithful adherent of a king whom he loved but could not respect; and Father Gorenflot, a figure which refuses to be forgotten, a Rabelaisian figure with a Gargantuan appetite; and last but by no means least, there is Henry of Navarre, the most vivid and best-rounded portrait of all the French kings that Dumas has given us, "il était bien de la Gascogne gasconnante et ne degasconna jamais," is the final verdict, which is not to be improved upon.

Of the stirring scenes in these volumes there is none that will rank with D'Artagnan's memorable interview with Richelieu after the execution of Milady, or when he dictates his own terms to Anne of Austria, while Mazarin is held as hostage, or that later occasion when he wrings from Louis XIV. the order for Athos's release from imprisonment. Neither is there any instance of such foolhardy courage as the famous breakfast on the bastion at La Rochelle. But there is plenty of good fighting, nevertheless, notably in the death scene of Bussy, and in Chicot's inimitable duel with Brother Borromée, in the private room of *La Corne d'Abondance*. D'Artagnan's memorable ride to London is closely rivalled by Chicot's solitary journey to Navarre, while the chapter in which Chicot turns Latinist is one which remains without a parallel. And if one must pick out the scene which of all others stands out as most worthy of remembrance, it is that of the siege of Cahors, when Henry of Navarre, entering battle for the first time, finds himself in a veritable panic of fear, and catching up a battle-axe in hands which almost refuse to hold it, by sheer strength of will forces his shaking limbs into the very front ranks of the storming party, and is the first to enter the breach in the walls. "Chicot, did you ever see such a coward?" he asks. "No, sire," replies Chicot, "I never saw *such* cowardice; it is terrible!"

It is a matter of no little satisfaction that the new edition of the Valois romances, recently issued by the Messrs. Crowell and Company, has rendered these works accessible in their entirety to English readers, in a fairly adequate translation, and in a form which will make an attractive addition to the library shelves. The illustrations have the somewhat negative merit of not doing any especial violence to our preconceived ideas of the characters depicted. On the other hand, Mr. Nicholson's presentment of the immortal Chicot, like that of Porthos in the same series of drawings, is an achievement fully worthy of the genius which inspired it.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

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Perhaps the pleasing rhythmic quality of the combination "Gilbert and Sullivan" has had its effect on the ear, so that the mention of one without the other sounds as strange as would that of Castor or Damon without his fellow; but a sufficient explanation of the merger of identity is the general ignorance in America of the independent work of each of the famous collaborators. Two or three ballads and hymn-tunes excepted, Sullivan's reputation in this country rests solely on his comic operas; and Gilbert, who wrote a whole repertory of successful plays, is here scarcely associated with any of them but *Pygmalion and Galatea.* Sir Arthur Sullivan's recent death offers an opportune occasion to consider him as an independent figure in the world of music. For even if, in time to come, his position is based mainly on his collaborations with Gilbert, it should be remembered that the operettas constitute only a part of his life work, and owe their vitality and musical superiority largely to the fact that the composer had broadened his natural talents by exercising them in many branches of his art.

Sullivan had established his position as one of the foremost English composers long before he met Gilbert. Almost from infancy he showed signs of rare musical ability; and his father, a bandmaster by profession, gladly encouraged him to look on music as the field of his career. At the age of eight he wrote his first composition; even before this he had learned to play the various instruments in his father's band. A chorister in the Chapel Royal at twelve, he attracted the attention of masters and fellow-pupils by his rapid advancement. In 1856 he entered the competition for the Mendelssohn scholarship, then first thrown open; and although the youngest of the seventeen candidates, he was successful. His progress won for him an extension of the scholarship for two years in succession, and he was sent to Leipzig to complete his studies. Young Sullivan was not slow to appreciate the exceptional advantages of having a corps of instructors such as Moscheles, Plaidy, Rietz, Hauptmann and David; and the letters written during this period show him full of enthusiasm for his work. An extract from one to his father is significant of his confidence in himself and early independence of judgment. He is composing incidental music to Shakspeare's *Tempest,* and says: "I am very anxious to know if *you* will like my music. It is very different to any you have heard. For instance (bar quoted). But of course it is not often I go into such extremes as that. At first it may sound rather harsh, but you will soon grow accustomed to it, and most probably like it very much." Such assurance is worthy of Wagner himself! But it was warranted by results. Returning to England in 1862, at the age of twenty, he came prominently before the musical world with his *Tempest* music. "There has been no such first appearance in England in our time," wrote the eminent critic Chorley. In a few short years he had further enriched the literature of music by the symphony in E, the *In Memoriam, Marmion* and *Di Ballo* overtures and *The Prodigal Son* and *The Light of the World,* both oratorios. During this period also he made several essays in the field of dramatic music, besides writing a large number of songs whose popularity in England is still unabated.

In 1866 a performance of Offenbach's farce, *Les Deux Aveugles,* suggested to Sullivan an Anglicised form of opera bouffe, or comic opera, to give it the English equivalent. With Mr. F. C. Burnand, the editor of *Punch,* he wrote *Cox and Box* and *La Contrabandista.* Shortly afterward he was introduced to Gilbert, and their first joint production was *Thespis,* remembered to-day for the charming ballad "The Little Maid of Arcadie." It was no chance meeting that brought the two together. Gilbert was a successful playwright. *Pygmalion and Galatea,* his most popular work, appeared two years before, and prior to this he had made all England laugh at his "Bab Ballads." Sullivan's tentative efforts with Burnand had shown to his friends his special gifts in the field of light opera; and what more natural than that they should expect happy results from a combination of talents so exactly complementary? *The Trial by Jury,* which followed *Thespis,* was received with great favour. It was written for D'Oyly

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Carte, who has since produced all of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. The experimental stage had now been passed, and in a short time English-speaking people the world over were captivated with *H. M. S. Pinafore.* This was in 1878. The immense vogue of the work and its successors is a matter of common knowledge. In 1881 Mr. Carte erected the Savoy Theatre, and for two decades this attractive London playhouse has been devoted almost exclusively to the production of new and the revival of the older works of Gilbert and Sullivan. But the success of his operas did not turn the composer's thoughts away from the other branches of music. His talents were not confined to such a narrow range of activity; and the list of works from his pen is as varied as it is large. In devotional music, besides many anthems and hymn-tunes ("Onward, Christian Soldiers" and "Lead, Kindly Light" among them), and the oratorios already mentioned, Sullivan wrote two cantatas, *The Martyr of Antioch* and *The Golden Legend,* both of which added materially to his reputation. Incidental music to *Macbeth, Henry VIII., The Merry Wives of Windsor, The Merchant of Venice, The Foresters* and *King Arthur* shows that Sullivan's first attempt in this kind of music was not fortuitous, but the result of a pronounced predilection. Indeed, his leaning was undoubtedly toward dramatic music, and if *Ivanhoe,* his sole contribution to grand opera, has been less successful than his other dramatic works, the fault is largely that of the libretto.

Sullivan visited America twice. The extreme popularity of *Pinafore,* which, owing to the absence of an international copyright law, yielded no financial return to the authors, induced them to bring over their own company and personally superintend the production of *The Pirates of Penzance.* They thereby secured some of the pecuniary benefits of ownership, but were involved in many lawsuits. The dogged determination and persistency of purpose that enabled Sullivan to write some of his best music during periods of acute physical suffering are further illustrated in the story of these American experiences. Sir Arthur's friends love to descant upon his simplicity, his sincerity, his whole-heartedness, a characterisation which is confirmed by the frank and friendly countenance that looks out from his picture. His entire absence of pose and prejudice, his catholicity of taste and equable temperament, endeared him to all with whom he came in contact. That Sullivan's was an essentially refined nature his music plainly shows. Compare it with that of Offenbach, who had the same free gift of melody, and the difference is at once felt.

It is said of David Garrick that as a comedian and as a tragedian he was equally great—a remarkable fact in the history of the stage. In the nature of things comedy must be rated lower than tragedy, a comedian lower than a tragedian. Now, while Sullivan's serious music ranks high in the estimation of critics and musicians, I do not doubt that his lighter music is worthy of an equal place. In fact, it would not be surprising if posterity should award the palm to the latter. For in the sphere of devotional and symphonic music he must be measured with the greatest musical geniuses, while in his own special field he had no peer, unless it be among the old Italian writers of opera bouffe, Cimarosa or Rossini. Let us examine a few of the characteristics of Sullivan's lighter music, for although "light" it is worthy of serious consideration.

In a recent article, the musical critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette,* Mr. Vernon Blackburn, pointed out that the music of Sullivan and Mozart has certain qualities in common. This must have startled some persons, but it is undoubtedly true. In the simplicity and suave beauty of his melodies Sullivan does at times remind one of the older master. The duet in *The Pirates of Penzance,* "Leave Me Not to Pine Alone," and the fairy's appeal to the Lord Chancellor in *Iolanthe,* "He Loves!" sound an impassioned note of which the glorious Wolfgang need not have been ashamed. Harmonically, too, Sullivan can be as simple as the other. Recall the concerted number from *Pinafore,* "Farewell, My Own," and the equally charming barcarolle, "Over the Bright Blue Sea." There is music in *The Gondoliers* that in unaffected merriment may well be compared with that from *Figaro.* A distinguishing characteristic of Sullivan's music is its rhythmic vigour and variety. It is the greatest weakness in Johann Strauss's

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operettas that they are so largely made up of dance music. Polkas, waltzes and quadrille tunes follow one another in quick succession, and the result, dramatically considered, is poor. Sullivan managed far better. In looking over *The Mikado,* his most popular work, I find that less than half the musical numbers are in the ordinary dance rhythms. It is true that Mr. Gilbert's metrical facility—for the equal of which we must go back to Aristophanes—is in no small measure responsible for some of the hints acted upon by the composer. The variety and intricacy of his verse-forms is simply marvellous. But to Sullivan's own inventive power, aided by his ingenuity, was also due work of great originality along these lines. As one writer has explained: "His method is to consider the words primarily from a rhythmic point of view, trying them in every form of which they are capable, before attempting to arrive at their melodic equivalent. Nothing satisfies him but the very nicest rise and fall, the minutest syllabic consideration. His measure once arrived at, he seeks his melody."

Sullivan's genius was sympathetic. In a review of *The Trial by Jury,* the musical critic of the London *Times* wrote: "It seems, as in the great Wagnerian operas, as though poem and music had proceeded simultaneously from one and the same brain." This is very true. Sullivan's music is full of contrasts and changes suiting the demands of the text admirably. It almost always illustrates and deepens the meaning of the words. A good example is the minstrel's song in *The Mikado,* and the whole finale of the first act of *The Rose of Persia,* his last work, offers another excellent illustration. But this rare faculty of the composer is best displayed in the humorous passages with which his scores abound, so ably seconding the fun of the book. The "What, never?" episode in *Pinafore* is perhaps as good an example of humour in music as can be found. A less familiar instance occurs in *Iolanthe,* where Strephon and his mother, exchanging mutual confidences, are ingeniously misinterpreted for Phyllis's benefit by her eavesdropping suitors. The situation is perfectly reflected in the music. By a slight alteration of the theme, it is transformed from the sentimental ditty into a mocking imitation of the supposed love duo. There is a subtlety of musical humour to be found in these operettas which, while it is primarily for the musician, does not necessarily escape the amateur. The manner in which the old-fashioned operatic recitatives are imitated and parodied is delicious. The scene and aria in *Pinafore,* "The Hours Creep on Apace," is after the most approved style of the Italian opera. The Handelian-like chorus in *The Trial by Jury* upon the entrance of the judge, and the quaint refrain to which the usher's admonition to the jury is set, show how completely the composer could catch the spirit of the music of the preceding century. The glee which was so popular among choral societies in England one and two generations ago is cleverly burlesqued in the trio in *Pinafore,* "The British Tar is a Soaring Soul;" and as an imitation of the "early English" element, the sentinel's song opening the second act of *Iolanthe* is especially well done. It is a neat bit of satire to accompany the entrance of the learned Lord Chancellor in the last-named opera with a fugue, the theme of which serves most aptly throughout as a *leit-motif;* and note the droll effect of the introduction to Point's song in *The Yeoman of the Guard,* "I've Joke and Gibe," the contrapuntal austerity of which is in such direct contrast with the words. But why multiply instances which every one with a little search can find for himself?

I have but little space to dwell on the other distinguishing qualities of Sullivan's music. His solid musicianly training, always present though never obtruding itself, is seen in the skilful use of thematic development and the combination of melodic material, of which he was so fond. The early intimacy with his father's band gave him a knowledge of the orchestra that was of greatest benefit to him, and has made his scores of real value to the student. Charming touches and colour-effects abound, and in richness, delicacy and refinement his instrumentation is unsurpassable. In the accompaniment to the solo voice, which is a stumbling block to many gifted composers, he displays the best of taste; and the practical results of his training as a chorister are seen in his skilful management of the voices in chorus, and the

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effective manner of part writing, of which he has given us so many excellent examples. Recall the lovely concerted piece from *Patience*, "I Hear the Sound of the Echoing Note," the madrigal from *The Mikado* and that in *The Rose of Persia*.

When Sullivan was knighted in 1883 it was suggested by many that he must no longer write comic operas. "He must not dare to soil his hands with anything less than an anthem or a madrigal; oratorio, in which he has so conspicuously shone, and symphony must now be his line," wrote one critic. Making all allowance for the Englishman's regard for title, the absurdity of such a remark is still glaring. As if it were soiling his hands to write *Iolanthe!* To-day this view is no longer generally held, and music-lovers have come to judge Sullivan's operas at nearer their real worth. Still, it is necessary from time to time to insist on their artistic excellence in order to counteract the tendency to consider them simply pretty little trifles. Sir George Grove, who predeceased his friend but a short year, has summed up Sullivan's genius in the following words, which may well stand as the best contemporary esti-

THE LATE SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

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mate of the composer: "Form and symmetry he seems to possess by instinct; rhythm and melody clothe everything he touches; the music shows not only sympathetic genius, but sense, judgment, proportion and a complete absence of pedantry and pretension; while the orchestration is distinguished by a happy and original beauty hardly surpassed by the greatest masters."

Lewis M. Isaacs.

FOREIGN AUTHORS IN AMERICA

PART I.

America has been from the first a tempting field of observation for writers of foreign birth and breeding. In the six score years and five that have elapsed since the building of the Republic began, fully a hundred alien authors have tarried in the States, and the books born of their visits would fill a goodly library.

Thomas Paine, first and in some respects greatest of this varied company, came from England to America in 1774. His Quaker ancestry and training and the letters from Franklin which he brought with him, backed by a cordial invitation from Dr. Benjamin Rush, induced his settlement in Philadelphia, where he became the editor of the *Pennsylvania Magazine,* leaped at once into public notice as a vigorous advocate of liberty, and at the end of a twelvemonth published his famous *Common Sense.* This pamphlet was a clarion call for separation from England, and so instant and radical was its influence on the wavering colonies that Edmund Randolph, a devout churchman, writing long after the author's death, ascribed American independence primarily to George III. and next to Thomas Paine. Half a million copies of *Common Sense* were sold, the proceeds of which the author donated to the cause of independence, thus, as the price was two shillings a copy, giving away a fortune in this pamphlet alone. A little later he also bestowed upon his adopted country the copyright of his *Crisis,* and ate his crust contentedly, "peace finding him a penniless patriot who might easily have had £50,000 in his pocket."

Moreover, Paine was a man of action as well as of words. While the Declaration of Independence was signing he abandoned his magazine, and marched with his musket to the front, serving first in a Pennsylvania division of the Flying Camp under General Roberdeau, and then as volunteer aide-de-camp on the staff of General Greene. It was when Washington's distressed and discomforted army had reached Newark that he began to write his magical *Crisis,* the first thrilling words of which falling on the eager ears of the half-clad, disheartened soldiers, were in themselves a victory. "These are the times that try men's souls!" Rallying to the onset with such a watchword, the battle of Trenton was won.

Nor were Paine's after services to the patriot cause less weighty and important. In May, 1780, by the timely suggestion of a subscription which he headed with $500 of his scant salary as clerk of the Pennsylvania Assembly, in answer to Washington's gloomiest appeal from Morristown, he started a popular movement, resulting in the subscription of £300,000, which established the bank that supplied the army through the campaign. The following year he went abroad with Colonel Laurens and secured from the French king a gift of $6,000,000. For this service, the plan of which was conceived and mainly executed by him, he never received payment or even acknowledgment. Laurens, who nearly bungled the delicate mission, got the glory and the pay; Paine, who had given up his clerkship of the Assembly, had run the greater danger and had done the work, got nothing. Worse still, when the war was over, and other and lesser heroes were liberally rewarded with place and power, Congress voted Paine a paltry $3000, and only two

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States remembered him—Pennsylvania with a gift of $2500 and New York with an estate of some 200 acres at New Rochelle.

In 1787 Paine sailed for Europe. He intended to be absent only a few months, but did not return until 1802. During the intervening years he had been outlawed by England and imprisoned by France, and had given to the world his famous *Rights of Man,* and his not less remarkable *Age of Reason.* When, at the age of sixty-two, he came again to the nation he had helped to create, he was met not only by the new faces of a generation that knew him not, but by the cold shoulders, instead of the outstretched hands, of old friends. This was the bitter fruit of his *Age of Reason,* which remains of all epoch-making books the one most persistently misquoted and misunderstood; for even now there are those who rate it as scoffing and scurrilous, whereas its tone throughout is noble and reverent, and some of the doctrines which it teaches have to-day become recognised as not inimical to religion.

THOMAS PAINE.

It does not require in this more tolerant age a high order of courage to write these words; but less than a hundred years ago there ruled in America a spirit of narrow and militant bigotry; and from his arrival in Baltimore until his death, seven years later,

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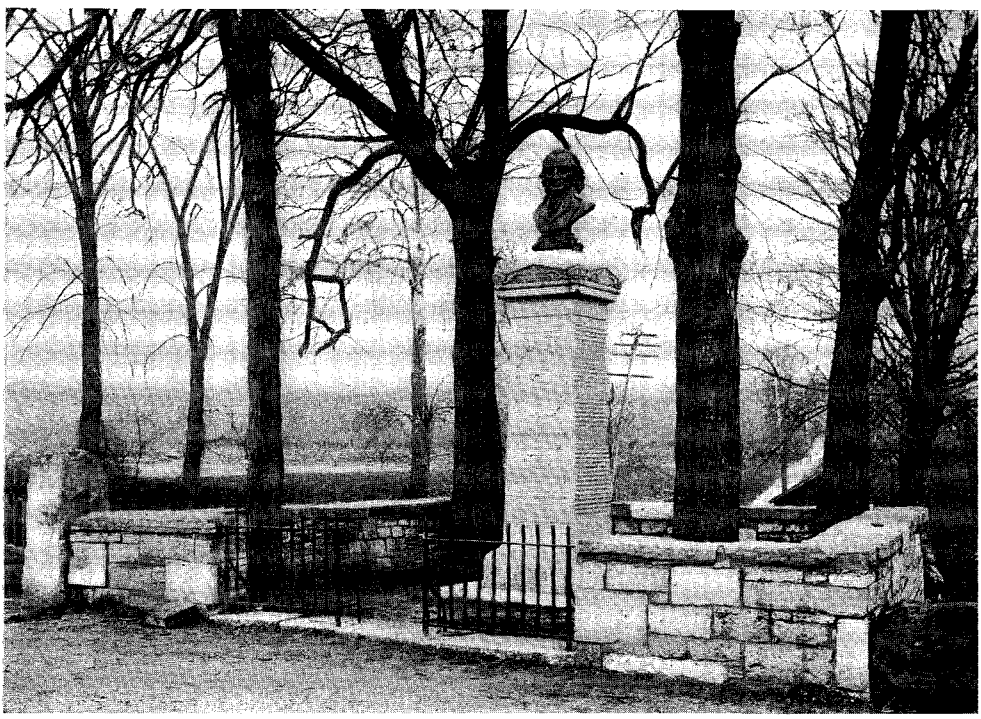
Paine was subjected to constant and virulent abuse. When he visited Bordentown, which at one time had been his home, the village was placarded with pictures of the devil flying away with him; at Trenton, so furious was the mob, he was refused a seat in the public stage, and when starting for Brunswick he was hooted, and a gang of rowdies played the "Rogue's March." One zealous fanatic even tried to kill him; and in 1806 he was denied the right to vote at his home in New Rochelle—disfranchised in the country to which he had rendered services pronounced pre-eminent by Congress, by Washington and by every soldier and statesman of his time.

Paine's closing years were passed on his little farm at New Rochelle, with occasional visits to Bordentown and New York, often in want, but never a stranger to self-respect, and occupied to the last, as his frequent writings prove, with thoughts of political and religious liberty. He died, after a lingering illness, in a house in Grove Street, New York, on June 8, 1809, neglected and unmourned. Aside from Madame Bonneville, the French lady in whose house he died, and her children, only two negroes and a Quaker preacher, Willett Hicks—let his name be honoured!—accompanied the body to the grave beyond New Rochelle. A monument, erected by a later and more grateful generation, now marks the spot, yet the present resting-place of Paine's bones no man knows. William Cobbett, as will be shown in another place, took them to England, but where they were finally buried remains a mystery.

There is cause for deep regret in the fact that the manuscript of Paine's autobiography was destroyed by fire a few years after his death; but had it been preserved one doubts if there would be found in its pages so lively and moving a word-picture of Revolutionary America as is embodied in *Travels in North America in the Years 1780, 1781 and 1782,* by the Marquis de Chastellux. Descended from an ancient and noble family of Burgundy—the manor of Chastellux is yet standing not far from Vauban—and one of the most gifted and versatile of the courtiers of Louis XVI., De Chastellux was only forty-six years



THE PAINE MONUMENT AT NEW ROCHELLE.

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old, but had already distinguished himself as a soldier and writer when he came to the colonies in the summer of 1780 as an officer under Rochambeau. He remained two years and a half in America, and during his stay employed the brief periods of leisure left him from military occupations in making three tours through the interior. He wrote as he travelled a journal of his observations, and printed at a press on board the French fleet some twenty copies of it, a dozen of which found their way to Europe. So great was the eagerness with which people there seized upon every book relating to America that a number of copies were surreptitiously printed, and a publisher at Cassel brought out an imperfect edition. The author then published the book himself in 1786 under the title already quoted.

Written originally only for his friends, M. de Chastellux's journal has for this very reason exceptional interest and value for the student of the Revolutionary period, for it shows how the men, events and conditions of that era appeared to a candid and unprejudiced observer, who recorded his impressions without reserve of any sort. He is not an ardent admirer of what he sees about him. A disciple of Montesquieu, he loses much of his admiration for the American constitutions when he sees them in operation, and seems especially loath to introduce them into his own country. He is, however, most interesting, if not most instructive, when drawing portraits of the men of mark with whom he touched elbows in his travels.

Washington he met for the first time at West Point in the winter of 1780. "I soon felt at my ease," he writes, "in the presence of the greatest and best of men. The goodness and benevolence which characterise him are evident from everything about him; but the confidence he inspires never gives occasion to familiarity, for it is based upon a profound esteem for his virtues and a high opinion of his talents. . . . The most striking characteristic of this respected man is the perfect accord which exists between his physical and moral qualities. This idea of a perfect whole cannot be produced by enthusiasm, which rather would reject it, since the effect of proportion is to diminish the idea of greatness. Brave without rashness, laborious without ambition, generous without prodigality, noble without pride, virtuous without severity, he seems always to have confined himself within those limits where the virtues, by clothing themselves in more lively but more changeable and doubtful colours, may be mistaken for faults."

CHÂTEAUBRIAND.

Where could one find a shrewder or juster estimate of Washington than is embodied in these few lines? Later, a visit to Monticello gives opportunity for a pen picture of Jefferson which we would not willingly do without. "He is a man not yet forty, of tall stature and a mild and pleasant countenance; but his mind and understanding are ample substitutes for every external grace. Before I had been two hours in his company we were as intimate as if we had passed our whole lives together. Walking, books, but, above all, the conversation, always varied and interesting, sustained by that sweet satisfaction experienced by two persons whose sentiments are always in unison, and who understand each other at the first hint, made four days seem to me only so many minutes. No object had escaped Mr.

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Jefferson's attention; and it seemed as if from his youth he had placed his mind, as he had done his house, on an elevation from which he might contemplate the universe."

At the time of M. de Chastellux's visit to Monticello, Jefferson thought only of retirement; but when the *Voyages in America* appeared four years afterward, he was Minister of the United States at Paris. The death of his wife had determined him to return to public life. He formed a solid friendship for his former guest, of which his correspondence offers abundant proof. The brilliant French soldier introduced the recluse of Monticello to the salons of Paris; and the New-World democrat, with the manners of an Old-World aristocrat, entered with zest into the society of the French capital, where he received the same welcome and honours that had been accorded in other years to Franklin.

When *Voyages in America* appeared, the Revolutionary party in France greeted the book with acrid protests. They were angry at the judgments which the author passed upon men and things in the New World, that his praises of democracy were not louder, his denunciations of the past not more sweeping. Brissot de Warville, whose caustic pen was already in full exercise, published a bitter review of the book; and in 1788, the year M. de Chastellux died, while serving as governor of Longwy, set out for America, with the avowed object of examining for himself the effects of liberty on the character of man.

BRISSOT DE WARVILLE.

CHEVALIER DE CHASTELLUX.

The book which he wrote and published after his return to France offers an admirable pendant to M. de Chastellux's earlier volumes. Saturated with the teachings of Rousseau, and at heart a reformer, M. de Warville entered upon his studies of our forming society with the zeal of an enthusiast. Where M. de Chastellux doubts or suspends judgment he approves and applauds. Looking through his eyes, the Boston of 1788 is almost as interesting as the Boston of 1900. "With what pleasure," he writes, "did I contemplate this town which first shook off the British yoke! How I delighted to wander up and down that long street, whose simple houses of wood border the magnificent channel of Boston, and whose full stores offer me all the productions of the continent I have quitted! How I enjoyed the activity of the merchants, the artisans and the sailors! . . . You no longer meet here that

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Presbyterian austerity which interdicted all pleasures, even that of walking; which forbade travelling on Sunday; which persecuted men whose opinions were different than their own. Music, which their teachers formerly proscribed as a diabolic art, begins to make part of their education. In some houses you hear the porte-piano. God grant that the Bostonian women may never, like those of France, acquire perfection in this art! It is never attained but at the expense of the domestic virtues. The Bostonians," he tells us in another place, "have no brilliant monuments, but they have neat and commodious churches, good houses, superb bridges and excellent ships. Their streets are well illuminated at night, while many ancient cities of Europe, containing proud monuments of art, have never thought of preventing the fatal effects of nocturnal darkness."

Did space permit it, it would be delightful to follow Brissot de Warville through his American tour, at every turn of which he found a new and fruitful theme for his pen. Washington cordially welcomed him to Mount Vernon, and wrote to Lafayette that he found his countryman "clever, intelligent and discreet." He returned to France at the end of the year, and his after career constitutes a pathetic chapter in the history of the Revolution, to the success of which his eloquence and literary ability contributed in generous measure. At the outset, perhaps, the most influential opponent of the court and the aristocracy, he became, after the flight of the royal family, the leader of the party that demanded the king's deposition, but in the convention opposed his execution, and so invoked the wrath of the Men of September. Following the defeat of the Girondists, in whose councils he had been a master spirit, he fled from Paris, but was arrested, and on the last day of October, 1793, at the end of a long imprisonment, died on the guillotine. A generation after his death his memoirs, written in prison, were published by his son.

Following Brissot de Warville came Châteaubriand, Rochefoucauld and Volney. It was in the summer of 1791 that, to give him his full name, François Auguste, Viscount de Châteaubriand, arrived in America, driven thence by the Revolution, though he gave as his ostensible errand a projected search for the Northwest Passage. He visited in turn Philadelphia, New York, Boston and Albany, and then plunged into the wilderness, living for months among the Indians who dwelt along the shores of the Great Lakes. Afterward he travelled in Florida, and spent some time among the Natchez. Châteaubriand left the States at the end of the year, but these wanderings among the red men, the strange, wild beauty of a virgin continent, the grandeur of its rivers and the brooding solitude of its forests, made a deep and abiding impression upon the plastic fancies of a youth of twenty-three; and in 1801 bore fruit in the curious yet moving romance of *Atala,* a book which should still find readers, if only for the reason that it offers an unrivalled picture of life among the Indians. The author's *Voyage en Amerique* did not find its way into print until 1834, and had then, despite its literary charm, lost not a little of the interest that earlier publication would have assured it.

It was the Revolution also that brought the Duc de Rochefoucauld-Liancourt to the United States. An officer of high rank in the French army, he had sat in the States-General in 1789,

DUC DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

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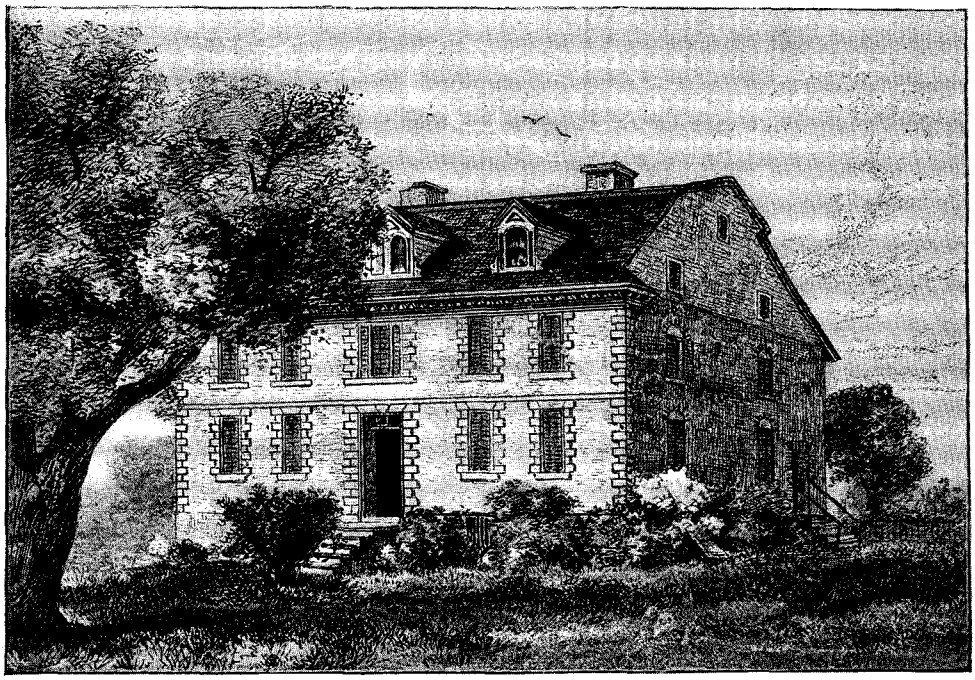

THE DEY HOUSE, PREAKNESS, NEW JERSEY, WHERE WASHINGTON ENTERTAINED THE MARQUIS DE CHASTELLUX.

and later sought unsuccessfully to save the life of his king. Expelled from France in 1792, he spent two years in England, and then came to America, arriving at Philadelphia early in 1794. Though one of the wealthiest men in France, and destined afterward to hold a distinguished place at the courts of Napoleon and Louis XVIII., he reached Philadelphia almost penniless, and was glad to find a home in the house of Chief Justice Chew at Germantown, where he remained for several months a welcome guest.

As soon, however, as his means would permit the duke set out upon an extended and systematic tour of the States. His first journey led him by the way of Ephrata and Lancaster to Harrisburg, and thence to Northumberland, where he was for a time a guest in the house of Dr. Joseph Priestley, then lately come from England. Lancaster had at that time a population of 7000, and was the largest inland town in the country, while Harrisburg was a straggling village of two hundred houses. From Northumberland the duke pushed his way through the forest to Asylum, on the east bank of the Susquehanna, where some three score French refugees, mostly of noble descent, had, with their followers and servants, found a temporary home in the wilderness. Asylum no longer has a place upon the map, for most of the colonists afterward returned to France. One of these was Dupetit Thouars, who became the duke's travelling companion in some of his journeys. An eighteenth-century Porthos, Thouars was afterward made a captain in Napoleon's navy, and went down with his ship in the battle of the Nile.

The duke's northward journey from Asylum led him to Buffalo, which then had not a single white inhabitant, and onward along the Ontario shore to Oswego. He had hoped to visit Canada, but the outbreak of war between France and England rendered this impossible. Instead, he turned his face eastward, and by way of the Mohawk Valley and Albany made a winding visit to New England. A subsequent journey carried him through Virginia and the Carolinas into Georgia and Alabama. These several pilgrimages took form after the duke's return to Europe in 1798, in eight

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fat volumes, entitled *Voyage dans les États-Unis*. The duke, it will be seen, was not sparing in the use of words; but one does not feel like blaming him for that; since the picture that he gives of the America of a hundred years ago is luminous, faithful and complete, and is coloured, besides, with the kindly discrimination and the humorous tolerance of the citizen of the world. Its adequate translation into English, a task still undone, would win for the translator the heartfelt gratitude of every American scholar.

Rufus Rockwell Wilson.

THREE VOLUMES OF SHORT STORIES*

Some two or three months ago a correspondent wrote to us in order to ask the question why it is that short stories possessing genuine literary quality are becoming every year more rare. We answered that the inquiry involved an assumption which was opposed to the actual fact. Had the question come to us a little later, we could have fortified our answer by a reference to the three volumes which are now before us, and which, together with Mr. Dawson's *African Nights' Entertainments*, would alone suffice to prove that the short story, so far from having entered upon a period of decline, is attaining with us to something of the perfection and artistic completeness which characterise the masters of French fiction in this *genre*.

These three books have absolutely no resemblance one to the other. Their authors have not a single point of contact as regards style and temperament and theme and mode of treatment; and this very fact, when viewed in connection with their brilliancy, only serves to emphasise the truth of the assertion that has just been made. In *The Girl and the Governor*, Mr. Warren has written a series of stories that are not entirely disconnected, inasmuch as certain characters appear and reappear throughout them; and the theme is, first of all, political intrigue viewed as a part of the whole life, social and intellectual, of our country at the present day. The title of the book is not the title of any one of the stories in it. Mr. Warren probably selected it because of its alliterative sound, and thereby did his book injustice; inasmuch as those who hear of it will half unconsciously assign it to the class of stories which are typified in *The Girl and the Guardsman*—a poor, cheap piece of writing. The significance of Mr. Warren's title is found in this: that a good part of his book has to do with the undercurrents of public life and with the social influences that are continually mingled with the political. In this intermingling the influence of woman is naturally ever present, and it is a factor to be reckoned with; and Mr. Warren has very deftly woven his different strands together so as to show in a convincing way the complex nature of our whole social fabric. He has managed to do it without localising too rigorously his scenes, his incidents and his personages; but, obviously, the particular commonwealth which he has described to us is a half-suggested blend of Massachusetts and New York. About half of the names of his characters are Massachusetts names when they are not entirely neutral; while the real hero of the book, when taken as a whole, is named Clinton, even though we are almost certain that in drawing him Mr. Warren had the late Governor Russell, of Massachusetts, before his mind. His Copley School, with its "Prescott House" and its traditions of a Winthrop, brings one into the vicinity of Boston, just as Colonel Butterfield and Senator Burke and Mr. Mullen who kidnap the Governor, so that he shall not veto a corporation bill, seem to bring us into the vicinity of Albany. In this, as in everything else,

*The Girl and the Governor. By Charles Warren. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

Powers That Prey. By Josiah Flynt and Francis Walton. New York: McClure, Phillips and Company. $1.25.

Men of Marlowe's. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $1.25.

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Mr. Warren has shown his cleverness; because in some way or other he has managed it so that the reader's mind is not at all conscious of any incongruity. The stories themselves are interesting to a degree. They rivet your attention, and they carry you along with an interest that never flags and with a truth to life which sometimes draws your sympathy toward the very human rascals rather than to the less human but irreproachably virtuous beings who are made to triumph.

The importance of *Powers That Prey* must not be gauged by the very limited space which we are at this time able to bestow upon it. The book, indeed, is quite unique; and quite unique, too, are the knowledge—the wonderfully intimate knowledge—and the keen, hard, philosophic manner in which that knowledge is employed to throw a white light upon what the authors call the Under World, which is the world of criminals, on the one hand, and of those who, on the other hand, are supposed to keep the criminals in check. The following passage from the Introduction very accurately describes the Under World as it is shown to us in these stories, which are also informal sociological studies:

> High life in the Under World consists in the doings of the personages and potentates of side streets; and the most significant feature in their life, both to themselves and to the rest of us, lies in the league between the Powers That Rule and the Powers That Prey. The Platonic idea of the case is that between detective and criminal there exists a natural feud like that between the shepherd and the wolf. The similitude is perfect in but one respect: both wolf and shepherd live at the expense of the flock. High life in the Under World is a maze of tolerances, private contracts, understandings, courtesies; the shepherd and the wolf not infrequently kill and eat their lamb together. The Powers That Rule take tithes, the Powers That Prey prey by permission and surrender part of their plunder for the right to walk invisible.

It is, perhaps, because of the truth of what is written here, and not because of any bias of the authors, that the reader of this book will find his sympathy, as a whole, not on the side of those who represent and at the same time make a travesty of the law, but rather with those "waifs and strays, who at their best must play a losing game; who, with all their energy and pride of life, are doomed to pay; who almost never die rich; who end oftenest 'dead'; who have the world abidingly against them, and never greatly concerned, even when it does not know them for what they are, to protect their property or life." In two of the stories —"The Order of the Penitents" and "The Prison Demon"—this is eminently true, and so, perhaps, even in "The Great Idea," where one renders an unconscious tribute to cleverness and courage and audacity, even though these are exhibited wholly in defiance of the law. Taken altogether, the stories constitute a revelation of a life that is all about it and yet whose existence scarcely one of us can realise. It gives us a very curious feeling to read these stories—an uncomfortable, startled feeling, such as one would have did he know that the apparently empty air around him was filled with strange creatures, unclean and menacing and invisible. And this feeling is, perhaps, a very real and very flattering, because it is a half-unconscious, tribute to the power which these exceedingly original writers have here displayed.

Mrs. Dudeney's *Men of Marlowe's* affords collectively a view of life as it is spent in Marlowe's Inn, just off of Holborn—an imaginary Inn which represents one of those typically English haunts where odd Bohemian people abide in sets of chambers grouped about a quadrangle that is entered through an archway leading to a beautiful green garden, and where strange things are done and strange lives lived. The chief literary interest of this book will be felt by those who have been attracted and fascinated by Mrs. Dudeney's two important novels; for we regard these sketches as representing, in the main, an earlier period of her literary development, when she was experimenting. They are really studies; and we think that probably at the time when they were written Mrs. Dudeney put them aside without any serious thought of publication, and that afterward she touched them up a little and gave to them a certain continuity or interrelation in order that they might, when taken together, constitute a sort of literary entity. They are very uneven in their merits, however, and we think that

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we can detect the evidence of their original condition. There is, for example, a certain inconsistency in the conception of several of the characters, a sort of wavering, of which we sometimes cannot keep ourselves from being conscious. The most striking of these inconsistencies is found in the character of the "born-bad lot" named Kinsman. In the story entitled "Mortgaged" he is a man with an artistic soul, refined, enthusiastic, charming. In "An Interlude" he is a base creature, a blackmailer, a would-be *souteneur*. The two conceptions do not harmonise. For our part, we could wish that "Mortgaged" had been allowed to disappear; because the other story that we have mentioned is the most powerful thing in all the book—a slight thing compressed within some twenty pages—yet full of curious experience, of sin, of terror and of tragedy. As in all her books, Mrs. Dudeney writes with the muscular grip of a man; and it is difficult to imagine how a woman could have had this intimate knowledge of the life of a place like Marlowe's Inn, so as to describe it with a sureness and a frankness that almost equal George Moore's description of the Temple in *Mike Fletcher*. What we are going to quote has nothing to do with anything that we have just now said. It is simply a phrase used in the Introduction; but we quote it because it means so much. A woman says:

"You promised not to irritate me by being chivalrous. Chivalry! That subtle grip of the Middle Ages on my sex!"

Mrs. Stetson could not have better and more strikingly brought home to us this idea had she developed it throughout a dozen chapters.

Harry Thurston Peck.

AT THE GATE.

Nay: on thy lip a warning finger place
And stay thine eager steps. One moment wait
On hither side; one moment turn thy face
(Before thou shalt pass in and close the gate)
Back to the path by trembling Doubt made Sweet.
When yonder latch is lifted to thy hand,
The farthest limit prest by thy glad feet,
And in the temple of thy dreams they stand,
Thou'lt long for what uncertainty made dear,
And know that Pain, not Joy, hath made thee wise.
Above each gate flames Duty's sword; 'tis here
The radiance of thy one white moment lies.
Then linger to enshrine it; stay thy feet,
And live this hour by trembling Doubt made sweet!

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

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LITERARY PARIS

The first view of the functions of the French Academy is that they are purely linguistic and literary. Those who have discussed the question, whether its establishment was hurtful or beneficial to France, have, as a rule, examined simply the effect which the existence of the Academy has had upon the language and literature of France. There is another aspect of the question which must have struck all those who attended the public sitting of November 22, 1900. They had come in order to hear the two reports presented upon the literary prizes and the *Prix de Vertu* awarded by the Academy. The former report was, as usual, drawn by the *Secrétaire Perpétuel* of the Academy, Professor Gaston Boissier. The author of the report on the *Prix de Vertu* was Jules Lemaître, formerly nothing but a man of letters, but now the most brilliant light in the newly formed Nationalistic Party. Where, when the contest of parties is so fierce as it is now in France, could a man like Jules Lemaître meet his political opponents on neutral ground, and maintain with them courteous and even friendly intercourse? The Academy prides itself on being a *salon*. There Jules Lemaître and Anatole France, Brunetière and Gaston Paris forget all that they may have written on opposite sides, and yield to benign and pacifying influences which, but for the Academy, might have had no chance of acting upon them.

Lemaître's report, though, of course, a model of French style, contained nothing especially striking. The prizes announced in the other report, on the other hand, were all of interest to literary people. The most important of them—the Gobert prize, awarded to the best recent work on French history—was given to Pierre de la Gorce for his *Histoire du Second Empire,* which has been more than once mentioned in these articles. These Gobert prizes are very interesting. Baron Gobert realised that a work of history may be very remarkable from the standpoint of the investigator and yet fail to be a remarkable literary performance. So he established two annual prizes, one given by the Académie Française to an historical work of literary excellence, the other, given by the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, to a work of purely historical merit. This year the winner of the latter prize is M. Rudolph Reuss, the author of a work on *L'Alsace au dix-Septième Siècle.*

The Théâtre Français also must be mentioned this month for the great treat it gave to the lovers of the beautiful in literature. I allude to the performance of *Alkestis,* a verse drama based upon Euripides's play, by M. Georges Rivollet. The management was surprised by the success of the play, which is fully deserved. M. Rivollet's task was performed admirably, and his play is not far from being a dramatic and poetical masterpiece. Whether he has it in him to do as well when creating as when adapting remains to be seen.

Other events in dramatic literature are the publication of *L'Aiglon,* which at last appeared at the beginning of December, and the announcement that over two hundred thousand copies of *Cyrano* have been sold in France.

To the broad feeling of hospitality due to the Exhibition the Parisians will be indebted for a very interesting series of performances. For the first time in half a century or more they will have an opportunity of hearing in the original the dramatic masterpieces of German literature. The celebrated Hungarian actress, Marie Barkany, brings with her a German company which is now appearing in Schiller's *Jungfrau von Orléans* and *Maria Stuart,* in Goethe's *Faust,* in Sudermann's *Heimath* and in a German translation of Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew.*

From the very large number of books that have lately passed through the press it looks as though publishers had been waiting for the Affaire Dreyfus and the Exhibition to be things of the past, and were now overwhelming the public with their reserves.

In fiction literature, for instance, I must mention first a posthumous book by Guy de Maupassant, *Les Dimanches d'un Bourgeois de Paris;* next, a volume of charming short stories and dialogues by Henri Lavedan, *La Valse;* an historical novel dealing with the time of the religious wars in the sixteenth century,

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Blancador L'Avantageux, by Maurice Maindron; a possibly autobiographical novel by Madame Blanc-Bentzon, *Tchelovek,* and the second volume of a new novel by Jules Verne, *Seconde Patrie,* which brings the collection of his complete works up to the respectable figure of eighty-one volumes. Of course, this is a far from complete list of the novels of the month. I mention only what seems to me best and most striking.

Poets, leaving out the dramatic poets, have not been very active. All that they have given us worth noticing is a volume due to a belated Parnassian, Albert Mérot, *Vers le Soir.* But in history, memoirs, monographs, etc., few periods have done as much. First, Émile Ollivier gives us the fifth volume of his exceedingly interesting *Histoire de l'Empire Libéral.* As the work progresses, it becomes, of course, more and more a defence of the author's political course. The volume just issued deals with *L'Inauguration de l'Empire Libéral,* and in the sub-title figure the words *Le Roi Guillaume,* which take up a sinister meaning under the pen of the man whose political fortunes were destroyed by the victories of the German sovereign.

Another important historical work is *L'Indépendence Grecque et l'Europe,* by Gaston Isambert. It is the first good history in French of the establishment of Greek independence, a rather curious fact when we remember what an important part France took in the events related, and how fervid her enthusiasm for the Greeks in their heroic struggles against Turkish tyranny.

Professor Émile Levasseur gives us a new and considerably improved edition of his *Histoire des Classes ouvrières et de l'Industrie en France avant 1789,* with the first edition of which he began his reputation, not far from forty years ago.

With M. Joseph Turquan, History is not quite so severe a Muse. He writes about two interesting women—Stéphanie de Beauharnais, who was Grand Duchess of Baden, and who lived from 1789 to 1860, and the Duchesse de Chevreuse, who was one of the members of the old aristocracy half reconciled with Napoleon's government. These two monographs form one volume of a series under the general title of *Souveraines et Grandes Dames,* in which M. Turquan has already presented to us, not always with great leniency, Empress Joséphine, Queen Hortense, Napoleon's sisters, Mesdames Tallien, Du Cayla, De Krudenez, etc. His next volume will deal with the Duchesse d'Abrantès and Madame Récamier.

Another woman of the same period, Madame Lavalette, the heroic wife who saved her husband, sentenced to death by the Bourbons, by taking his place in the prison while he escaped in her clothes, is the subject of a very full monograph by Louis Xavier de Ricard.

Then we have the memoirs of the Duc de Rovigo, the Minister of Police, who was entrusted with the not very pleasing task of destroying Madame de Staël's *De l'Allemagne* and sending the author into exile; and another set of entertaining recollections, *Les Mémoires Anecdotiques du Général Marquis de Bonneval (1786-1873).*

The following monographs are not purely historical, they deal with characters that belong to literature and art fully as much as to history.

One is due to a new writer whose accession to the literary tribe will be watched with no small interest, the daughter of the late President Felix Faure. The book, moreover, owes its interest no less to the subject than to the author. It is, if we are not mistaken, the first exhaustive work published in French on John Henry Newman. The title of the book is *Newman, sa vie et ses Œuvres.*

To M. G. Lechartier we owe a book dealing at length with another Englishman, or rather a Scotchman, *David Hume, Moraliste et Sociologue,* and Cardinal Perraud gives us a complete biography of his predecessor in the French Academy, Father Gratry.

The hero of M. Paul Lafond's book, Garat, was not so grave a character. He was merely a singer, an Opéra Comique singer; his popularity was at its height during the days of the Directory, and his biographer, in order to make us understand his career, gives us a very full and accurate picture of the curious society which applauded him.

One of the most beautiful books of the season is H. Thirion's *Les Adam et les Clodion, Sculpteurs du dix-huitième*

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Siècle. Of course, in a book of that kind the illustrations are, at least, as important as the text; but M. Thirion's text is well worth reading, as he is a true lover of eighteenth-century art.

I shall not leave this subject of monographs without mentioning a book soon to appear. It will be by the daughter of Marshal de Castellane, Comtess de Beaulaincourt, and will relate the life of her grandfather, Comte de Castellane, who passed through many a strange adventure during the French Revolution.

From the late Professor Henri Marion comes a very important posthumous work, nothing less than a *Psychologie de la Femme.* This subject had been hitherto considered the special domain of novelists; it is here taken up by a man who had become acquainted with women mainly through his labours as an educator. His conclusions will not be approved by those who want woman to be in everything man's competitor. The book is likely to cause a good deal of discussion.

Another serious book, also belonging to the domain of mental philosophy, is Alfred Binet's *La Suggestibilité.* Philosophy takes a much less forbidding look, thanks to the addition of an adjective, in Henry Fouquier's *Philosophie Parisienne,* a collection of the brilliant journalist's "Chroniques."

A number of new books deal with distant countries; first, Émile Vedel's *La Lumière d'Orient,* which has the honour of being introduced to the public by a preface due to Pierre Loti; then M. R. Dubois's *Le Tonkin en 1900,* the first serious book published on that country since France took possession of it; and Henri Lorin's *L'Afrique à l'Entrée du Vingtième Siècle.*

Two lieutenants in the French navy give us a book the first idea of which is, undoubtedly, due to the influence exerted upon their minds by Captain Mahan's writings, *La Marine et le Progrès.* These two disciples of the great American naval historian are Messrs. Maurice Loir and Gaston de Caqueray.

I shall have something like completed my talk after stating that in *La Grande Revue* Paul Maurice publishes under the title of *Lettres à la Fiancée* Victor Hugo's love letters to Adèle Foucher; that René Doumic has added a new volume to his *Études sur la Littérature Française* a collection of articles originally published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes;* that Edmond Stoullig gives us the twenty-fifth annual volume of his *Annales du Théâtre de la Musique;* and last, but far from least, that Hachette and Company have just completed the publication of their great edition of Molière's works by issuing in two volumes (the twelfth and thirteenth of the edition) a lexicon of French as used by the great dramatist. This lexicon is due to two brothers, Arthur and Paul Desfeuilles. A work similar in scope to theirs was published about a year ago by another Moliériste, Charles Livet.

Adolphe Cohn.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES

"The Infidel."

The Infidel, by Miss M. E. Braddon, is a book well worth the reading. It has strength and it has sweetness. Its central figure is a character admirably drawn and thoroughly consistent. The story is built around the religious revivals of John Wesley, and in sharp contrast to Wesley and his followers one sees the modish life of English aristocracy in the reign of King George II.—the London of the Walpoles and Herveys, Carterets and St. Johns, Pitts and Foxes. Miss Braddon writes freely of religion and of religious characters, yet she never for one moment forgets that she is writing a romance. She is not guilty of a dull page in the entire book. The story opens in Grub Street, where William Thornton and his beautiful daughter are scribbling for their living. The father has brought his daughter up on Voltaire, and has made of her an infidel like himself. She wins the love of Lord Kilrush, who marries her on his deathbed, bequeathing to her all his fortune and exacting from her a vow that she will never marry again; that she will lie by his side when life is done, and that the vault shall be their

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only wedding bed. The story goes on to tell of the life of the infidel after she becomes Lady Kilrush; of her palatial home and her stately receptions; of the good that she does among the sick and the destitute. It tells of her meeting with John Wesley; of her friendship with George Stobart, afterward Bishop of Northborough, and of the sacrifice of self to the vow made to her dying husband. The theme is certainly a strong one, and Miss Braddon has handled it in a forceful manner. (Messrs. Harper and Brothers.)

"Madame Bohemia."

A novel somewhat above the average is *Madame Bohemia,* by Francis Neilson. If Mr. Neilson had been a little more natural and a little less anxious to strive after dramatic effects, he would have given us an excellent novel of human life. He writes of real Bohemians, not of the kind who drink champagne out of cracked cups and who pose as Bohemians one night and as conventional members of society the next, but of the men and the women whose attitude of mind and whose way of living would make it incongruous for them to belong to any other class of human beings. They do not pose. They are always in debt because that is their nature; but they are ever ready to lend a helping hand to some other Bohemian who is even less fortunate than themselves. Madame Bohemia herself is a woman nearer forty than thirty, whose life has been one long period of sacrifice. Once a popular opera singer in the different capitals of Europe, now living in New York, giving readings and doing what she can to support an adopted son, whose selfishness and general unworthiness have blasted her life. He is a musician afflicted by the artistic temperament, which in his case is a term for everything that is disagreeable and impossible. Mr. Neilson should be commended for the frank manner in which he treats the sex question. He does not moralise or analyse. He states facts as they are. He tells of the love of Madame Bohemia for a man many years her junior, and of his love for her. He is a playwright and an author, sometimes so poor that he is on the verge of suicide, and at other times so successful that money is no consideration. His is a typical life in many ways, and his little apartment on Washington Square is as real as are many of the persons who visit there. *Madame Bohemia* is another addition to New York in fiction, and it has many strong points which make it worth reading. Miss Charlotte Harding has done some excellent work in the half dozen drawings which embellish the book. (The J. B. Lippincott Company.)

"Quicksand."

Mr. Hervey White's *Quicksand* is a drab-coloured story of the humdrum, monotonous existence of a drab-coloured family. In our opinion, *Quicksand* is not as strong a piece of work as Mr. White's former novel, *Differences,* which appeared last year, and which revealed a keen insight into social questions, and which gave a realistic picture of settlement life in a large city. In *Quicksand* Mr. White has shown the family life of the Hinckleys, who migrate from New Hampshire to Iowa and thence to Kansas. He shows the narrowness and pettiness and selfishness of their religion and their love, and the awful tragedy of the commonplace. In the opening chapter of the book, which speaks of the love of two innocent schoolmates, who sin without knowing what sin means, and in the closing chapter, which gives a touching description of old age as it creeps upon the loveless life of the self-sacrificing Mary, Mr. White is at his best. He shows a wonderful patience with his people, and an understanding of the conditions which make for their narrowness and their selfishness. In pleading the cause of Libbie, the narrowest and most selfish member of the Hinckley family, he says:

> As a matter of fact, it is the case with the average woman that, having been prevented from marrying the man of her choice, and having arrived at an age when the demands of a blighted motherhood are clamorous, there can be very little that is rational about much of her actions, very little that is reliable in questions of sex, and little that is blameworthy, either.

Quicksand is too real. It shows the nakedness of the human soul without the beauty and the romance which we demand in our fiction. There is not a gleam of hope for Mr. White's people;

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their lives are dull tragedies. (Messrs. Small, Maynard and Company.)

"The Worldlings."

Mr. Leonard Merrick has added to his list of six or seven novels a very readable story entitled *The Worldlings.* It is the story of a man's duplicity and a man's love. Maurice Blake, at forty, found himself stranded in South Africa, when a peculiar temptation came to him. This temptation resulted in his return to England as the son of Sir Noel Jardine, who had left home many years before, and who had died out in the gold fields. The woman who had lived with Philip Jardine as his wife was the temptress, and she was to share in the profits of the daring scheme. So Maurice Blake became Philip Jardine, a member of London's most exclusive set, and no one would have been the wiser had not love for a woman stepped in. Then his conscience awakens, and for a time crushes him. But love conquers. He marries the woman, and the deceit is carried on. Just what part the temptress plays in the game and just how the story ends are points which shall not be revealed here. Mr. Merrick writes well, and his worldly wisdom is admirably displayed in the following conversation which a wise mother has with her daughter:

Close your eyes; the contented woman is the woman who doesn't see too much. Love isn't blind, because there's no love without jealousy, and jealousy's an Argus; but contentment *is!* . . .

We oughtn't to judge our husbands from our own standpoint. . . . We are better than men are in big things—we fib more, and we're ruder; but, on the whole, we are better, even in our sins. A woman has to fancy herself in love with another man before she deceives her husband; but a man can run after other women while he knows he loves his wife. . . . The woman who refuses to believe her husband loves her simply because she discovers him to be inconstant only understands her own nature. . . .

She doesn't understand men's. And such as it is, it's what we ought to judge them by. They are the slaves of their impulses, to use a pretty word; their point of view is totally different from ours—they can't see what we have to make such a fuss about. Many a man who deceives his wife without the slightest compunction would go through fire and water to save her a grief he understood. My dear child, don't let us forget that if men had self-control, most women would die old maids!

(Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company.)

"The Love of Landry."

The Love of Landry, by Paul Laurence Dunbar, is evidently the result of the author's trip to Colorado, where he was obliged to stay for a time on account of ill-health. The scene of this little story is on a ranch in Colorado, where Mildred Osborne, a New York girl, goes with her father by order of her physician. The plot is a slight one, and the reader must be satisfied with the love interest. Landry is a wealthy Philadelphian who, because of a sorry experience at home, abhors civilisation and seeks the wide plains of the West, where he masquerades as a cow-puncher. That he falls in love with Mildred goes without saying. She treats him somewhat as an inferior, for Mr. Dunbar says "there is in every woman a bit of the snob." But Landry takes his snubbing rather cheerfully, and in the end everything turns out satisfactorily. In the meantime he airs his views on life generally. In a cynical moment he says: "Nothing is quite so conceited as what we call civilisation; and what does it mean, after all, except to lie gracefully, to cheat legally, and to live as far away from God and Nature as the world limit will let." It is quite natural that Mr. Dunbar should have certain limitations when he endeavours to portray the character of those not of his own race. His dialogue is stilted, and the following conversation between the father and daughter reminds one of a child's catechism:

"What—what do they do with so much corn, papa?" she asked.

"They bring down prices with so much corn," he answered grimly.

"Yes, but what else do they do with it? Surely it has some other use besides that?"

"It has. They eat it, they feed it to their stock, they mill it, and they corner it."

There is pathos in the following passage, especially when one remembers why it is that so many young men and women are obliged to seek a home in the West:

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With all the faith one may have in one's self, with all the strong hopefulness of youth, it is yet a terrible thing to be forced away from home, from all one loves, to an unknown, uncared-for country, there to fight, hand to hand with death, an uncertain fight. There is none of the rush and clamour of battle that keeps up the soldier's courage. There is no clang of the instruments of war. The panting warrior hears no loud huzzas, and yet the deadly combat goes on; in the still night, when all the world's asleep, in the grey day, in the pale morning, it goes on, and no one knows it save himself and death. Then if he go down, he knows no hero's honours; if he win, he has no special praise. And yet, it is a terrible lone, still fight.

(Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company.)

"A Woman of Yesterday."

A Woman of Yesterday, by Caroline A. Mason, should be classed with the religious novels. It is a conscientious and painstaking piece of work, but by far too morbid and melancholy to please the popular fancy. Mrs. Mason has portrayed the American woman of forty or fifty years ago, who has been brought up in a narrow and deeply religious environment. Anna Mallison is her name, and her cold and passionless perfection gets on one's nerves. She is imbued with the missionary spirit, and she marries a man in order to go with him to India, where they are both to do missionary work. The man breaks down in health on the eve of their marriage, and India is out of the question for all time. They are married, however, and Anna grieves in secret over the frustration of her plans. There is page after page of analysis of her religious nature, which is dull reading, and then comes some action when she and her husband give up their money and their position to join a visionary idealist in a Quixotic scheme. This idealist, who is described as a powerfully magnetic person and a leader of men, founds a town on the co-operative system, which he calls Fraternia. The scheme fails. The husband dies as the result of the hardships which he is obliged to undergo, and Anna goes on in her perfect way—which to our mind is a blind and stupid way. Such a woman in real life would not interest us for a moment. Therefore, why let fiction perpetuate her? (Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company.)

"Dr. North and His Friends."

Those who remember S. Weir Mitchell's *Characteristics* will like *Dr. North and His Friends,* for the personages of the former reappear with others, and they talk more than ever, talk quite as pleasantly, and their manners have not in the least disimproved. They are all so intelligent and well-read and well-mannered and comfortably circumstanced that it is a great privilege to be in their company for nearly five hundred pages. True, there is a millionaire bounder brought in by way of contrast, but he makes few inroads into the polite conversation; and there is a girl who has not always known comfort and culture; but she picks up the prevailing accent of refinement very quickly. It ought to be dull—and the personages are rather prim in an intellectual way—but it isn't dull. It is very nice reading. (The Macmillan Company.)

"Charming Renee."

Charming Renée is a good old English melodramatic novel of the sort that one usually finds between paper covers. It is written by one Arabella Kenealy, who uses with a free hand a wofully hackneyed plot. She becomes so interested in the telling of her story that she speaks of the heroine as being but five feet tall, on one page, and then on the next she describes her unusual height. She also fails to explain several important features of the mystery. However, she makes up for these little slips in other ways. Renée, a young English girl just fresh from school, marries an Englishman of noble birth, who is painted in sombre and mysterious colours. He lives a hermit's life as the result of some awful tragedy in his youth, and the book is full of murder, insanity and other necessary melodramatic material. There is a "villainess" in the story, too, who has a wicked squint in one eye and a mole near her mouth, which is described as particularly fascinating. She tears her hair and storms around generally, of course upsetting any possibility of happiness between Renée and her husband, who in some inexplicable way stands in mortal terror of the squint and the mole. The whole book is cheap

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and improbable, but, then, there may be persons who like the cheap and the improbable in their fiction, and who will find *Charming Renée* of absorbing interest. (Messrs. Harper and Brothers.)

In Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson's *Chloris of the Island* there is a faint flavour of *Lorna Doone*. It is a story of the fighting Carmichaels, who lord it in an island where trespassing is dangerous, who are smugglers, traitors, holding communication with Napoleon, and in every way a desperate and disagreeable family. Their sister, not too much perverted by their evil ways, meets the dauntless hero who dares to brave them, and the natural romantic consequences follow, though not without tremendous cracking of pistols and crossing of swords. It is a vigorous story, but Mr. Marriott Watson has not spent time, as is his wont, in giving it a literary flavour. (Messrs. Harper and Brother.)

"The Girl and the Guardsman."

The Girl and the Guardsman is quite the sort of book to please the young American girl. It has a pretty binding, adorned with miniatures of the "girl" and the "guardsman," and the pictures throughout the book are equally attractive. Mr. Alexander Black, the author, is his own photographer, and in consequence the illustrations blend admirably with the text. Mr. Black will be remembered as the author of several other pleasing books, among them being *Miss Jerry, Modern Daughters* and *Miss America*. The Messrs. Scribner are his publishers.

Notes.

A complete edition of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's works is to be found in six pocket volumes, which Thomas Y. Crowell and Company have brought out. These volumes are edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, who also edited the Camberwell edition of Robert Browning.

Mr. R. H. Russell has brought out a souvenir of Maude Adams in *L'Aiglon*. There is an artistic cover by Ernest Haskell, and some excellent photographs of scenes in the play. The souvenir bears the authorisation of Mr. Charles Frohman.

Mr. W. T. Stead, editor of the English *Review of Reviews*, has written the *Life of Mrs. Booth*, the founder of the Salvation Army. Mr. Stead has made the book very entertaining, and he has added an appendix, giving the dates of important events in the life of Mrs. Booth, who died in 1890. The Fleming H. Revell Company are its publishers.

This is the season for year books. The Rev. George Sidney Webster has made selections from the works of Henry Van Dyke and has published them, through the Messrs. Scribner, under the title *The Friendly Year*. This book will be especially attractive to the admirers of Dr. Van Dyke's work in prose and in verse.

Margaret Sangster, whose name is widely known to American women readers, has published through the Fleming H. Revell Company *Winsome Womanhood*, which title stands for "Familiar Talks on Life and Conduct." Mrs. Sangster begins with "The Girl of Fifteen" and ends with "Waiting for the Angels." The "talks" have a strong religious tendency, and we do not doubt that they will help those who depend upon this sort of thing as a guide for their conduct.

Messrs. George W. Jacobs and Company have brought out two little volumes of *American Wit and Humour*, "a collection from various sources classified under appropriate subject headings." Frontispieces of Mark Twain and Oliver Wendell Holmes adorn these little volumes, but just what they have to do with the text we cannot say. We are loath to believe that these books represent real American wit and humour; in fact, the following quotations had a melancholy effect upon us:

A Burlington man ate too much duck Thanksgiving Day and had a fit of indigestion. His wife recommended some quack medicine.

The reason why Mrs. Langtry wears a black boa in cold weather is because she doesn't like her white chin-chilly.

Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler has recently completed an agreement with Mr. Daniel Frohman for the production of a dramatised version of *A Double Thread*.

We understand that Mr. Irving Bacheller's next novel is to appear in the *Century Magazine*. *Eben Holden* seems to be increasing in popularity.

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THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX

Sitting before our budget of interesting letters, we are for once a little loath to begin the pleasant task of answering them. Perhaps the season of the year is responsible for this, for it is the season of good cheer and of good-will. Both of these are reflected in our thoughts, and we send forth to every one of our correspondents, even to those who have hammered us the hardest, our cordial wishes for a Merry Christmas. We have been looking back over the past five years and recalling all the little controversies that we have had with those who write to us, and all the letters of friendly commendation and genial criticism that have come to us through the medium of the Letter-Box; and we should like to think that our correspondents entertain for us a little of the genuine friendliness which we entertain for them. Inspired by the festivity of the Christmas-tide, our fancy has gone forth into the future and has suggested to us a fitting way in which to celebrate THE BOOKMAN'S tenth Christmas when it comes around. We have in mind (and the thought of it is vastly pleasing) a scheme for a Letter-Box Banquet, to which we shall invite our valued friends and all our dearest foes. Already we are planning the details of such a banquet, and though some of these details are rather complex and even just a little bit embarrassing, still we are sure that such a celebration would be eminently worth the while. Though only half of the decade has yet elapsed, the list of Letter-Box contributors who would be received as honoured guests is one whose length is equalled only by its real distinction. First of all, there is the learned and indomitable Mr. Israel U. Sage, of Gramercy Park, who has been silent for some years, but whom no reader of THE BOOKMAN can have possibly forgotten. He will be there, of course, and also Mrs. Sage, whose health, we trust, is better than it used to be. We shall give the Sages a position at the table somewhat distant from our own, lest Mr. Sage should ask us questions about language which we should have to answer on the spot and without the necessary time in which to think up a reply sufficiently ingenious. Then there is the Philadelphia lady who wrote to say that she had many questions to propound to us if we would only promise not to be sarcastic, but who after we had promised never wrote another word. There is also the gentleman from British Columbia who said hard things about us because we answered his inquiry as to Miss Mary Johnston's novel with what was really a most reprehensible degree of levity. We shall seat him next to the Canadian lady who pleasantly informed us that if we ever came to her section of Canada we should receive a coat of tar and feathers. We are sure that she and the gentleman from British Columbia will have, at least, one subject on which they will be wholly in accord. There is also that other lady who wrote to us to say that we would make an admirable target for a gun-club. We shall be glad to welcome her. We recall also the disreputable person who wrote those awful things about ladies who belong to Women's Clubs. He posted his letter from a Pullman car, and then fled away and hid himself among the Texan chaparal. We said before and we say it still (officially) that he is an evil man; but even he may come to our decennial banquet if he will only don an adequate disguise. The Clear White Souls shall have a place apart all by themselves with angel-food served up on frosted silver trays. The Stetsonian Sisters, likewise, shall be grouped together, carefully sequestered from any distasteful proximity to the monster, Man; and they shall have the sort of pabulum on which we fancy that they thrive—an unlimited supply of Dr. Johnson's Educator Crackers with noble goblets of exhilarating water. There will be no regulations as to dress, but all split infinitives must be left in the cloak-room. It puzzles us to know whom we shall personally take in to dinner. We think that we should like to choose the Nova Scotia lady who has seen Americans do such shocking things in drawing-rooms; but we are pretty certain that she wouldn't speak to us; and, therefore, we shall give her over to the Junior Editor. The Junior Editor has always cautiously refrained from committing himself in public on the subject of the Boer War, and we are certain that to gain the pleasure that we have in store

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for him, he would gladly pose, for a single day at least, as a fervid Anglomaniac. On the whole, we think that we shall offer our editorial arm to the lady from Pittsfield, so as to make up that little difference with her which has for several months been heavy on our mind. We want to convince her that she quite misunderstood us in what we said when speaking about Pittsfield. We sometimes put on a look as of grieved and injured innocence, which experience has shown us to be effective whenever we have committed any serious offence, and we hope that we shall have a chance to try it upon her. We shall engage her in conversation about the town—we mean, of course, the city—of Pittsfield; and she will tell us all about the population and the trolley-cars and waterworks. It will be a dream. There is just one other question which requires a good deal of careful thought, and that is the question as to who shall sit beneath the mistletoe. There are any number of ladies who have written us the most delightful letters expressive of their fervent admiration for the Letter-Box and for what one of them describes as its "presiding genius." These letters we have never published; because we are too modest, and because, had we done so, the Canadian ladies would have said that these letters were all written by ourselves; but we have kept the letters, and their writers' names (where these were given) have been cherished in our memory and in our heart. We should like to give the place beneath the mistletoe to one of them. And yet how are we ever going to decide which one? You see, it is embarrassing to choose, and then even after choosing . . . there are the others, and . . . really we don't quite see . . . There is only one way out of it. We shall take that place beneath the mistletoe ourselves.

I.

A correspondent in Chicago writes as follows:

> I have been waiting for more than a year to see whether you are going to review Laura Marholm's *Studies in the Psychology of Women,* and have about come to the conclusion that you are not. Is this because you do not think it worth reviewing? I should be very glad to have your opinion of the book.

We had intended to review it, but the more we thought it over, the more impossible it seemed to do the book any kind of justice within reasonable limits. To say what we should like to say about it would be to write a monograph; to review it in the space of a few columns or even within the space of a few pages would be unfair to one of the most remarkable books that have appeared in the last ten years. Suffice it to say here that the first half of Laura Marholm's book is quite unique in its penetration, its observation and its remarkable frankness. The second half of the book, however, which aims to be constructive and to look into the future and to establish some theory as to what is going to be or ought to be, is hardly worth the reading, but resembles pretty nearly everything that women write on such a theme.

II.

We have received a long and very earnest letter from a correspondent who writes from Lake George. It is, indeed, too long to print; but the substance of it is a condemnation of what we said in our September issue in approval of the German Kaiser's famous "no quarter" speech to his troops on their departure for the campaign in China. Our correspondent has in her letter said pretty nearly everything that others have written and published since then (her letter is dated last September), and the point of it all is that to slay and spare not is both uncivilised, murderous and unchristian. This, on the face of it, is true; but it raises questions that are difficult to answer save in a purely practical way. Theoretically, war itself is barbarous and unchristian. Theoretically, the capital punishment of a criminal is barbarous and unchristian. Yet Christian men and Christian nations engage in war and justify it, as they also still inflict the punishment of death for crime. The truth is, that certain things which in the abstract might be indefensible must needs be done lest worse things happen. That which seems, when simply viewed, a cruel act may in its purpose and in its ultimate results be in reality an act not merely of high justice but of mercy. In the case of the Chinese, all that is intended is to make upon them as a people such an im-

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pression as will render it unlikely that they will in the future repeat the terrible atrocities of which they have of late been guilty. The only question is as to how this deterrent impression shall be made. It cannot be made by the methods of warfare as conducted among civilised and enlightened nations. The capture of cities, the occupation of territory and the rout of an imperial army all mean absolutely nothing to the vast empire of China as a whole. None of the wars that have hitherto been waged against the Chinese has left the slightest mark upon their memories. What they need just now is punishment so terrible that the recollection of it will not be forgotten, but will survive and live before their minds like a flaming sword, to make them stay their hand from the slaughter and the torture of unnumbered thousands of helpless men and women and even children. It is not a question of revenge; it is a question of protection for the future. When at the close of the great Indian mutiny those human wolves, the Sepoys, were led out for punishment they were not simply shot, since for that they would not have cared at all, nor would their countrymen have cared; but they were blown to atoms from the cannon's mouth—a doom which their religious superstitions made a dreadful one. The act in itself, on the face of it, seems almost inhuman; yet from that day to this India has been free from any outbreak such as the one which led to the horrors of Cawnpore. And so it is in China. The Chinese give no quarter and they would regard mercy shown to them as evidence of fear and weakness. Hence, for the time, to slay and to spare not, so far from being barbarous, may be defended as being in reality inspired by wisdom and by the dispassionate justice which destroys the few in order that the many may be saved.

III.

The lady in Halifax who originally wrote to say that Americans are accustomed to spit upon the floor in drawing-rooms was, as our readers will remember, asked by us whether she had ever witnessed such a phenomenon. She wrote back to say that she had. We couldn't publish her letter last month because we had no Letter-Box at all. Thereupon, she immediately assumed that we were afraid to let her evidence as to Americans be spread before the public, and so she wrote this post-card:

> So you are now afraid to publish my answer to your question about the American gentleman (?) and his little habits connected with pipes and drawing-room floors!! You are an American all right! So *fair* and honourable, like all Yankees!
>
> You believe in giving everybody a show, do you not? November BOOKMAN, page 271! *Oh! Mr. Editor!*
>
> THE LADY FROM HALIFAX.
>
> P. S.—We are all quite well.

Let it, then, go on record that the lady from Halifax has really seen an American spit upon the floor of a drawing-room. Yet we can't see that it proves anything after all, except that the British person who invited him to her drawing-room had the misfortune to have on her visiting list the wrong sort of Americans—which was entirely her own affair. We have seen Englishmen use their coat-tails as pocket handkerchiefs, but not in drawing-rooms; because we do not frequent drawing-rooms where that particular kind of Englishman is found.

IV.

There is another lady up in Halifax who is less strenuous than her fellow-townswoman, but quite as earnest. It was a letter of hers that we answered some time ago in "Here and There." She has written us four pages more on the subject of the Boer War and the Philippines and General Buller. At the present moment we merely wish to acknowledge the receipt of this letter and to say that we shall reply to it somewhat later—that is to say, after General De Wet has been disposed of and things begin to quiet down. Curiously enough, this lady, too, says at the close of her note, "We are all quite well in Halifax." We are glad to hear it; and while she is waiting for a reply we should like to ask her to read something that we wrote "To a British Correspondent" in a former number of this magazine. It is obvious that she never saw it or she would not accuse us of being hostile to England and the English.

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V.

The following note requires no comment, as it refers to a contributor; though we may remark that any man who has no wife may, perhaps, be not inaccurately described as a bachelor.

In Mr. Percival Pollard's "The Bachelor in Fiction," published in the October BOOKMAN, he calls David Harum "a bachelor." Does he not recall David's gift to his wife of the bonnet that "was enough to kill most anybody"?

VI.

The following letter comes from Cambridge, Massachusetts:

Your singular urbanity and readiness to oblige have emboldened me, a sub-sub-editor, to apply to you in regard to a little difference of opinion between myself and a certain sub-editor, who asserts that the rhyming of two lines in the accompanying poem (or, in his judgment, their non-rhyming) are enough to kill it entirely. It is a Christmas poem, and the lines are these, in stanza five:

> Gloria! Gloria! Gloria!
> Rang out from star to answering star.

Of course they could read:

> Then Gloria! pealed from realms afar,
> And rang from star to answering star.

but I liked the repetition of the words, and they came to me before the others. Now, may I venture, after all this prologue, to offer the poem to THE BOOKMAN at usual terms? You can use, if you take it, either form you choose; but *would* the first form really shock critics?

It would shock *us*.

VII.

This letter is from an eminent lawyer residing in Springfield, Missouri:

How provincial you New Yorkers are, to be sure! In your review of *Unleavened Bread* you say that you find your credulity taxed where Selma longs to fascinate the people of New York by reciting "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night." Why shouldn't she recite it in New York? Mr. Grant in the same book makes a town out West of *one hundred and fifty thousand people* where they say "arshitect," where there is not a single trained nurse, where a shallow politician is counsel for great corporations, and where—oh, ye gods!—the women at their social functions recite "O, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?" All this you swallow without a grimace. Did you not know that THE BOOKMAN circulates even in the villages of the Mississippi Valley? If all those things are necessary for the development of Mr. Robert Grant's heroine, why should not New York also be brought into requisition?

In the first place, it ought to be remembered that Mr. Grant professes to be describing a state of things existing in the early seventies; and as for the town of one hundred and fifty thousand people—why, we once heard of some one reciting "Curfew" over in Brooklyn. But in New York—no; or at least we hope not.

VIII.

A query from Charles City, Iowa:

Can you tell me of any book or magazine which will give me information on "American Women Writers"?

No.

IX.

A bit of supplementary information from Waterbury, Connecticut:

Apropos of your quotation in the November number from Mr. Richard Harding Davis: "This reduces the matter to a question of veracity between he and I," I venture to pass on to you a campaign skit of 1884:

> "We never speak as we pass by,
> Me to Jim Blaine, nor him to I."

The point, of course, is Logan's ignorance of grammar, further reference being made to Blaine, which had to be patched up after his nomination on the same ticket.

X.

Here is a curious letter signed "A Beginner," and post-marked at Buffalo:

Knowing that it is the object of your magazine to promote a desire in young people to test their ability as authors, I desire to ask you how I can avoid the difficulty which at present harasses me. I have read so much that when I attempt to write I find that no matter what subject I take I am guilty of plagiarism. Will you kindly answer this in your next number, and inform me how I can get away from myself?

This gentleman is mistaken in thinking that it is the object of our magazine "to promote a desire in young people to

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test their ability as authors." Hence, we are all the more pleased to answer his question—a question which is, however, not quite accurately phrased. What he really wants is not to get away from himself while writing, but to get away from the other authors. This can be easily accomplished in either one of two ways: (*a*) by ceasing to read; or (*b*) by ceasing to write. We recomend the latter.

XI.

A correspondent has surprised us by objecting to a recent sentence of ours beginning with the words "a good deal of talk." He wants to know whether it is proper to say "a good deal." Certainly it is proper, and the expression is found in the best writers. The word "deal" means a share. Probably our correspondent would not have objected to our saying "a goodly share," which is precisely the same thing as "a good deal." He will find this and much more information on the subject in any unabridged dictionary.

XII.

A lady of this city sends us the following note:

Regarding your criticism in the November issue of your magazine, might it not have been Miss Cholmondeley's intention to ascribe this ignorance to Tristram? It occurs in his soliloquy? At least, that is the impression I received at the time.

We should have thought so, too, had it not been for the other misquotation to which we called attention, and for the fact that Miss Cholmondeley showed an extraordinary degree of uncertainty and forgetfulness in the matter of the quotation which she inscribed upon the title-page of her book. Hence, every error of this sort in *Red Pottage* was, perhaps, not unreasonably attributed by us to the author rather than to her characters.

XIII.

That June cover! Shall we ever live it down? Although it is now the end of the year our correspondents still keep harking back to it. Here is a note from Leominster, Massachusetts:

Will you please tell me why the lady who wrote to you about your June cover thought that it had the taint of degeneracy in it?

How do we know? Maybe it was the particular shade of pink, and maybe it was the set of the small boy's trousers. Anyhow, we are not going to publish any more letters about that June cover.

NOVEL NOTES

AN UNSOCIAL SOCIALIST. By G. Bernard Sh New York: Brentano's. $1.50.

How often does a man, while cleverly expounding his pet theory, show its weak points and prove its impossibility! That is what Mr. Shaw has done in his new novel.

Sidney Trefusis, the most social unsocial Socialist ever met in a book, and one who could not possibly be met elsewhere, marries an exquisitely beautiful Jewess, Henrietta Jansenius, whose very love and adoration sicken and weary him, and after five weeks of wedded bliss he runs away and leaves his wife a letter, in which he tells her that he is off,

—surfeited with endearments to live my own life and do my own work. . . . You are a beautiful and luxurious creature: life is to you full and complete only when it is a carnival of love. My case is just the reverse. Before three soft speeches have escaped me I rebuke myself for folly and insincerity. Before a caress has had time to cool, a strenuous revulsion seizes me: I long to return to my old lonely ascetic, hermit life; to my dry books, my Socialist propagandism; my voyage of discovery through the wilderness of thought. . . . You are to me the loveliest woman in the world. Well, for five weeks I have walked and talked and dallied with the loveliest woman in the world, and the upshot of it is that I am flying from her, and am for a hermit's cave until I die.

Even such a letter as this fails to quench the love of Henrietta, who has a heart of fire, the soul of a door-mat, and not enough intellect to criticise. She wants him back at any price. He has loved her for five weeks, and he must continue to love her, or at least to allow her to sit at his feet, patiently waiting for what caresses he may care to fling her way.

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At this period the life and work of Trefusis seem to consist in masquerading in the clothes and speech of a labourer, in getting himself disliked by every one in general and by Miss Wilson, the mistress of a "Moral Science" college, in particular; and in making love to Agatha, Jane and Gertrude, three of the pupils. One is surprised that even the mistress of a "Moral Science" college could be deceived by his speech. "His accent was barbarous; and he, like a low comedian, seemed to relish its vulgarity."

He does not attempt, however, to conceal the fact that he is really a gentleman. In his first conversation with Agatha he acknowledges the truth and, after numerous clownish pranks, discloses his identity to Miss Wilson. While playing the part of a waiter at a garden party at the college, he is recognised by Henrietta. He manages to get her quietly away; and before sending her back to London explains why it is that he will not live with her. It is because his father, a Manchester cotton-spinner, had so profited by the work of his labourers as to make quantities of money, which he had not divided fairly with them. Trefusis, therefore, regards the fortune which he has himself inherited as belonging more to the people whose actual labour had procured it than to his father, whose work had not been manual; he expresses his contempt for his father, and incidentally of his grandfather, and his own intention of devoting his life to righting the wrong his father did. He realises that this is a difficult thing to accomplish, as the workingmen do not understand their own interests.

We must educate them out of that and, meanwhile, push forward the International Association of Labourers diligently. I am at present occupied in propagating its principles. Whether I am really advancing the cause is more than I can say. I use heaps of postage-stamps, pay the expenses of many indifferent lectures, defray the cost of printing reams of pamphlets and handbills, which hail the labourer flatteringly as the salt of the earth, write and edit a little Socialistic journal, and do what lies in my power generally. I had rather spend my ill-gotten wealth in this way than upon an expensive house and retinue of servants. And I prefer my corduroys and my two-roomed châlet here to our pretty little house, and your pretty little ways and my pretty little neglect of the work that my heart is set upon.

And Henrietta, totally uncomprehensive, exclaims:

I will stay with you, Sidney. I will share your work, whatever it may be. I will dress as a dairymaid and have a little pail to carry milk in. The world is nothing to me except when you are with me; and I should love to sketch from nature.

One fails entirely to see any reason for his assuming the rôle of a workman, and the supreme "freshness" and inconsistency with which he plays the rôle strips him of all dignity as a worker for Socialism, and certainly in no way benefits his cause.

In Agatha Wylie we have a feminine miniature of Trefusis in her absolute want of feeling, her abnormal selfishness, her mental superiority and her keen sense of humour, which, however, seems to desert her completely when Trefusis tells her that he is the husband of her guardian's daughter. The second girl, Gertrude Lindsay, is a most interesting type; cold, stately, beautiful; proud of her refinement and breeding, and intolerant of all who are not similarly endowed. Underneath it all lies a wealth of sentiment and romance unsuspected by herself, and only brought to life by the rude touch of one deep reader of human nature. The only definite impression one has of Jane Carpenter, the third girl, is of a vain, stupid girl of large proportions, who is always blundering, and when one meets her later in the book as Lady Brandon one does not recognise her.

Before Trefusis's masquerading comes to an end he receives word that his wife is ill; he goes to London—not forgetting to change his labourer's clothes for his ordinary apparel nor to take a first-class railway carriage—to find that she had died. In talking to the family doctor, who says that it is "a sad event," Trefusis answers:

Most disagreeable; such a cold day, too. Pleasanter to be in Heaven than here in such weather.

And later in the same conversation he says:

Jansenius can bear death and misery with perfect fortitude when it is on a large scale and hidden in a back slum. But when it breaks into his own house, and attacks his property—his daughter was his property until very recently—he is just the man to lose his head and quarrel with me for keeping mine.

And then:

"Let them spare their feelings for the living on whose behalf I have often appealed to them in vain," cried Trefusis. "Damn their feelings!"

He goes upstairs to what was once Henrietta, and the sight of that lifeless beauty draws a tear.

"This is a fraud of which I have never even

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dreamed," he said; "tears and a sorrow! Here am I crying! growing maudlin! While I am glad that she is gone and I am free—while it lasts, I suppose that I am really sorry. And yet, would I restore her to life if I really could? Perhaps so; I am therefore thankful that I cannot—poor Hetty! Well, good-by, my darling. Let us pretend for a moment that you can hear that; I know it will please you."

There is a most unpleasant scene in the hall with Jansenius *père,* and Trefusis leaves the house. He finally yields to his father-in-law's request for a tombstone, but insists on choosing it himself. He hires a studio, buys the necessary marble, and asks a young mason, a member of the International Association, to design and cut the stone. He finds it difficult to determine the just price, and is imposed upon by the workman. Trefusis hopes that the success of the design will ensure the prosperity of the designer, but the mason finally comes to him and tells him that the trades-union will have nothing more to do with him, and that he is ruined. Trefusis gives the man work, and in a few years he has gained enough to start as an employer of labour, who proceeds to make money in the usual "oppressive" way. After a lapse of several years, Trefusis, while cheerfully inciting some villagers to tear down a wall built by Sir Charles Brandon across a right of way on his own property, discovers in Lady Brandon, his one-time friend, Jane Carpenter. Lady Brandon invites him to her house to renew his acquaintance with Agatha and Gertrude, and he proceeds to renew not only his acquaintance, but his flirtation with all three. His keen insight into the mind and character of Gertrude Lindsay is particularly interesting. He shows her that she is really two persons.

Why, you are fenced round and barred in with conventions, laws and lies that would frighten the truth from the lips of any man whose faith in Gertrude was less strong than mine. Go to Sir Charles and tell him what I have said to Miss Lindsay, and within ten minutes I shall have passed these gates with a warning never to approach them again. I am in your power, and were I in Miss Lindsay's power alone, my shrift would be short. Happily, Gertrude, though she sees as yet but darkly, feels that Miss Lindsay is her bitterest foe.

So he goes on revealing to her depths of sweetness and feeling which she had not known that she possessed—depths whose stirring required a master hand. And when she is ready to cast away her pride and all that pertains to the conventional Miss Lindsay, he decides to marry Agatha, because she does not love him.

The only place in the book where the reader is likely to believe in the seriousness of Trefusis is where that iridescent person talks Sir Charles Brandon, capitalist and landowner, into signing a Socialistic petition. The very arguments with which he pleads his case prove, however, the hopelessness of it all.

A man cannot be a Christian in this country. I have tried it and found it impossible both in law and in fact. I am a capitalist and a landholder. I have railway shares, building shares, bank shares and stock of most kinds; and a great trouble they are to me. But these shares do not represent wealth actually in existence; they are a mortgage on the unborn generations of labourers, who must work to keep me and mine in idleness and luxury. If I sold them, would the mortgage be cancelled and the unborn generations released from thrall? No. It would only pass into the hands of some other capitalist, and the working mass would be no better off for my self-sacrifice. Sir Charles cannot obey the command of Christ; I defy him to do it. Let him give his land for a public park; only the richer classes will have leisure to enjoy it. Plant it at the very doors of the poor, so that they may at least breathe its air, and it will raise the value of the neighbouring houses and drive the poor away.

There is an appendix, in which the author very cleverly reviews his own book and in which he states that

—in Noveldom woman still sets the moral standard, and to her the males who are in full revolt against the acceptation of the infatuation of a pair of lovers as the highest manifestation of the social instinct, and against the restrictions of the affections within the narrow circle of blood relationship and of the political sympathies within frontiers, are to her what she calls heartless brutes.

Which clumsily complex statement may or may not be true; but if to be a Socialist one must be entirely devoid of all natural feeling, it seems a pity that Sidney Trefusis, thus emancipated, could not have confined his fascinations solely to the men who might have helped his cause. The author also remarks in his appendix that "some critics have been able plausibly to pretend to take the book as a satire on Socialism." Would Mr. Shaw prefer the word burlesque?

V. R.

THE SLEDGE. By R. V. Risley. Boston: Richard G. Badger & Company.

Mr. Risley is a gentleman who is at once vivid in his fancy and strenuous in his expression of it. He takes his work with intense seriousness, which is very proper and com-

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mendable in a young writer ambitious for distinction. Had he only a glimmer now and then of a saving sense of humour he would be very well equipped.

This short story of his comes to us after reading some of Mr. Risley's own comments on it—comments which he was kind enough to furnish to the public press in order that reviewers might approach the book with an intelligent and appreciative spirit. *The Sledge* is, if we remember Mr. Risley's observations rightly, the first book of a projected trilogy, the other two volumes of which are to be called respectively *The Anvil* and *The Candle*. We don't quite recollect the exact significance of these titles, nor have we been able to discover just why the present volume should be styled *The Sledge*. But Mr. Risley knows; so there is no particular reason why we should speculate on the subject any further. Mr. Risley says that in *The Sledge* he has settled the sex question; though just which sex question he has settled and just how it has been settled we are also unable to perceive; and as we have perused the pages very conscientiously it is obvious that this intellectual breakdown must be entirely our fault.

Finally, Mr. Risley has observed that in writing down this story he was himself "appalled by it." This statement led us to approach the reading of the volume with a certain amount of trepidation; yet, having finished it, we want to put on record the fact that we were not appalled. When we found Ivan Varoff, a Russian priest whose soul was "too fierce for fear," who was grim and wild and passionate and sensual, and like "a dormant volcano;" and when in the dark forest he came upon a gypsy girl shivering and moaning in the darkness, with lightning flashing all about and the smell of sulphur in the air, we began to feel that we were going to be appalled. Later, when the priest took the gypsy to his strange home and fed her, and the thunder crashed outside and the wind roared and the night was black and the priest began to yell that he was mad, and to cry, "Ah, hell! hell!" and the house rocked—then the thing looked still more promising. At last, however, when the priest forgot his religious vows and the obligations of hospitality, because of the beauty of the gypsy, then we might have been appalled except that by this time the strain had become too great and we experienced a reaction. The rest of the book tells how the gypsy afterward went to Paris and became a sublimated type of *horizontale* and accumulated large amounts of money and any quantity of clothes, and of how she always cherished a feeling of resentment against the priest, and of how finally she travelled back to his home in Russia and deliberately led him once more to violate his vows, so that he might have in his soul forever after the horror of his sin, and of how at the last, when she had taunted him, he proceeded to choke her to death and to bury her in an old vault of the adjacent church. We read all this, yet still we were not appalled. We don't know why we were not, but we desire to put the fact on record.

Seriously, Mr. Risley has a good deal of talent, and there is no reason why he should not go on and do better and better work. His exuberance is not a bad thing in itself, and he has an admirable collection of pictorial adjectives. If he would not take the attitude that he is going to supplant both Balzac and Victor Hugo at a single clip, one would have more patience with him. We might suggest to him also the purchase of a French dictionary, so that in writing the rest of his trilogy he would get the genders of his nouns satisfactorily straightened out; but this is a minor detail. *The Sledge* is an interesting book. But we weren't appalled by it. We really weren't.

H. T. P.

THE LADY OF DREAMS. By Una L. Silberrad. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. $1.50.

It is not often, unfortunately, that the work of a new writer inspires the veteran novel reader with a real wish to say something in print about it.

The Lady of Dreams is the second book of its author. Her work bears the stamp of a true experience; she has really something to say; she has gone down into the depths of her own heart and brought back a genuine message, and she has succeeded in incarnating this message in a form at once original and beautiful. And yet, as mere workmanship, it is not wholly above criticism; one does not quite see, for example, what the whole episode of Maurice has to do with the story; the incident of Dick wounding him with the dagger promised for him a closer connection with the tragedy; but the close of the story leaves his fate at a loose end, and ourselves uncertain even as to his professional career. And it is also with some little impatience that we read that Jim has a "crooked smile," not because of the smile itself, but because the crooked smile seems to have come permanently into the modern novelist's property box; Miss Cholmondeley's "Dick" wears one, and Mr. Barrie's "Grizel;" but to dress both Desde-

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mona and Ophelia in the selfsame wig bespeaks a certain poverty of resource in the company.

Crooked or straight, Jim's smile is part of a very attractive personality; but it is Agnes, the Lady of Dreams, who seizes one's attention from the first. Her character is, indeed, a new and curious psychological study; the circumstances of her birth, which place her so sadly *en rapport* with Steele that, without a word exchanged between them, the weird visions of his diseased brain become hers also; her passive endurance of a life which, but for her half somnambulistic state, would have been worse than unbearable; the sudden waking, in defence of old Martha, the tragedy of that night—these things are told with as utter lack of striving for effect, in as simple and matter-of-course a manner, as if the author herself were dreaming. Therefore, the reader dreams also, he cannot wake if he would; the tale-teller's spell is upon him, but the horror of the dream is held at bay by the consciousness that one will presently wake and find it past; the sense of unreality makes it bearable.

Dream follows dream; but the life at Holmford was a dream of another sort. The section of Agnes's brain which alone had been active during her life in the House of Dreams was now, in its turn, unused; another portion had come into play, yet still she was not awake, as it were, to full normal consciousness; it was from the first inevitable that any serious nervous shock would arouse the old self—the self dominated by Steele, the self of the House of Dreams; one is almost inclined to think the final tragedy a deliverance from greater evils; for Agnes not the sins of the father, but the self-sacrifice of the mother, had been so visited as to make mental healthfulness congenitally impossible.

But why? This was Jim's question—Jim with his smile and his untidiness and his uncritical sympathy with all the world. Unorthodox, but with a firm belief in Providence; unable to preach or do good because he always saw so clearly the culprit's side of the question, it is probable that Jim's strong point as a doctor could never have been diagnosis, and that he worked to better advantage among the poor, whose diseases are patent to the most casual observer than as the physician, for example, of a clientèle of fashionable dames. For these two characters the story exists; Dick as a study of heredity fails to impress one, and the various thumbnail sketches of Jim's friends and patients have their chief value, spirited though in many cases they are, in showing us Jim's life—a life the embodiment of that message, which, as has been said, the author has thus transmitted to the world.

For at last comes the apparent tragedy, which is, in truth, a deliverance; and Jim sits alone in the House of Dreams, holding in his arms that other tabernacle, to which has come at last a full and perfect awakening; and in his agony his heart cries out silently, "God, why should it be!"

So he sat a long time. The beautiful lights died without, the day died in splendour. Still he sat there, still he cried out silently against merciless, inexplicable fate. Gradually there came into his mind an old thought, a familiar friend of bygone years—this—after all, it did not much matter why it should be; to understand the workings of things was no part of his contract; to do his share as far as he could see it was the only part he had in life's bargain.

It is the message of a sombre, powerful story, in which there is yet nothing morbid or unwholesome; on the contrary, the touches here and there of nature-love, the simple, sweet idyl of the Holmford episode, seem to show a heart which, though saddened, is unsoured by the pain of the world.

Katharine Pearson Woods.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A TOM-BOY. By Jeannette L. Gilder. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. $1.25.

Miss Jeannette L. Gilder wields one of the readiest and most versatile of pens. She is the editor of the *Critic*. She is a contributor to various other periodicals. She has published a novel and dramatised a play. Now she has brought out *The Autobiography of a Tom-Boy*, a humorous sketch, which should be enjoyed by the adult as well as by the young person. It is to be presumed that this autobiography is reminiscent of Miss Gilder's childhood, and that many of the experiences of the tom-boy were the experiences of the author. At any rate, Nell Gilbert, the tom-boy, was born in a little town on Long Island, and her father, a minister, was at the head of a seminary for girls. Nell Gilbert has many of the same adventures, or rather mis-adventures, that other bad boys and bad girls have; but it is Miss Gilder's way of telling of them which makes them so amusing and which will move her readers to laughter. Wild Nell, as she was called, was fearless, ambitious and original; red-haired, freckle-faced and long-legged. During the few years that Miss Gilder writes of her she went through many phases in regard to her plans for the future. First

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she thought she would be a doctor, but after dosing a man with furniture polish she sought another profession. When she was about ten years old she became very much impressed by reading a sketch of Harriet Hosmer. Miss Gilder says:

I was enchanted both by the portrait and the biography. The former represented her with short, curly hair, parted on the side, a turn-down collar and floating tie. My mind was made up instantly. I, too, would be a sculptor, and wear short hair, turn-down collar and floating tie. I had never shown any talent for sculpture, as the young Harriet had done; but then that was no obstacle. Given an opportunity, why should I not develop the talent?

The first step was to get a studio, the next to get something to "sculp." At the back of our house was a flight of eight or ten steps, under which was a very good-sized cubby-hole lighted by a small window. What more did I want by way of a studio? And as for the tools and the marble to work on, I found an old chisel, and there being no marble at hand, I secured half a dozen bricks. I took no one into my confidence, for I wanted to make my statue first and then unveil it in the presence of my admiring family. I determined to make a portrait-bust of my father as a beginning; but, alas! with every blow of the chisel the brick crumbled at my feet, and my efforts to become a sculptor ended in dust. Who knows what might have happened if I had been able to find a block of marble? I might have been responsible for one of the many monstrosities that adorn the parks of New York; for, though I had no talent for art, I believe I had as much as many of those whose work has been exchanged for good money!

In *The Autobiography of a Tom-Boy* Miss Gilder gives a picture of child-life in the early sixties, when children's amusements and children's training were quite a different thing from what they are to-day She gives also pleasing glimpses of old New York and of its suburbs —Yonkers, Glen Ridge and Long Island—and while she does not write over the heads of the young people, she does not at any time fail to amuse those of mature years.

FORTUNE'S BOATS. By Barbara Yechton. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. $1.50.

It is refreshing to run across such a book as this. It makes no pretensions, and there is something pure and wholesome and genuine about it. Barbara Yechton has usually been classed with the writers of "juveniles," but in *Fortune's Boats* her characters are adults. She has written this book for a class of readers who like a simple story of simple, everyday life, where there is good to be found in everybody and where everything ends happily. *Fortune's Boats* is the story of a mother and her five proud and self-reliant daughters, who, with a saintly uncle, live in a little flat on the top floor of a New York apartment house. It was a very attractive family circle. There was Margaret, a companion to a rich woman living on Washington Square; Ursula, a writer on a magazine; Judith, a parish visitor; Ruth, an artistic housekeeper, and Frances, a singer in a church choir. These girls are a happy set, and their active, useful lives are a delight to read about. Miss Yechton takes the reader into the personal atmosphere of the little home. One hears the w-h-r-r-r of the electric bell and sees the different personages of the story as they rather wearily climb the four flights of dark stairs, and the girls as they sit around their mother's knee each evening, eager to tell the news of the day. We see them grow impatient at the arrival of an express package containing pretty, cast-off garments of some well-to-do friend, and we listen to the conversation of the young men who invade the little flat later in the evening. All the girls have friends who are sweethearts, and, with the exception of Margaret, their love affairs progress in a comfortable manner which is soothing. Margaret, the beauty of the family, gets somewhat tangled up. She becomes engaged to the brother of her rich employer, hugging to herself the delusion that she is in love with him rather than with the big, kindhearted and penniless Jim Ivors. There is considerable suffering on many sides, but one day there is a broken engagement, followed later on by a hurried wedding, and two people recover their happiness.

Barbara Yechton sees only the good in life, for she is a thoroughgoing optimist. She paints the home life as it should be, and as it very often is. She is much given to detail, but this is doubtless a habit acquired when writing for younger readers.

THE FOURTH GENERATION. By Walter Besant. New York: F. A. Stokes Company. $1.50.

There are some quotations which are rarely finished; and the title of this novel is taken from one of these. Frequently one hears the words, "The sins of the fathers—" accompanied by a shake of the head or a shrug of the shoulders; sometimes, as a tag, are added the words, "to the third and fourth generation;" but rarely is the sentence carried further by word or thought. It is from this unfinished quotation that Sir Walter Besant has woven his impressive story, and in it he shows with force and lucidity and absorbing circumstance how the effects of a forefather's follies or crimes, while bringing suffering to

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innocent descendants, may yet be accepted as Consequence, not as Punishment. And, this being so, we see how the bitter misfortunes may be used either as a wise warning and a means by which to rise to better things, or an excuse for weak action and a weight to drag down the soul. The story deals with a murder, the perpetrator of which had never been discovered, but the effect of which was swift and far-reaching, even to the third and fourth generation. Suicide, bankruptcy, forgery, fraud, followed one upon another among the descendants of the house of Campaigne, and over those of this fine old family who remained innocent and honest lay ever the heavy shadow of the awful past and a dread of the relentless future. The fourth generation, the last of the doomed group of descendants, is, of course, the one with which the book chiefly deals; and the author has treated his subject carefully and sympathetically, with insight, with dignity, and with conviction. "The iniquity of the fathers" has long been a problem absorbing the minds of scores of men and women as they watch the innocent suffering for the guilty; and Sir Walter Besant has here presented a comforting and reasonable solution. But perhaps some day we may turn and accept what is, after all, the simplest solution of the difficulty; we may give up questioning, and, passing the semicolon, just finish the quotation to the full stop.

UNCANONISED. A ROMANCE OF ENGLISH MONASTICISM. By Margaret Horton Potter. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. $1.50.

The Middle West sends forth another bid for literary distinction in a recent novel, *Uncanonised,* by Margaret Horton Potter. This young lady has for some time entertained ambitions for the honours of authorship. Another work of hers, it is said, was typed and bound, but suppressed before receiving publicity, because of the undisguised frankness with which the young Chicagoan discussed the delicate, not to say indelicate, problems of life. What seems to be the natural bent of her mind is palpably behind her *Uncanonised.* It is a romance of the reign of John of England, when Anthony, son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, sought by a mere vow to give up the world and the flesh for the monastery and asceticism. King John, an acceptedly unpopular and cruel monarch, is represented in a sympathetically modified light with a consistency which sorts well with the facts found in the story. Miss Potter is a good story teller only intermittently. There are fine, graphic, absorbing passages, but there are also tedious, overwrought, spiritless interludes which hang like millstones about the interest of the reader. Nothing is so conspicuous in the story as the writer's sincerity. She has studied carefully and she has succeeded in reproducing the cold grey of the period. Against this background she paints glowing episodic pictures, like exquisite tapestries against the stony walls of Lambeth. If only there were more tapestry and less cold stone! Miss Potter's sincerity and the dignity with which she invests a dignified subject do much to raise *Uncanonised* above the level to which a sometimes lack of vivacity in style and story seems to drag it. Though it continually tempts admiration, it falls just short of being a product of the first class in literary fiction. But any one who reads *Uncanonised* will be interested hopefully in anything further which this new author will present.

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THE BOOK MART

THE WILLIAM HARRIS ARNOLD SALE

The collection of first editions of American authors which has been brought together by Mr. William Harris Arnold during the last eight or ten years, is to be sold at auction by Messrs. Bangs and Company the latter part of January.

Mr. Arnold selected what are, perhaps, the eight most famous names in American literature, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Lowell, Bryant, Holmes and Thoreau, and his collection, comprising about seven hundred titles, is the fullest and finest series of first editions of these authors which has ever been offered at auction. Mr. Arnold, like most American collectors of the present day, has been very particular as to the condition of his books. With a very few exceptions they are all in the original covers, he believing that no binding, however well executed, is so desirable a cover for a book as that in which it was given to the world. Although Mr. Arnold is comparatively a new collector in the field, he has achieved results in this, his first chosen line, surpassing even those of the late Mr. Foote, whose collection was sold in 1894.

The sets of the various eight authors contain, with a very few exceptions, everything noted by Foley in his *American Authors,* as well as some items unknown to that bibliographer. A few books contain autograph letters by the author, some referring to the books in which they are inserted, and there are also a few autograph manuscripts, including the original manuscript of Emerson's "Threnody," written in 1842. The sheets seem to be those from which the poem was printed in Emerson's first volume of poems in 1847.

Hawthorne's first book, *Fanshawe,* 1828, is probably the most valuable in the collection. The book is indeed probably worth more than the first edition of any other American author of this century, with the exception of two or three of Poe's early books. Mr. Arnold's *Fanshawe* is the copy which formerly belonged to the late N. Q. Pope, and is unusually clean and fine. His copy of Hawthorne's second book, *Parley's Universal History,* 1837, is a copy which he bought in the basement of the Old South Church in Boston for $17.50, as he has told in his book. It is likely to bring well up toward $100 in his sale.

The collection contains also all of the little children's books issued in 1841 and 1842, as well as the very rare *Celestial Railroad* of 1843. His copy of *Mosses from an Old Manse* is in two volumes, with the original printed paper covers. It is said that only one other copy is known in this condition, the book being generally found with the two volumes bound together in cloth.

The first editions of Lowell include the *Class Poem,* 1838, the author's first publication; *A Year's Life,* 1841, his first volume of poems, and the little "Mason and Slidell" pamphlet, reprinted from the *Atlantic Monthly* of February, 1862, and of which we never saw another copy. He also has presentation copies of the excessively rare *Commemoration Ode,* 1865, and the *Poems of Maria Lowell,* 1855, which Lowell edited. These two are among the rarest volumes of American poetry.

Mr. Arnold has given especial attention to the work of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and has endeavoured to secure every volume to which he contributed. As Holmes was a favourite at almost every dinner and reception during a long period, this series of volumes is very numerous. It includes a number unknown to Foley.

The first editions of Longfellow contains the scarce *Miscellaneous Poems* of 1826, containing the author's earliest verses, and all of the Italian and French school books issued from 1830 to 1833, while Longfellow was professor of modern languages at Bowdoin. Perhaps the rarest item among the Longfellows is *Outre-Mer* as first issued, parts one and two, all published in this form, in the original paper covers, uncut. He has also all the volumes of the series issued in glazed boards, *Ballads, The Spanish Student, Evangeline,* etc., all in good condition. These books are generally broken or injured. Another very rare Longfellow item is the privately printed *Noel,* in French, printed in 1864, and of which we never saw another copy.

The list of first editions of Bryant does not contain the earliest issue of *The Embargo,* the author's first book, but there is a long series of its other books, beginning with the second and enlarged edition of *The Embargo,* published in 1809, and the original manuscript of a juvenile composition by Bryant, unpublished, and perhaps the earliest production of his which remains.

The set of Whittier is a long one, and besides *Moll Pitcher, Mogg Megone* and most of the other well-known rarities, it includes those recently discovered Whittier items, *Poems of Robert Dinsmoor, The Narrative of James Williams* and the *History of Haverhill.*

Mr. Arnold will be remembered as the author of a privately printed book, *First Report of a Book Collector,* printed in a limited edition of eighty-five copies at the Marion Press in 1898. The catalogue is to be printed by Mr. Hopkins at this same press, and will be a notable specimen of an auction catalogue.

The prices of the rarer first editions of American authors are constantly on the increase, as recent auction sales show, and it is likely that new records will be established on many items in the Arnold sale.

L. S. L.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, December 1, 1900.

Publications for November, while not so numerous as for the two preceding months, were still above the average output. The list of fiction included a number of titles, which at once met with ready sale, notably *In the Palace of the King,* by F. Marion Crawford; *Richard Yea and Nay,* by Maurice Hewlett; *Stringtown on the Pike,* by John Uri Lloyd, and *The Mantle of Elijah,* by Israel Zangwill.

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Illustrated volumes for the holiday season were materially added to during the month past. The new editions of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden* and *The Solitary Summer* are already in considerable demand for gift purposes, and will undoubtedly be among the leaders in this class for the present year.

Juveniles continue to be issued, and among recent titles are *The Grey Fairy Book,* by Andrew Lang, and *Joel Pepper,* by Margaret Sidney. The success of *Father Goose,* by Frank Baum, during last season has resulted in an excessive output of similar appearing children's books this year, none of which, however, are likely to reach an equal popularity.

In miscellaneous works for the month are found a large variety of subjects. A particularly attractive little volume is entitled *The Friendly Year,* being a selection from the writings of Henry van Dyke. *The Great Boer War,* by A. Conan Doyle, is a valuable addition to the South African literature, and *Literary Friends and Acquaintance,* by W. D. Howells, and *Religious Movements for Social Betterment,* by Josiah Strong, are among other prominent books of the month.

The dramatisation of the popular novels continues, and their successful presentation on the stage no doubt increases the sales of the books. There is also a noticeable demand for some of the recent plays in book form, illustrated at present by the ready sale of *L'Aiglon,* and in a lesser way for *The Gay Lord Quex.*

The demand for the popular novels of the day increases with the busy season, and certain titles are commanding very large sales. The number of these, however, is greater than for some time past, and there is not so pronounced a difference between a very few leaders and those of what may be termed the second class. Of the more recent publications which have come to the front in this respect may be mentioned *The Master Christian, Eleanor, Tommy and Grizel, Quisanté* and *Uncanonised.* There are also several works of a more substantial character, which by their sale warrant mention, notably *William Shakespeare,* by Hamilton W. Mabie; Napoleon, by Lord Rosebery; *Colonial Days and Ways,* by Helen Smith, and *Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley,* by Leonard Huxley. All of these seem likely to continue in good demand.

Business as a whole compared favourably with that of previous years for November; but owing to a somewhat backward season reports are made by the retailers of a failure as yet to move much of the stock purchased for the holiday trade, which has made it difficult for the publishers to get the reorders which they generally expect to come in during the latter part of the month. It is confidently expected, though, that when the holiday business fairly opens it will be exceptionally active.

The most salable books for the month past are as follows:

Eben Holden. By I. Bacheller. $1.50.
Eleanor. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. $1.50.
In the Palace of the King. By F. Marion Crawford. $1.50.
Alice of Old Vincennes. By Maurice Thompson. $1.50.
Tommy and Grizel. By J. M. Barrie. $1.50.
The Master Christian. By Marie Corelli. $1.50.
To Have and to Hold. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.
The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. By H. Harland. $1.50.
Stringtown on the Pike. By John Uri Lloyd. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, December 1, 1900.

Holiday trade proper seems to be even later this year than usual, and has not yet opened up to any noticeable extent. As a consequence of this tardiness of the season, it is naturally to be expected that the congestion and rush of the last week or so before Christmas will be even worse than usual.

While November business cannot be termed unsatisfactory, inasmuch as the average of the last few years was maintained, yet the month's trade was under the circumstances disappointing, and more especially so in regard to the last two weeks. This may be explained, perhaps, by the fact that there is always during the fall season a short period when business appears to be uninteresting and featureless, and this year this particular period happens to come very late.

Alice of Old Vincennes led the demand again last month, and is likely to have a very remarkable holiday sale. *Eben Holden* was second in favour, and the call for it is increasing daily. *The Master Christian* was also very popular, and *Tommy and Grizel* sold largely. *Eleanor* went very well, especially toward the end of the month, and *Stringtown on the Pike* is growing rapidly in popular appreciation. In fact, the sale of popular books was remarkably good again last month, and the aggregate of the first twenty-five or so attained large dimensions.

Animal books and others of a similar nature are in great favour just now, and the demand for such books as *Wild Animals I Have Known, A Woman Tenderfoot, Mooswa,* etc., etc., is atonishing.

Illustrated books of the kind specially designed for holiday trade are going fairly well, especially such moderate-priced works as the holiday editions of *David Harum, Elizabeth and Her German Garden, Kentucky Cardinal* and *Aftermath, Wanted—A Matchmaker, Old Gentleman of the Black Stock, A Little Tour in France, Yesterdays with Authors,* and Cary's *The Rossettis.* Of the two-volume kind, *Eleanor* is selling well, and so is *Penelope's Experiences* and *Rulers of the South.* As a general rule, the illustrated books of this season have been designed with especial care and compare very favourably upon all points with the books of this class of previous years.

The Gibson books have lost none of their popularity, and are even now selling in lively fashion. The demand proper, however, for these comes generally during the last few days previous to the holidays.

The local demand for *Uncanonised* was very pronounced again last month, and the book promises to be very much in demand during the

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last week or so of the season. There is also a demand in this vicinity for the new Dooley book, *Mr. Dooley's Philosophy.*

Generally speaking, the season's books are of a high order of merit, and bear evidence of careful selection and conscientious attention to the details of manufacture. In fact, very little fault could be found with them as regards quality. In quantity, perhaps, it might be better for the bookseller if the number was less.

The best selling books last month were:

Alice of Old Vincennes. By Maurice Thompson. $1.50.

Eben Holden. By Irving Bacheller. $1.50.

In the Palace of the King. By F. Marion Crawford. $1.50.

The Master Christian. By Marie Corelli. $1.50.

To Have and to Hold. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.

The Reign of Law. By James Lane Allen. $1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, October 20 to November 20, 1900.

The increase of trade during last month was so marked, and the indications at its close were so hopeful for the future, that it is disappointing not to be able to chronicle the fruition of those hopes during the present month. Unfortunately, however, the market has again been labouring under somewhat of a depression, and although a large amount of business has been transacted it has not reached to the extent which is usually expected at this period when the Christmas season is so close upon us.

Fiction has been by far the strongest line, and the six-shilling novel continues to pour in a seemingly endless stream from the various publishing houses. Among the most popular of the present month's output may be mentioned *The Hosts of the Lord,* by Flora A. Steel; *The Mantle of Elijah,* by I. Zangwill; *The Stickit Minister's Wooing,* by S. R. Crockett; *Eleanor,* by Mrs. H. Ward; *In the Palace of the King,* by F. M. Crawford and *Richard Yea and Nay,* by Maurice Hewlett. Miss Marie Corelli's *The Master Christian* and *Boy,* Merriman's *The Isle of Unrest,* Hope's *Quisanté* and Miss M. E. Braddon's *The Infidel* have been in constant demand and, together with several of the earlier volumes issued during the present season, have sold very freely.

The biographical feature of the month has been the issue of *Napoleon: The Last Phase,* by Lord Rosebery, and judging by its very extensive circulation, it would appear that notwithstanding the many existing works upon this historical character, the subject is still a popular one. The Lives of Thomas Huxley, by his son, and General Sir Arthur Cotton, by Lady Hope, have also appeared. *Cromwell,* by John Morley, has also been in steady demand.

Quite an impetus has been given to the sale of books upon the Transvaal War, and two copiously illustrated accounts of the campaign, issued by the proprietors of *The Graphic* and *Illustrated London News* respectively, have proved immensely successful, the latter volume having quickly run out of print. The popularity of *How We Escaped from Pretoria,* by Captain Haldane, and *An Absent-Minded War,* by a British officer, is still well maintained. The subject of army reform has been much to the front, and a number of interesting works have appeared, among which may be noted Mr. Arnold Forster's *The War Office, the Army, and the Empire,* and *The Army System as it is,* by the late Under-Secretary of State for War.

Illustrated books for the children are not so numerous this year, but are of a more juvenile tendency, a very noticeable feature being the total disappearance of the absurdly grotesque animals which were so extensively in vogue during recent seasons. As with the prize and tale books, so here also the war has a leavening influence. Up to the present, however, the sales have not been extensive.

Almanacks and diaries are now in full swing, and every conceivable requirement appears to be catered for.

The Christmas numbers of the various periodicals and magazines, with their usual quota of *extensive* pictures, have formed a large item in the trade of the latter part of the month.

Sixpenny reprints are still appearing and still experiencing a steady demand, soon, it is to be hoped, to give way to works of a more substantial value.

The magazine trade at this period of the year is always very heavy, not only in circulation but in actual weight, as a very large proportion form the Christmas issue by doubling their size. The popular favourites still continue to maintain their hold upon the public, and *Harmsworth's, Woman at Home, Pearson's, The Royal, Strand, Lady's Realm,* with others move briskly along.

The *Monthly Review* has already secured a good hold, and orders have come in very freely for the *British Monthly,* which made its *début* at the commencement of December.

The following are the books which have been most in demand during the past month:

The Master Christian. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Methuen.)

Boy. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Quisanté. By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Methuen.)

Tommy and Grizel. By J. M. Barrie. 6s. (Cassell.)

The Brass Bottle. By F. Anstey. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

The Isle of Unrest. By H. S. Merriman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

The Hosts of the Lord. By F. A. Steel. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The Infidel. By Miss M. E. Braddon. 6s. (Simpkin.)

Rue with a Difference. By Rosa N. Carey. 6s. (Macmillan.)

The Mantle of Elijah. By I. Zangwill. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The Stickit Minister's Wooing. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Eleanor. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Richard Yea and Nay. By Maurice Hewlett. 6s. (Macmillan.)

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

NOVEMBER 10 TO DECEMBER 10.

NEW YORK.

Alliance Publishing Company:
- The Story of Teddy. Helen Van Anderson.

American Book Company:
- Elementary Physiology. Winfield S. Hall.
- Madame Therese. Erckmann-Chatrian.

Appleton and Company:
- Cupid's Garden. Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.
- Synthetic Philosophy. Herbert Spencer.
- My Indan Queen. Guy Boothby.
- The Transit of Civilisation. Edward Eggleston.

Baker and Taylor Company:
- Religious Movements for Social Betterment. Dr. Josiah Strong.

Barnes and Company:
- The Mills of the Gods. Louise Snow Dorr.

Cassell and Company:
- Reminiscences of Oxford. Rev. W. Tuckwell.

Crowell and Company:
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- Elizabeth Barrett Browning's Works—
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  - Last Poems, Translations, Prose Index.
  - Aurora Leigh. Book V. to Book IX.
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Dodd, Mead and Company:
- Norse Stories Retold from The Eddas. Hamilton W. Mabie.
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- The Love of Landry. Paul Laurence Dunbar.
- The Slavery of Our Times. Leo Tolstoy.
- Glimpses of Three Nations. G. W. Steevens.
- Idle Idyls. Carolyn Wells.
- Anneke. Elizabeth W. Champney.
- War and Policy. Spenser Wilkinson.

Dillingham:
- Eccentricities of Genius. Major J. B. Pond.

Doubleday, Page and Company:
- Sister Carrie. Theodore Dreiser.
- Songs of the Old South. Howard Weeden.
- Boys' Book of Explorations. Tudor Jenks.

Doxey:
- Jacinta. Howard V. Sutherland.
- The Man with the Hoe. Edward Markham.

Eaton and Mains:
- History of Babylonia and Assyria. Vols. I. and II. R. W. Rogers.

Fords, Howard and Hulbert:
- Nature's Miracles. Elisha Gray.

Harper Brothers:
- Lord Linlithgow. Morley Brothers.
- Lucid Intervals. Edward Sandford Martin.
- She Stoops to Conquer. Oliver Goldsmith, with drawings by Abbey.
- The Slaves of Society. The Man Who Heard Something.
- The Story of Nineteenth-Century Science. Henry Smith Williams.
- Literary Friends and Acquaintance. W. D. Howells.
- The Roggie and Reggie Stories. Gertrude Smith.
- Vesty of The Basins. Sarah McLean Greene.
- Thrilling Days in Army Life. General George A. Forsyth.
- The Mantle of Elijah. I. Zangwill.
- Lessons in Love. Katrina Trask.
- The Cardinal's Rose. Van Tassel Sutphen.
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- A Hundred Anecdotes of Animals. Percy J. Billinghurst.
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History of the People of the Netherlands. Petrus Johannes Blok.
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Italian Cities. Vols. I. and II. E. H. Blashfield and E. W. Blashfield.
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Lippincott:

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London Memories. Charles William Heckethorn.
At Odds with the Regent. Burton Egbert Stevenson.
History of America Before Columbus. Vols. I. and II. P. De Roo.
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Macaulay's Essay on Milton. Ed. with Introduction, Notes, etc. Albert Perry Walker.
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The Trophies of Heredia. Jose-Maria de Heredia. Translated by Frank Sewall.
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Masque of Judgment. William Vaughn Moody.
Fortune and Men's Eyes. Josephine Preston Peabody.
Suggestion Instead of Medicine. Charles M. Barrows. Privately printed for the author.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Co-Operative Publishing Company:
A Farrago. Max Ehrmann.
The Mystery of Madeline Le Blanc. Max Ehrmann.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Chicago Medical Book Company:
The Limitations of Learning and Other Science Papers. A. Schneider.

McClurg and Company:
Heirs of Yesterday. Emma Wolf.

Rand, McNally and Company:
Eugene Norton. Anne Shannon Monroe.
True Bear Stories. Joaquin Miller.
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The Ten Commandments. Rev. George Chainey.

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Stone and Company:
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The Engrafted Rose. Emma Brooke.
The Idle Born. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor in Collaboration with Reginald De Koven.
Love Among the Artists. G. B. Shaw.
A Soul in Bronze. C. Goddard Du Bois.
Little Lords of Creation. H. A. Keays.
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Wooings and Weddings in Many Lands. Louise Jordan Miln.
Griselda. Basil King.

OMAHA, NEB.

A. L. Stonecypher:
In Cloisters Dim. Charles Curtz Hahn.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

The Commercial Publishing Company:
Heroes of Peace. William Victor Holley.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

C. W. Bardeen:
King Kindness and the Witch. Helen Wells.
Monday Sermons. Paul M. Paine. Published by the author.

MADISON, WIS.

The American Thresherman:
The Childhood of Ji-shib, the Ojibwa. Albert Ernest Jenks.

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Press of Darling and Company:
Speedwell, or the Flower of Saint Veronica. Anna J. Granniss.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Government Printing Office:
Report on the Census of Cuba, 1899. Lieut.-Col. J. P. Sanger, Director; Henry Gannett, Walter F. Willcox. Two copies.

Woodward and Lothrop:
The Temptation of Friar Consol. Eugene Field.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

The Bowen-Merrill Company:
The Conquest of the Sioux. Gilman.
Home Folks. James Whitcomb Riley.

SOUTH BEND, IND.

Tribune Company:
Psalms of Soul. William Bradford Dickson.

KINGSTON, N. Y.

Styles and Kiersted:
Phaeton. Henry Abbey.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

Clarendon Press:
The Oxford Book of English Verse. A. T. Quiller-Couch.

Elkin Mathews:
Marforio and Other Poems. Hamilton Adrian Piffard.

George Allen:
The Oresteia of Æschylus. Translated and Explained by George C. Warr.

J. M. Dent and Company:
The Romance of the Rose. W. Lorris and J. Clopinel.
Fairy Tales from the Arabian Nights. The Temple Classics, with Twelve Illustrations by T. H. Robinson.
The Golden Legend, or Lives of the Saints. William Caxton.

F. Tennyson Neely:
Looking Through the Mists. L. Norton Thomson.

SAGINAW, MICH.

Saginaw Printing and Publishing Company:
Hermaphro-Deity: The Mystery of Divine Genius. Eliza B. Lyman.

GLASGOW.

James MacLehose and Sons:
Memories of the Tennysons. Rev. H. D. Rawnsley.

TORONTO, CANADA.

William Briggs:
A Day's Song. John Stuart Thomson.

LINCOLN, NEB.

The Ivy Press:
The Old Town on the River. Flora Bullock.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between November 1, 1900, to December 1, 1900. We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
3. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. L'Aiglon (Romance). Carolus. (Brentano.) 50 cents.
   L'Aiglon (the Play). Rostand. (Russell.) $1.50.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. An Unsocial Socialist. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Wanted—A Matchmaker. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
5. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
6. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.75.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop Co.) $1.50.
4. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. More Fables. Ade. (Stone.) $1.00.
6. Wanted—A Matchmaker. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Wanted—A Matchmaker. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
4. On the Wing of Occasions. Harris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

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BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.12 net.
2. More Fables. Ade. (Stone.) 75 cents net.
3. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.12 net.
4. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.12 net.
5. The Sky Pilot. O'Connor. (Revell.) 94 cents net.
6. Wanted—A Matchmaker. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50 net.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
3. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. More Fables. Ade. (Stone.) $1.00.
5. Mr. Dooley's Philosophy. Dunne. (Russell.) $1.50.
6. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Elizabeth and Her German Garden. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
3. April Baby's Book of Tunes. (Macmillan.) $1.50 net.
4. Life of Parkman. Farnum. (Little, Brown & Co.) $2.50.
5. Theodore Parker. Chadwick. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $2.00.
6. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. Woman Tenderfoot. Thompson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $2.00.
3. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Circular Study. Green. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
5. More Fables. Ade. (Stone.) $1.00.
6. Going On Me Own. Devenport. (Author.) $1.00.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
3. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Uncanonised. Potter. (McClurg & Co.) $1.50.
6. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.

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5. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

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2. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
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2. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Wanted—A Matchmaker. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.

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3. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
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3. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
6. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

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4. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

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2. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
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6. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Poole Publishing Co.) 75 cents and $1.25.
2. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Briggs.) 75 cents and $1.25.
3. Mooswa. Fraser. (Briggs.) 75 cents and $1.25.
4. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and $1.25.
5. Rue With a Difference. Carey. (Langton & Hall.) 75 cents and $1.25.
6. Winsome Womanhood. Sangster. (Revell Co.) $1.25.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.10.
2. Dr. North and His Friends. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.10.
3. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.10.
4. The Footsteps of a Throne. Pemberton. (Appleton.) $1.10.
5. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.10.
6. The Girl of the Half-Way House. Hough. (Appleton.) $1.10.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
6. L'Aiglon. Rostand. (Russell.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. McLoughlin and Old Oregon. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.
3. Stories of Oregon. Dye. (Whitaker & Ray Co.) 50 cents.
4. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. More Fables. Ade. (Stone.) $1.00.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
3. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. Circular Study. Green. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
6. More Fables. Ade. (Stone.) $1.00.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

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5. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Philip Winwood. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. L'Aiglon. Rostand. (Russell.) $1.50.
6. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
3. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. More Fables. Ade. (Stone.) $1.00.
6. Wanted—A Matchmaker. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, O.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
5. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

*1. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (McLeod.) 75 cents and $1.50.
*2. Eleanor. Ward. (Briggs.) 75 cents and $1.50.
*3. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and $1.25.
*4. The Infidel. Braddon. (Morang.) 75 cents and $1.50.
*5. The Lane That Had No Turning. Parker. (Morang.) 75 cents and $1.50.
*6. Mooswa. Fraser. (Briggs.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
3. L'Aiglon. Rostand. (Russell.) $1.50.
4. Elizabeth and Her German Garden. (Macmillan.) $1.75 and $2.50.
5. Napoleon: The Last Phase. Rosebery. (Harper.) $3.00.
6. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Elizabeth and Her German Garden. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
5. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
2. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Stage Coach and Tavern Days. Earle. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. More Fables. Ade. (Stone.) $1.00.

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.
3. In the Palace of the King. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Tommy and Grizel. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Master Christian. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

*All Canadian editions.

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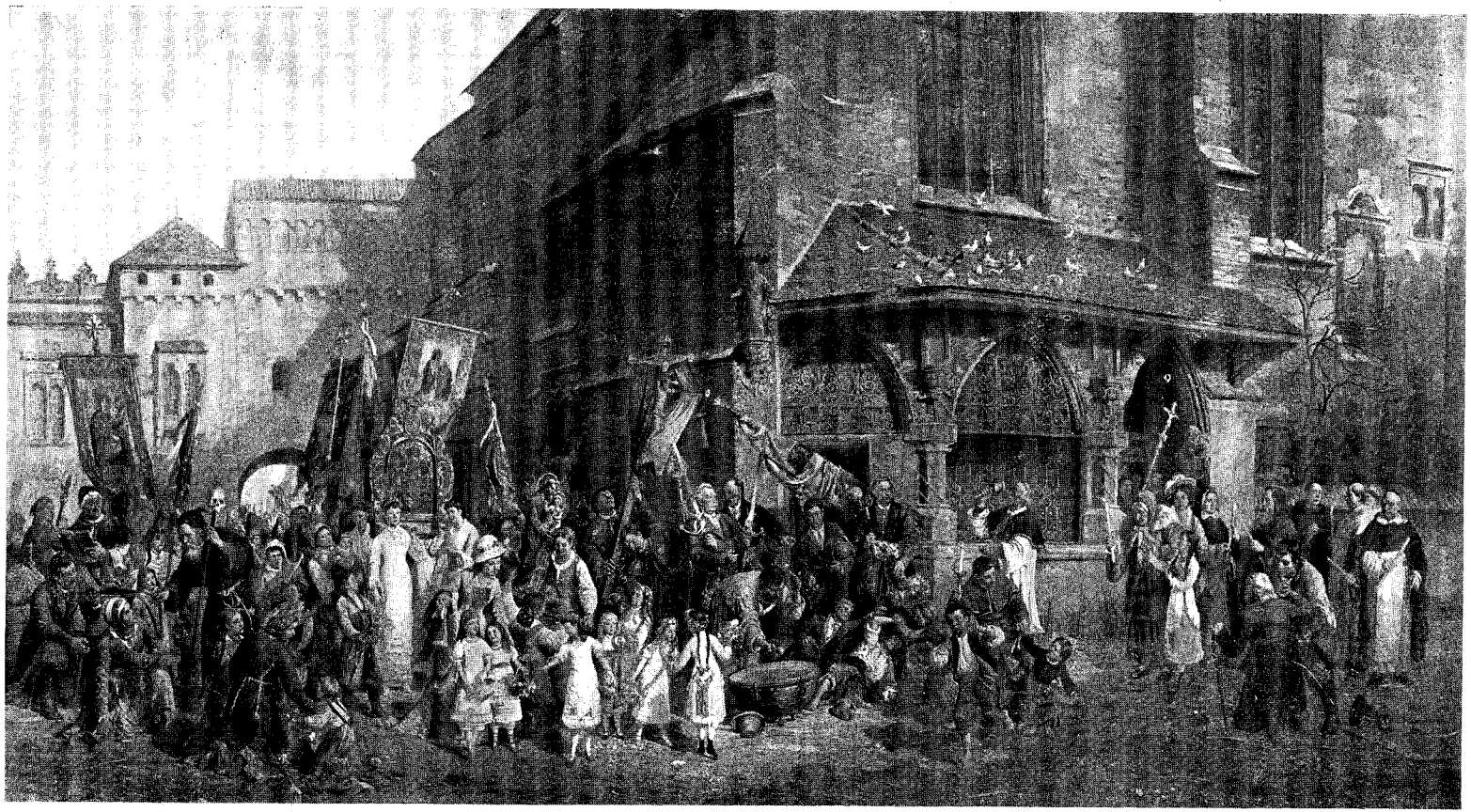

"AGAIN THE RIVER OF HEADS FLOWED ONWARD, AND AGAIN THE HYMNS THUNDERED."—THE DELUGE.

A RELIGIOUS PROCESSION IN POLAND.—FROM THE PAINTING BY F. LIPINSKI.

See article on "The Country of Sienkiewicz."

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